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KNICKERBOCKER







THE

# Knickerbocker,

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. IX

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NEW-YORK:

CLARK AND EDSON, PROPRIETORS,

1837.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## LIBERTY vs. LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

THE enemies of free institutions, founded on an equality of rights and of rank, and a general diffusion of property and intelligence, being accustomed to urge as an objection to such a system, that it in a great measure precludes the progress and perfection of literature and the fine arts, it is our design to subject this assertion to the test of reason and experience. Each of these go to establish the fact, that the enjoyment of freedom is highly favorable to the dignity as well as the intelligence of human character; and if such is the result of liberty in all other departments of intellectual occupation, it seems little less than an absurdity to presume that literature and the fine arts should be the solitary exceptions to this great general rule.

We believe this theory to be entirely unfounded, and as devoid of truth as it is derogatory to the character of freedom. We never wish to see the higher virtues and manlier pursuits, nor the primitive energies, of a free and vigorous people, sacrificed to the exclusive cultivation of literature and the fine arts. We never wish to see the time when the United States shall, in the midst of corruption and effeminacy, seek refuge from the sense of degradation, in the vanity of producing the best poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, or warming themselves, amid the darkness which envelopes the present, in the sunshine of their past glories. In our eyes, the composer of an opera, the prima donna and the prima don, should never come in competition with those who perform great services to the state; nor does it appear to be estimating merit by a just standard, to place Paganini before Washington, or the sculptor who chisels a hero, above the hero himself. Those virtues and talents which are indispensable to the government and safety of nations, the conduct and preservation of their useful institutions, and the general welfare of mankind, are, in our opinion, a far more rational and salutary source of national pride, than the mere accomplishments which, though they adorn society, constitute neither the foundation nor superstructure of true glory, or substantial happiness. The elegant and ornamental should never take precedence of the useful arts, as they have done in Italy, where at this moment they are far behind the United States in all those domestic comforts and conveniences which form so large a portion of the stock of human happiness.

Still, a competent skill in literature and the fine arts is a just source of national pride, and every government, as well as every people, should foster them with a judicious liberality. We do not mean that they should give more for a tune on the fiddle, or an air at the opera, than they are willing to pay for objects of real utility; nor lavish on a successful actor or buffoon, rewards and honors which they

deny to the meritorious statesman, the successful defender of his country, or the powerful asserter of her fame and freedom. Whenever this false estimate becomes the ruling principle of nations and their sovereigns, it has always been found that the ruin, or at least degradation, of those nations was close at hand. Effeminate pursuits succeeded the more manly exercises of the intellect, or the body; genius became the handmaid of luxury, instead of the parent of patriotism and virtue, and prostituted itself to gain the notice of kings, princes, and nobility, instead of laboring to deserve the love and gratitude of the people.

Literature ought ever to have precedence over the fine arts, since while it amuses it enlightens. It is the medium of a great portion of our knowledge — the casket in which is deposited our moral and religious codes — our mentor and instructor. It makes knowledge not only immortal, but increases its vigor and richness from age to age. Like our mother earth, it produces, fosters, and preserves, at the same time. The fine arts, on the contrary, are rather sources of refined amusement than of salutary instruction. None of that knowledge necessary to the improvement of mankind, the conduct of life, or the attainment of happiness, can be obtained by a contemplation of the Venus de Medicis or the Apollo Belvidere; nor can it be said with truth, that a man or woman either, is better or wiser for having studied them to intensity. The same may be said of the productions of the fine arts in general. They afford a rich and innocent source of gratification; they come in aid of human enjoyments; and are so far the auxiliaries of virtue, that they frequently afford resources for passing that leisure which might otherwise be spent in a manner less innocent. On the whole, however, experience seems to have demonstrated that consummate culture in the fine arts has always hitherto been one of the last stages in the progress of nations, and has ever rapidly followed, if it has not preceded, degeneracy and decay.

Be this as it may, we cannot withhold the expression of our pleasure at seeing the steady progress daily making in this country in literature and the fine arts, because we believe that there is no intrinsic incompatibility between the virtues necessary to preserve liberty, and the pure and rational refinements of a wholesome, natural, manly taste. We have, moreover, long cherished a conviction that the enjoyment of a rational freedom, such as we of the United States are blessed with, associated with a general liberal diffusion of property and intelligence, which always carry with them an improvement in taste, was far more favorable to the cultivation and independence of literature and the fine arts, than all the patronage kings, princes, and nobles, ever bestowed upon them, from their birth to their maturity and decay. This is the position we shall attempt to establish in the ensuing discussion — first, on the ground of general principles and general results; secondly, on the authority of history and experience.

It seems to us, in the first place, degrading literature and the fine arts below the most ordinary handicraft trades, by presuming that they cannot subsist but in a state of abject dependence on a particular individual, who must not only be rich but noble. It is making menials and paupers of their professors, and placing them on a level

with the tenants of the kitchen, who look up, with abject submission, to the smile and the favor of him who gives them wages in return for labor and obedience. All other pursuits depend on the general wants, habits, and tastes, of the people at large for patronage, and nothing is necessary to their success, but the general diffusion of those wants, habits, and tastes, to produce a liberal remuneration for the exercise of talents and industry, unaccompanied by any feeling of dependence or degradation whatever.

The artist or the literary man who receives a pension from a king, or who exists on the bounty of a great man, must almost necessarily be restricted in the employment of his genius. The painter or sculptor is in all probability directed in the choice of his subject, not by his own taste, but that of his patron; and the literary dependent must not soar beyond etiquette, nor grasp at forbidden fruit. His wings are clipped, his fancy restrained, and his reason manacled, by the fear of displeasing the master who feeds and clothes him. Voltaire, who had ample personal experience on this point, during the boasted reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the Macenas of modern times, in speaking of the appointment of Addison to the post of Secretary of State, says, with equal truth and severity :

‘ Had he been in France, he would have been elected a member of one of the academies, and by the credit of some women, he might have obtained a pension of twelve hundred livres; or else been imprisoned in the Bastile, upon pretence that in his tragedy of Cato, strokes had been discovered which glanced at some persons in power.’

Voltaire was himself a striking example of the miseries of royal patronage, which is frequently but another name for royal persecution. He sought refuge from the latter in the protection of the Great Frederick of Prussia, under whose alternate smiles and frowns he languished a few years, and at length retired to Fernay, where alone he could enjoy the sweets of independence.

It seems to us that mankind are too prone to continue to receive, as a sort of inheritance, and to repeat without discrimination, those maxims which may have once been true, but which have become obsolete and inapplicable by the almost imperceptible yet wonder-working influence of time, and the great changes it produces. At the period in which literature and the arts awakened from the long sleep of ages, in Europe, the feudal system prevailed every where. All property and all power was in the hands of the king, the church, and the nobility; and as a direct inevitable consequence, it was from these alone that the arts, not indispensable to the existence of man in a social state, could receive encouragement, or expect support. Artists of course looked to this source exclusively; and hence we find them in a great degree under the special patronage of monarchs, popes, princes, cardinals, and nobility. It was the same with literary men, who could find no purchasers for their works among a people who could not read, and of course had no inclination to buy; and who, if they had, possessed not the means of paying for them.

The only exception to this state of things — and we look upon it as decisive in favor of our theory — was the city of Florence, then a democracy. It was in this free city, that literature and the fine arts



first arose from out the obscurity of the dark ages. It is from a democratic community, shining like a solitary star in the dark regions of feudal despotism, that we can distinctly trace the progress of literature and the arts in modern times. It was there that the first Greek scholars opened their schools; it was there that Dante, the great original of modern poetry, strung his lyre; it was there that painting and sculpture first threw off the fetters of a barbarous taste; and such was the vast influence of its literature, that it wrested from Columbus the glory of giving his name to a new world which he had discovered. And we will ask, who were the first and greatest patrons of those arts and that literature? Not monarchs or princes, but a family of illustrious merchants, holding their temporary authority by virtue of the choice of the people, and deriving their wealth, not from their labors, but from the pursuits of an enlightened commerce. Nor were they alone the patrons of the arts, since, among the earliest and finest specimens of sculpture in that distinguished city, are a series of statues voluntarily contributed for its embellishment by the companies of artists and laborers. One of these is by Michael Angelo, and others by the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

Do not these facts, founded on historical authority, sufficiently prove that the institutions of monarchy and aristocracy, and the consequent degradation of a large portion of mankind, are not essential to the most flourishing state of literature and the arts? Do they not indicate, with the finger of truth, that these embellishments of life need not necessarily be purchased at the price of slavery and dependence? The city of Florence will be found, on consulting the great historian Machiavel—who, though a consistent republican, has been oddly metamorphosed into an advocate of tyranny—to have been at the very time she gave the impulse and the law to the literature and arts of Europe, as much a democracy, as Athens herself, when she stood in the same commanding attitude, at the head of the Grecian State, we may say at the head of the world. If such examples are not more common in history, it is because, with few exceptions, mankind have, in all ages and nations, been trodden under foot by the armed hoof of despotic power.

The general principle is unquestionably in favor of the doctrine, that it is the nature of free institutions to expand and invigorate the faculties of the human mind. Out of a state of absolute barbarism, liberty cannot exist without a general though not an equal distribution of property and intelligence. It presupposes what is indispensable to its being, a people free from actual poverty and its consequent wants; possessing a spirit which resists all innovation on their rights, and a degree of culture which elevates them above the common level of abject ignorance. Such a people, imbued, as they always will be more or less, with the rudiments of taste, a desire for mental gratifications, and a capacity for improvement, may, and will do, in their collective numbers, all, and more than all, that kings, popes, princes, cardinals, and nobility, have done, or ever will do, for literature and the arts. And this, too, without subjecting artists and literary men to a degrading dependence on the favor or caprice of one single man. Appealing to a wealthy and enlightened community, nay to the whole civilized world, their genius has not only a noble incitement

of a far higher character than that of pleasing one single man, but a wider scope for its exercise, free from all apprehension of the loss of bread or favor, by expatiating in the boundless space of the universe. They need not fear to incur banishment or imprisonment by exploring the depths of philosophy for hidden truths, or vindicating the rights of the human race at the expense of those who inflict on them nothing but wrongs; they have no reason to apprehend the fate of Galileo, Grotius, and hundreds of illustrious victims to the persecutions of jealous power, or bigotted intolerance, for they address themselves to a free people, who neither start at shadows, nor imagine they see in the diffusion of knowledge the downfall of religion and civil government.

On general principles, which furnish the only just grounds for general truths, we maintain, then, that it is a solecism to presume that equal rights, and the general diffusion of property and intelligence, can operate injuriously on the exercise of the human intellect in any department, pursuit, or profession whatsoever. Such a theory is unphilosophical in principle; it is at war with the inflexible union of cause and effect, and it is contradicted by the long experience of mankind, which has clearly demonstrated that free institutions make free minds; and that it would be just as true to assert that the physical powers of man are strengthened by chains, as that his intellectual faculties are expanded by being prohibited from exercise.

For the purpose of maintaining our doctrine on the basis of individual experience, we will now proceed to compare what the royal and noble patrons have done in former times, with what the people are doing now in other quarters. When the faction of the nobles gained the ascendancy in Florence, over the democracy, they exiled Dante, and persecuted Michael Angelo. Tasso was patronized by the Duke of Ferrara, and after having his heart broken and his reason shattered, by the capricious tyranny of his noble patron, died a beggar and a madman. Michael Angelo, having established a fame which made it an honor for princes to employ him, was invited to Rome, and patronized by Leo the Tenth, the Macenas of the purple. Let us see to what this patronage led.

'The artist,' says his biographer, 'had received instructions to construct a monument for Julius the Second, and he was anxious to complete the work, when he was called from it by the pope (Leo the Tenth,) who insisted upon his going to Florence to build the facade of the Church of St. Lorenzo. He would have remonstrated, but was forced to submit, and while at Carrera procuring the marble, he received a letter from Leo, ordering him to go to the quarries of Pietra Santa for that purpose. Michael Angelo complied, but reported that the marble there was of bad quality, and that there was no way of conveying it to Florence, without making a road over mountains and marshes to the sea. The pope, however, persisted, and commanded him to proceed; the consequence of which was, that the talents of this great man were buried in those mountains during the whole pontificate of Leo, in raising stone out of a quarry and making a road.' Those who desire to know more of the patronage of popes and kings, have only to consult the biography of that great but eccentric artist, Benvenuto Cellini.

Annibal Caracci was patronized by the Cardinal Farnese, who demonstrated his veneration for antiquity by pulling down the Coliseum to get materials for his palace. The prize he received for those splendid paintings, now forming the richest ornaments of that palace, and which occupied him ten years, was five hundred crowns, which does not amount to one half of what the porter now every year receives from thousands of visitors who flock from all parts of the world to admire these splendid productions of art. But he had the honor of being patronized by a prince cardinal.

Dominichino was also patronized by a cardinal, who paid him about twelve pounds for the Communion of St. Jerome, which is now worth as many thousands. There is a fine picture of the Flight into Egypt by Andrea del Sarto, in which Joseph is represented on a sack of corn. The following fact will account for this circumstance : The picture was painted for a munificent patron who paid him with a sack of corn, to commemorate which, he introduced it, as we have described.

Titian, who stands at the head of his art, after being patronized by Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and the Senate of Venice, continued in such a state of poverty, that his friend Peter Aretino, the famous satirist, who kept kings and popes equally in fear, in order to relieve him, recommended him to Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who took him under his patronage. The greatest honor ever paid to this eminent artist, in the opinion of his biographer, was the emperor stooping down one day to pick up his pencil ! But Corregio, the graceful, the touching, the inimitable Corregio ! Nobody can tell the time of his birth, or the place where he was born. His parents were poor, and his education was neglected. Yet, by a persevering study in the school of nature alone, he arose to a degree of excellence which none have ever exceeded. But he continued poor all his life, and the manner of his death, while it presents one of the most affecting pictures on record, peculiarly illustrates our theory. He was employed to paint the Assumption of the Virgin in the cupola of the cathedral at Parma, a task which he performed in a manner that still calls forth the admiration of all true judges of the art. His work was found fault with by his patron, probably as an excuse for beating down the price, which was reduced to one half. This was paid in copper money, which the poor artist was obliged to carry home on his shoulders to his indigent family, a distance of seven or eight miles. The weight of his burthen, the heat of the weather, and the depression of his spirits, threw him into a fever, which, at the expiration of three days, put a period to his life. After this, let us hear no more of the necessity of monopolies of wealth and rank, to the existence and encouragement of the fine arts.

We could, without the labor of much research, easily swell this catalogue to an extent that might surprise the reader who has been accustomed to consider the patronage of the great as synonymous with wealth and honors. We could quote hundreds of distinguished names in literature and the arts, who were condemned to poverty and degradation by the patronage of kings, princes, and nobles, or left to perish in neglect and obscurity by their want of taste and munificence. The whole history of literature and the arts shows distinctly

that there is scarcely an instance, in which the unfortunate protégés of aristocracy did not pay, by a life of flattery and servitude, for the miserable pittance of ostentatious parsimony, and the still more degrading condescensions of lordly pride. These patrons of the arts were seldom if ever the first to discover and encourage unprotected genius. They waited until the voice of fame had proclaimed their triumphs, and it was not until then that they condescended to reward their talents with a niggardly patronage, and to admit them into their society, when they could derive honors from the association far greater than they could bestow.

From a pretty careful examination of the subject, we are satisfied it was not to the patronage of the great that literature and the fine arts were indebted for their revival, or their ultimate excellence, during the period in which they flourished in Italy. There must, therefore, have been other causes operating to produce this effect, and they will probably be found in the natural eagerness and vigor with which the human intellect pursues a novel and attractive object in a new field and fruitful soil not yet exhausted by cultivation. This field presented itself on the revival of literature and the arts in Europe; and it cannot be wondered at that men of genius cultivated it with all their newly-awakened energies, and with a success which has left to posterity no greater glory than that of equalling them.

The wide distinction of ranks, and the awe with which all those who were not noble, looked up toward those that were, may have come in aid of other excitements to the cultivation of literature and the arts. Setting aside courage and skill in war, there were no other means by which the barrier between the noble and the peasant could be overleaped, than excellence in literature and the fine arts. This procured admission into the charmed circle of nobility, and attracted the notice of princes. It raised the low-born peasant to an intercourse with those to whom he was accustomed to look up with reverence and fear, as a superior order of beings; and though experience generally proved that such an association only brought mortification and indignity to the ambitious scholar or artist, still it was not the less an object of ardent solicitude, or a less powerful stimulant to exertion. When Charles the Fifth picked up the pencil of Titian and presented it to him, saying, 'It is fit that Cæsar should wait on Titian,' there can be no doubt the knowledge of such a condescension inspired equal envy and emulation among his rivals and successors.

So far, then, the approbation of the great undoubtedly contributed to animate the exertions of genius. But is there not in a free country a nobler stimulus to the ambition of a generous spirit in the admiration of an enlightened people? Surely the applauses of millions, and the encouragement held out by their taste and munificence, furnish sufficient stimulatives, as they afford sufficient rewards, for the highest exertions of genius. Such patrons require no degrading sacrifices of independence, and exact no servility. Instead of looking down with proud superiority on the man who administers to their pleasure and improvement, they contemplate him with affectionate reverence, and reward him by every demonstration of gratitude in their power. While Florence was free, the distinguished literary men of that illustrious commonwealth, were honored with the highest offices. The Secretary of State was almost always

a scholar of eminence, and a great portion of her embassies were confided to that class of men. The States of Holland, when enjoying their greatest degree of freedom, pursued the same policy, with regard to Grotius, and other distinguished writers; and Rubens was charged with more than one important embassy by these famous republics.

Compare the sums of money received by the distinguished writers and artists of the present age, in England, with the rewards of those who enjoyed the patronage of kings, princes, and nobility. The former had no patrons but a liberal and enlightened public, through whose munificence they received a far more liberal remuneration, independent of the degradation of individual patronage, than any king of England, France, or Spain, or any prince or pope of Italy, ever bestowed. In illustration of this, it is only necessary to cite the examples of Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Mr. Moore, and many minor names, who received their thousands for single works, certainly not superior to those of Dante and Tasso, both in turn the objects and victims of princely patronage and oppression.

On the other hand, let us turn to the long and dismal array of names which, in the days of royal and noble patronage, lived a life of poverty, and perished in despair. To cite them, would fill a volume, and savor of the records of a parish 'poor-house. But since the period when genius became emancipated from all other patronage but that of an enlightened public, we hear no more of its perishing for want, or pining in hopeless obscurity. Poverty is no more its reproach or opprobrium, and the old joke of living in garrets, is no longer applicable. The voice of their countrymen calls them forth from oblivion, its munificence rewards their exertions, and men of unquestionable talents in literature and the arts are only required to exercise that degree of industry and prudence which is necessary in all other pursuits of life, to attain to competency if not wealth.

With regard to the fine arts, the result is the same. It is true that Vandyke was invited over to England by King Charles, and knighted when knighthood was the jest of the poets and dramatic writers. But it is now known, from documents lately brought to light, that he was obliged to paint portraits for the king at a less price than he received from others. Our countryman West also tasted the sweets of royal patronage, and spent a good portion of his life in painting pictures for which he was never paid.

We should never have done, were we to undertake to cite all the examples of royal and princely patronage. They will most of them readily occur to the general reader, and such is their numbers and celebrity, that their united weight is sufficient to overwhelm all the empty boasts of the munificence of kings, princes, and nobility.

Turning our eyes toward our own free country, which labors under the ban of aristocracy, and is considered little better than a barren waste in which neither literature nor the arts can find either soil or sustenance, there is nothing which indicates that she will not in good time attain to eminence in both, without paying for them more than they are worth, in the sacrifice of liberty. If we do not err, she is destined in good time to vindicate them from the foul slander of being the grovelling satellites of corruption, the abject

followers and dependents of despotism. It is in the rich soil of rational freedom, which, while it gives scope and license to all the vigorous efforts of genius, at the same time affords peace and security, as well as rewards to its exertions, that all the higher qualities have attained their greatest perfection. It is there that genius and virtue find their most appropriate home, and their noblest field of exercise, because they have nothing to hope from base prostitution, and nothing to fear from jealous despotism.

We hear it every day confidently asserted, as if it were a fact challenging denial, that the rewards bestowed on literature and the fine arts in the United States, have not equalled those they received in Italy and other countries of Europe. We deny this, and appeal to the proof in the examples already brought forward. Did we ever hear of any respectable artist in the United States being rewarded by a sack of corn for a first rate picture? Is there an instance of one perishing like the inimitable Corregio, from carrying the price of a picture in copper coin on his shoulders? Or admitting there is one capable of producing a picture equal to the St. Jerome of Dominichino, would he find, in the wide circuit of these United States, a gentleman who would debase himself by offering such a price as the Italian artist received? On the contrary, we know that Colonel Trumbull received eight thousand dollars a piece, from the Congress of the United States, for four pictures, neither of them certainly equal to the Communion of St. Jerome, the Flight into Egypt, or the Assumption of the Virgin. We know too, that the same distinguished body has lately voted a similar sum for a similar number of pictures of native artists, to be placed in the rotunda of the capital for the contemplation of future ages; and we also know that a company of gentlemen in Boston has contracted with Mr. Washington Alston for a picture, for which he is to receive ten thousand dollars, if it is ever finished, of which we believe there is some doubt. Other instances might be adduced of American artists making four, six, and even twelve thousand dollars a year. We put the question to those who assail our institutions and government on this ground, whether they know of any potentate of Europe, who, within the same period, has offered such inducements to living artists? No. They give enormous prices for the works of dead artists, and leave the living ones to take their chance with the public.

Our artists need no longer go abroad to earn a livelihood, or gain a name. Those who have talents and industry, meet with employment and liberal compensation. They receive quite as much, and sometimes a great deal more, than is given for similar productions in Europe; they also receive equal, if not greater attention, and their society is courted by the first people in the land. We know that that distinguished sculptor, and most amiable, intelligent gentleman, Mr. Horatio Greenough, whom his country delights, and ought to delight, to honor, when he left this city, a few days since, carried with him engagements to the amount of seventeen thousand dollars, and that others to a large amount have since been forwarded to him. We also know that he has ascertained there is a sufficiency of marble in this country, superior for all purposes of statuary to that of Carrara, and that when he has finished his statue of Washington, he



means to come home and devote himself to the establishment of a school of statuary. We shall then see whether it requires the patronage of kings, the distinctions of ranks, the monopoly of wealth, and the sacrifice of liberty, to make the arts flourish in our great republic.

Our literary men and artists need no longer go abroad, we again repeat, to earn a livelihood or gain a reputation. The period is fast approaching, when they will address themselves to fifty, and by and by a hundred, millions of their countrymen, all speaking the same language, all advancing abreast with equal steps, and forming a solid phalanx of mind and purpose, such as the world never saw before. Is there not here a sphere adequate to the most vaulting ambition? And why, therefore, should they look abroad for the stunted praise of foreign hireling critics, when they can implant their names deep in the soil of a country, wider than any homogeneous empire that the world ever saw, and where they will live in ages to come, when peradventure the fate of Europe may follow that of the other quarters of the old world.

Let them appeal to the feelings and pride of this great and growing nation, instead of those of foreigners, and consecrate their genius at the shrine of patriotism. Let them strike the right chord, and if it does not promptly respond to the touch, then let them complain, and let the imputation we have been contesting be acknowledged as the truth. Then let them repeat the old sing-song about the incompatibility of freedom with the perfection of the arts, and the necessity of patronage, servitude and degradation to a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Corregio, a Claude, a Titian, a Canova, a Thorwalsden, or a Greenough. Until they have made this trial, silence, study, effort and industry, would better become them, than complaint and despondency. Let them read the lives of these illustrious artists, whose fame now illuminates the civilized world, and learn by what a succession of labors, anxieties, disappointments, and mortifications, they at length gained the summit of their art. They will then see, that the highest rewards are only the meed of the greatest efforts, and that the exertions of a whole life are necessary to live hereafter.

Let them also recollect, that all the artists of Italy are not equally celebrated. The names of thousands and tens of thousands, during the period in which the arts flourished in that country in their greatest splendor, now rest in the repose of oblivion, or are only recorded in dictionaries. Thousands and tens of thousands have also attained but a small portion of the fame of these illustrious masters, who, though nearly cotemporary with each other, seem to have been the product of centuries. Ages preceded and succeeded them, without producing their equals, and who knows but that in which the old world has failed, may be achieved by the new?

Without doubt, many a bright genius of whom the world has never heard, during the age of these great masters, pined away in neglect and obscurity, notwithstanding the patronage of kings and nobility, and what is more, in spite of that of the illustrious merchants and mechanics of Florence. A still greater number of artists, without genius or industry, were left to combat with their own imbecility, and, we dare say, were loud in their complaints of the neglect of their countrymen. It is the lot of mediocrity and inferiority to

complain, and it is equally so, for men of the highest genius to meet with disappointments in their pursuits. In the great game of human life, few win and many lose, nor is the race always to the swift, or the battle to the strong.

If, then, it should happen, as it most undoubtedly will, that among the present or any future race of artists, who start in the great sweepstakes for fame and fortune, some, nay, very many, should break down, some give out, and some be distanced, while but a few arrive at the goal, let them not, in a spirit of querulous complaint, lay their failure at the door of our free institutions. Let them refrain from joining the hue and cry, that the fine arts are incompatible with the general diffusion of rights, property, and intelligence, and that to have fine pictures and statues, men must once more become slaves. If such indeed be the case, then we say, let us dispense with Saints and Madonnas, Venuses and Apollos, and cling to the Goddess of Liberty. If it must be so, let us sacrifice the arts to freedom, remembering that in the language of the poet Lucan, '*Libertas ultima mundi quo steterit ferienda loco.*'

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#### A PASSAGE OF LIFE.

I SLEEP—but 't is to dream—though I have pray'd  
For that blest spirit of forgetfulness,  
That comes o'er Virtue like a necromance,  
Leaving an infant quiet with the heart,  
And with the mind, oblivion. But my prayer  
Has found no entrance at the gate of God—  
And I dream on. Rest has no change for me,  
And comes not to me, with its angel wings,  
Fanning and shadowing, till a weary world  
Takes form of what it should be, and we think  
Life yet might be a vision crown'd with gold,  
And even yet a weary thing to die.

There is no midnight to me—the long bell  
That tells the passage of 'recorded time'  
To the insensate watcher, bears to me  
No story of the future or the past.  
But the dull night-chime falls upon my ear  
As upon marble—or some sculptur'd thing,  
That rings to, but feels not the booming sound!  
I know no measure of my days—my mind  
Gives with its silent but unerring voice  
No intimation of that wondrous change,  
That with alternate radiance and gloom,  
Walks the great earth and sky. Morn, with its bars,  
Opening like Mercy on a waking world,  
And night with its vast music of the stars!

I gaze upon this bright machinery  
That circulates through space—and, as I gaze,  
And listen to the tireless melodies  
That swell upon us in a choiring sound,  
As from some mighty fountains in the sky,  
I feel their golden order, as they pass,  
And hear their Master's voice. Mount, cloud, and sea  
Lift up their majesty—and a great shout  
Leaps from gray crag to the blue waters—all  
Swell the fierce thunder-peal in deep response,  
And tell their glorious history in the storm!

## THE DANCING GIRL.

## A PASSAGE IN THE 'FIDGET PAPERS.'

'LET Angelina bare her breast of snow,  
Wave her white arm, and point her pliant toe.'

BROWN.

THE request of his father, my own inclination, and a sense of duty, combined to render me particularly attentive to the interests and welfare of my well-meaning but giddy friend, Jack Volatile. One half of his time was spent in getting into difficulties, and the other half in getting out of them. He was thoughtless, generous, unsuspecting, and inexperienced — trusting less to principle than to feeling; more to impulse than to judgment: no wonder, then, that he was frequently the prey of the designing. He was very susceptible. It did not require a union of extraordinary charms to light a fire in his heart. A single good feature was sufficient. He was ready to die for a little milliner, because she had a pretty ankle, and lavished half his fortune on a confectioner's girl, because she had red hair, like Titian's Flora. I threatened to carry him to the Lunatic Asylum, but the man was perfectly incorrigible. For this reason I at first refused to accompany him to the theatre, when the famous *danseuse*, M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique L'Amour was about to make her first appearance in the literary emporium.

'Volatile,' said I, 'you will fall in love with her, you know — and why should you wish me to be a spectator of your vagaries?'

'My dear Frank, I'll behave like a gentleman.'

'That you always do — but sometimes like a most erratic one. Promise that you will not fall in love with M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour.'

'Francis Fidget,' replied Volatile, 'I solemnly promise I will not adore her.'

'Remember, Volatile, your word is pledged. You are not to yell 'bravo!' like a madman — you're not to throw your hat into the pit — you're not to act Romeo for the especial admiration of the gallery; but you are to take your pleasure 'soberly,' like Lady Grace; to applaud moderately, if pleased, and to say nothing, if dissatisfied.'

'Agreed! agreed!' cried Volatile, impatiently: 'and now for M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique.'

We went to town. The theatre was full and fashionably attended: Strange perversion of taste! We turn a deaf ear to the horrid declamations of native genius, but to the '*declamation des jambes*' we give the profoundest attention. '*Les gens n'écoutent que le ballet,*' was the complaint of a beautiful Italian singer. But I wander from my tale.

The entrance of M<sup>lle</sup> Angelique was heralded by ravishing music, that stole upon the ear like the 'sweet south.' In the midst of a most harmonious prelude, there bounded into view a young, glad creature, with light drapery floating round her, like a veil of mist.

The scenic roses that bloomed upon the canvass seemed to borrow a new and touching grace from the splendor of her presence. Angelique adapted her movements to the music with remarkable precision. Now, while the strain was low and soft, the beautiful girl

sailed slowly round, waving her white arms above her head, or crossing them, with graceful gesture, on her snowy breast. Her features, according with the flow of melancholy sounds, assumed a dejected air.

But when she heard 'the briak awakening viol,' she bounded aloft like Flora when pursued by Zephyr, and the strained eye could hardly catch the motion of her little twinkling feet. She receded to the back of the stage with wonderful rapidity,

—— 'Showing limbs, as loth to show  
Through many a thin Tarentian fold.'

And now she paused for breath — her coral lips apart, her beautiful bosom heaving. The music swelled again, and the lovely Angelique sprang forward with the arrowy rush of Ronzi Vestris. Louder and louder rang the tambourine and bugle. And now commenced the triumph of the dancer's art. She bounded from the stage, as if too light to rest upon the boards. She poised her feather-weight upon one slender foot, and whirled around with dizzying rapidity. Her motions became more and more complicated, her exertions more and more prodigious. At length, wearied, weak, panting, she waved a feeble adieu, and disappeared. The roar of applause that followed her exit, shook the very pillars of the theatre, and the green curtain undulated in the currents of air caused by the tumultuary movements of the audience.

'Heavens!' cried Volatile, 'am I dreaming? Was not that an unsubstantial vision, sent to beguile a wayward hour, but too beautiful for earth?'

'Come, Volatile,' said I, 'your promise!'

'Promise!' cried Volatile, with huge contempt. 'I vowed I would not love a woman, but it would be madness to frown upon a divinity!'

'The girl is pretty,' said I, wishing to sooth him, 'and what *pigeon-wings*!'

'Goth!' exclaimed Volatile, 'do you speak of her thus? Why, she is angelic.'

'Her *name* is so,' retorted I. 'But tell me, is that woman worthy such enthusiasm, who can so far forget the modesty of her sex and age, as to expose herself to the gaze of a crowded theatre, in a garb which a sculptor would think light enough for a Venus? No, there is a rank corruption at her heart.'

'I'll stake my head,' cried Volatile, hotly, 'upon the purity of her heart!'

'Then, my poor Jack, you will soon become

'A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.'

'Come, come,' said Jack, 'you must own that modesty does not consist in dress — else what a stock of ready-made virtue can you buy at any milliner's.'

'Stop!' cried I, 'were this *figurante* a South Sea Islander, born where the thermometer stands at 90° Fahrenheit in the shade, and where milliners are confounded scarce, she might pass for a Lucretia; but as the case stands, I can't excuse her. I beg leave again to remind you of your promise. And now we'll go and get some oysters.'

Oysters ! food fit for the gods ! What had been the banquets of Apicius without ye ? The shell that cradled Venus on the waters must have been an oyster-shell. The pearl that Cleopatra melted in her cup, once rested in an oyster-shell. Delicious children of the sea ! Ye were my solace in that all nameless hour, when my heart was heavy within me — when the present was a blank, the future a dark abyss, the past a shadowy desert. Then, in the recklessness of my despair, not knowing whether I had an appetite or not, I said 'Give me oysters !' and I ate of them. Lo ! the clouds that shrouded my mind vanished :

'My bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne.'

I lived — I joyed in life. Hogarth, that accurate observer of nature, represents a man at an election dinner, dying with an oyster on his fork. Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the past ! is there on thy pages the record of a death more glorious ? A man may be sentimental over oysters. Volatile was so, and eagerly recommenced upon the subject of the dancing girl. He was entirely fascinated, and before we separated for the night, gave me to understand that he should immediately set about procuring an introduction, for he was very well convinced, from the evidence of her features, that she was a most amiable young woman, and worthy of all the eulogiums which had been lavished upon her.

Volatile's first step was to ascertain whether any of his friends were acquainted with the figurante ; but none of them could claim that honor. He next bought fifty dollar's worth of tickets for her first benefit, and the act was duly puffed in the newspapers. Mademoiselle Angelique pocketed the cash, but took no notice of her prodigal patron. Volatile now bethought himself of the influence of the manager, and procured an introduction to that worthy functionary, without encountering any of the difficulties which impeded his approach to the beautiful *danseuse*. The manager was much pleased with his new acquaintance, and let him into all the secrets by which he hoped to insure the success of his campaign. The graver part of the community were to be propitiated by a series of moral plays, of which George Barnwell was the most conspicuous. Then there were to be some dancing monkeys, and a pantomime for children, and a celebrated tight-rope vaulter, for the lovers of the legitimate drama. To all these plans Jack Volatile gave an attentive ear, and what was still better, money. But when he solicited an introduction to the danseuse, the manager shrugged his shoulders. Mademoiselle Angelique was a singular girl — capricious — reserved sometimes — artful — provoking ! However, he would try what he could do, for he had all the disposition in the world to oblige the young gentleman who had approved of the dancing monkeys, and sanctioned the degradation of the drama. The first message which the manager brought from the figurante, was of a discouraging character. Angelique was unwell, saw no company, was not fond of American gentlemen, had her time occupied, etc., etc. The manager suggested the propriety of making some offering at the shrine of the lady's beauty. 'She has a passion for diamonds.' This hint was enough for Volatile. He had money, and he was generous.

A cross, set with small diamonds, was procured, and sent, with a complimentary note, to the beautiful Parisian. It was accepted, and Volatile was invited to call.

The delight of Wilhelm Meister, on being admitted to the private apartments of his lovely actress, was not equal to the joy of Volatile when he found himself in the boudoir of M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour. Upon his entrance, the lady herself was not visible, but a snuffy old Frenchwoman offered him a chair. The room was richly draped and carpeted; there were two large mirrors, and the furniture was elegant. Volatile's first movement was unpropitious, for he happened to tread on the tail of a pet puppy, that yelped and ran to the old woman, who took it up, hugged it in her arms, covered it with snuff and kisses, and ceased from her endearments only to cast angry glances at Volatile. Eventually, the little beast stole from the apartment.

At length Angelique entered. She did not look so blooming as on the night of her first appearance. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and Volatile was surprised to find that she was quite lame. She received him with a great deal of grace and affability, and entered into a very animated conversation. Volatile was not surprised to find that she had much of the *enfantée* about her, but he thought her characterized by great taste and wit. Perhaps he was not mistaken. The humblest Frenchwoman collects, almost miraculously, a considerable stock of information, and acquires, I know not how, a command of language, and a facility of expression, which is really enviable. French *naïveté* may not be nature, but it is still interesting.

All at once a scratching was heard at the door. '*Oh ! maman !*' cried Angelique, '*ouvrez la porte — c'est mon pauvre Fidèle.*'

The old lady hastened to admit him. The little dog entered, covered with mud. Volatile's pantaloons were immaculate: the little scoundrel rushed against his legs at once.

'*Ah ! monsieur !*' cried the sentimental Parisian: '*voilà comme il vous aime !*'

The muddy cur sprang into Volatile's lap. 'A beautiful dog!' cried Volatile — then added to himself: 'Curse the little whelp! I wish he were at Jericho!'

'*Fidèle ! Fidèle !*' cried the danseuse, '*donnez le main à Monsieur.*'

The dog placed his muddy paw in Volatile's white-gloved hand, and finished his performances, by biting my friend's finger. He was on the point of throwing his tormentor into the fire, but was recalled to his senses by the exclamation of the proprietress of the animal: '*Ah ! Monsieur Volatile ! il vous baise*' — 'he kisses you.'

It was with great difficulty that my friend finally persuaded the cross old woman to take the dog off. The remainder of the morning passed very pleasantly. Angelique was denied to every one, and the interview became literally a *tête-à-tête*, for the old woman was soon weary with listening to the conversation of the fair Parisian and her American admirer. When Volatile took leave, he thought himself really in love. At this period of the affair, I told him it was high time to consider how his father would relish the introduction of a French dancer into the family. To this he made no answer: he was evidently too far gone for reflection.



Volatile was now the constant attendant of Angelique. He waited upon her at ballet rehearsals, and frequently rode home with her from the theatre. One evening he called upon the lady, and found her in the best possible humor. She entertained him with a song, and danced her very best *pas seul* in her most bewitching manner. Volatile was delighted. 'Still,' said he, 'this is nothing but a rehearsal, for you are presently going to repeat this to the public.'

'Non, Monsieur Volatile, I am going to write to de directeur, dat I am ver sick dis evening — I have got a physician's certificate.'

'But,' said Volatile, who felt for the poor devil of a manager: 'Mr. Trumpet will lose a vast deal of money by your non-appearance.'

'Ah, mon ami,' said Angelique, sentimentally, 'vat is money? Money is dross!'

At these words, a bitter pang shot across the breast of Volatile, for his presents to the dancer had almost exhausted his funds. But there was no resisting her blandishments. She was to disappoint a crowded theatre for his sake. The beautiful creature who had turned the heads of half the beaux of the metropolis, was now at his side, all smiles and gayety. Intoxicating thought! It is sometimes almost fatal to be young. Volatile looked from the window. The white snow lay level and sparkling on the ground, and every roof and tree glittered in the frosty moonlight. The sound of sleigh-bells was unfrequent, for even the favorite amusement had been relinquished for the superior attractions of M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour. This lady was passionately fond of sleighing. She ran to dress, while he went for his horses and sleigh.

Meanwhile the theatre was gradually filling. Pit, boxes, and gallery swarmed with eager crowds. As the time for the appearance of Angelique drew near, the excitement became intense. The curtain rang up, the house was hushed, and the manager came forward with a dejected air. 'Ladies and gentlemen: I am sorry to inform you, that severe sickness unhappily deprives M<sup>lle</sup> L'Amour of the pleasure of appearing before you this evening.' A murmur of disappointment and pity ran round the boxes. The pit and gallery, less sentimental and more prudent, desired the restoration of their money. The manager thought it politic to gratify them.

Volatile, highly elated, drove up to the door of his fair friend, and assisted her into his light sleigh. Away they flew — both of them in the highest spirits. Volatile chose an unfrequented road, for he knew he was enjoying a dangerous honor. They alighted at a country tavern, the smirking proprietor of which was perfectly unconscious of the celebrity of the lady whom he ushered into his little back parlor. The old landlady bustled about to make things tidy and comfortable, and put a thousand questions to Angelique, which were answered by her escort. Rejecting the landlord's offer of *flip*, Volatile called for champaigne, and his fair companion appeared by no means reluctant to partake of it. Her spirits had reached the highest pitch of elevation when they reentered the sleigh. Volatile waved his lash over the heads of his horses, and they bounded off like frightened deer. While their master had been drinking cham-

paigne they had not been neglected, but, on the contrary, had been paying a practical compliment to the excellent grain of mine host of the Golden Ball. Angelique expressed a wish to drive.

'*You, Angelique!*' cried Volatile, in surprise and alarm: 'Why, you have never driven any thing faster than the wooden team in *Cinderella*. How can you expect to manage a pair of such fly-aways as these? You'll break your precious little neck, to say nothing of mine.'

But the beauty, like all beauties, was self-willed. Volatile gave her the reins, and she stood up in front. The little bays kept the track, of course; but they wanted a strong pull, and the lady's strength was inadequate to that. Volatile would have remained at her side to assist her, but she imperiously waved him back, and raised her whip. Fatal rashness! As the lash descended on the backs of the good little nags, they sprang almost out of the harness, and then ran for life. Volatile seized the reins, but he could not bring them up in time. There was a snow-bank in the way, and an upset was the inevitable consequence. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He stopped the horses, and then went to look for Angelique. The fair French woman was completely imbedded in the snow, but her friend very carefully extracted her. As soon as she regained her feet, she began to settle her drapery, and then she danced about on the shining crust till she had restored the circulation of her blood. As Volatile handed her into the sleigh again, he asked her if she should like to drive home, but she replied in the negative, and my friend restored her safely to her dwelling.

He was now more in love with her than ever. However, a circumstance soon occurred which somewhat damped his ardor for a time. He went into a jeweller's one day to purchase a watch trinket, when he was shown the identical diamond cross which he had presented to the French girl, and which the jeweller appeared anxious to dispose of.

'Mr. Volatile,' said the man, 'I can afford to sell you this cheap, for I got it under price myself. I bought it from an old French woman, the other day.'

My friend concealed his agitation, and asked leave to take the cross home with him, assuring the jeweller that he would either purchase it, or return it in the course of the day. Armed with this proof of her duplicity, he sought an interview with Angelique. She was all smiles. After conversing on indifferent topics for a while, Volatile suddenly drew out the diamond cross.

'Angelique,' said he, calmly, 'do you know this bauble?'

The lady blushed at the sight of the tell-tale cross, but recovering herself instantly, told a most piteous story of being distressed for money, dunned by dress-makers, and duped by managers. She excused herself with all the volubility of a French woman, and finally ended by modestly requesting a trifling loan. Volatile found fault with nothing but her anticipating an offer. He left with her the diamond cross, and all the money he had about him. Oh! strange infatuation of youth! Singular simplicity! Must the arm be palsied, and the heart be withered, before we can acquire experience?

Day after day witnessed Volatile's visits to the syren. He exhausted his allowance, borrowed of me, and wrote home for more. Poor Captain Volatile ! Little did you, in the simplicity of your heart, imagine that your beloved son was preparing to present you with a French daughter-in-law ! It was well that you were naturally of an unsuspicious temper : had it been otherwise, you would have actually expired with indignation. Volatile was so infatuated, that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him. Had Angelique given him credit for the purity of heart which he possessed, he would have been ruined outright. One day, however, as he was sitting with his intended bride, a pretty little child ran into the room, and clasping the knees of Angelique, cried :

*' Ah ! maman ! combien je vous aime.'*

*' N'est elle pas jolie comme un ange ?'* asked Angelique.

*' Beautiful !'* said Volatile : *' but why does she call you mother ?'*

*' She is my child !'* replied the unblushing Parisian. Volatile stared aghast. After sitting a few minutes longer, he arose and retreated to the door. He wished the lady *' good morning,'* but it was an eternal farewell. He never saw her face again. And thus ended his nine days' delusion, and the reign of the French Dancing Girl.

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#### THE LAND OF LOVE.

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*' Oh, Love ! — no habitant of earth thou art !'* — CHILDE HAROLD.

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And dost thou ask where Love is found  
Unchangeable and pure,  
And free from Passion's rankling wound —  
From human ills secure ?  
If there's a land where Love's sweet lot  
Forever smiles, and changeth not ?

Oh ! do not ask — but look, and see  
If thou canst find a place,  
Where Love lives on in purity,  
Without a darkening trace  
Of selfish feeling on its name —  
Of sorrow's mists, to dim its flame.

Turn thee to the far southern land :  
Say, hast thou found it there ?  
Boast *they* Love's smiling, rosy band,  
Without a thorn of care ?  
No ! — Passion's steps have o'er them been,  
To mar the beauty of the scene.

As flow the lava's burning waves,  
As bursts the earthquake-shock,  
So come the passions o'er their slaves,  
E'en like their own siroc —  
Blasting each flower its breath goes o'er,  
Breathing destruction to the core !  
*England.*

And search through the luxurious East —  
Hast thou yet found the gem ?  
Smiles it amid yon costly feast ?  
Decks it that diadem ?  
No ! here the tyrant man looks down  
On woman, who should share his throne.

Gaze on the regions of the North :  
And in that chilly clime,  
Mark if the seraph shineth forth,  
Untinged by wo or crime :  
Ah ! here, too, often sorrow flings  
Her gloomy fetters o'er his wings.

Not even in our own sweet isles  
Can we the spirit claim ;  
Sometimes o'er us he gently smiles,  
With pure and holy flame :  
'T is but the glory of his eye,  
That looks on us in passing by.

Pure love is not of mortal birth,  
Nor oft to mortals given :  
Sometimes it waves its wings o'er earth,  
But oh ! its *home* is heaven !  
There — human care and change above —  
*There* is the land of deathless love !

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

## NAMES OF TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES.

## NUMBER ONE.

Our countrymen have claimed for themselves an inventive genius superior to that of any other people. This may be true, so far as the mechanical arts are concerned; but when the imagination has been exercised in the invention of words, by which to designate the numerous cities, towns, villages, and rivers of our country, it is evident that there is a great deficiency of originality, as well as good taste.

The writer of these pages was accidentally led to notice this subject, while making some statistical researches, during the winter of 1835 and '36. The frequent occurrence of the same names in almost every state in the Union, was the cause of much perplexity, and induced him to examine the subject at length. This examination resulted in the following analysis of American names.

The people of ancient as well as of modern times designated their cities, towns, etc., by names peculiar to themselves. Every nation had a class of names as distinct as its language. These were seldom borrowed by others, as foreigners could not understand the meaning which was intended to be conveyed by them among the people with whom they originated. These names indicated the particular object for which the towns or cities that bore them were built, or to whose munificence they owed their origin and prosperity, if fortune had favored them with the latter. In other cases, they obtained their appellations from the peculiarities of their situation, or from the avocations of their inhabitants. The names of mountains, rivers, and other geographical divisions, were alike indicative of their situation.

The cities of ancient Egypt bore names which at once made known to what god or goddess they owed their protection, or whose fanes of devotion they had the honor and exclusive privilege of containing. The Hebrew names of cities, mountains, rivers, etc., were, in some way, connected with their history or location, or with the religious opinions of the particular tribes which inhabited them.

Greek and Roman appellations, also, originated from similar sources, or were more or less connected in their origin, with their mythology. Asiatic names, particularly those of Hindostan, indicate by their termination whether they designate a district, a city, a town, or a village; whether it is fortified; whether in a morass, on a hill, and other peculiarities in its situation. The origin of these may, perhaps, be attributed to the copiousness of the languages from which they are derived, as in them much may be expressed by a single word or termination. Many East Indian names can be traced to the Sanscrit language, in which their true meaning may be found. The same remarks will apply to other places in Asia, the original names of which are formed in its primitive languages.

European names also contain significant meanings in the languages of her aboriginal inhabitants, when they owe their origin to them; and although in their terminations they have been altered to suit the peculiar dialects of the people by whom they are now employed, are not unfrequently the medium through which may be

traced the character of the people who originally gave name to, and inhabited, the particular regions of country in question.

England, which was colonized by Normans, Danes, Saxons, Romans, etc., retains the names given by the descendants of these to the several parts occupied by them. The course pursued by the Teutonic, Gothic, and Celtic nations, from which sprang the present people of Europe, can be traced as well by the names they respectively gave to the countries through which they passed in their migrations, as by the more usual method of tracing the affinities of languages, or by an etymological analysis.

These remarks are made, to show how closely the names of places are identified with the history of the countries in which they are found. This is very far from being the case in our own country. How many names are there in the United States, which are employed to designate our numerous cities and towns, that convey a meaning expressive of any peculiarity connected with their situation or history? And how few there are, in proportion to the great number, derived from the aboriginal inhabitants!

It would seem that the first settlers of the Union were not satisfied with exterminating the lawful possessors of the soil, but in order that their memory might die with them, they altered the names which the aborigines gave to their country, and which were always expressive, for others, borrowed from foreign countries, wholly inapplicable to designate them. The Indian names were well calculated to perpetuate the memory of the several tribes, beside being more melodious in sound than the English ones. The copiousness of their languages, and the method of compounding words, enabled the Indian nations to express in a single word what we could only do in a dozen.

Who will deny that the ancient name of the island of New-York, *Manhattan*, is not more beautiful than that by which it is now known? Beside, it is a lasting monument of an event which must forever remain a foul blot upon the first Dutch navigators who landed on the island — an event but a prelude of what was to follow, and which, even at the present moment, is occurring in our western borders, as the march of the whites encroach upon the soil of the aborigines. *Manhattan* is derived from the Indian word *Manahactaniend*, which means ‘*The island where we all became intoxicated.*’\* Comment is unnecessary.

Nine only of our states have Indian names; the remainder are English or French. Our rivers have more generally retained the names by which they were known to the aborigines; but a city or town with an appellation of that character is extremely rare. In the eastern states, aboriginal names are more frequent than in other parts of the Union; but they merely designate small sections of country, where there were formerly Indian settlements, and have only been preserved by those in the immediate vicinity. Handed down from father to son, they will, in a few generations, become totally extinct, save where English names have not been substituted by public authority.

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\* See HECKWELDER on the Indian languages.

Although the subject is not an important one, yet, in a literary point of view, and as a matter of curiosity, the investigation of the names of American towns may not be entirely destitute of interest.

In New-England, the names of towns and counties are chiefly borrowed from Great Britain. It would seem that the puritan fathers were desirous of preserving some memento of the country from which religious persecution drove them, to seek an asylum among the wilds of America. Where there had been native settlements, the Indian names were for a while retained. Such was the case with Salem, Boston, and Providence. But the determination of the colonists was to eradicate every thing that perpetuated the native tribes, and the ancient names of Naumkeag, Shawmut, and Mooshasuck, gave place to those above-mentioned. Towns which received their names previous to the revolution, borrowed them from well known places in England. Those named after, were from the heroes and patriots who made themselves conspicuous during that contest. Worcester, Leicester, Gloucester, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Bristol, Warwick, Somerset, Cambridge, Chelsea, Newport, Northampton, etc., are of the former class, and among the latter, are Hancock, Adams, Warren, Greene, Washington, Franklin, etc. It was quite a fashion, in those primitive days, to prefix the word *new* to many of their towns, and although they have attained the age of two centuries, they still retain it. New-York will probably retain her name until she is as old as London is now, or perhaps until she has shared the fate of Rome and Carthage.

These names would do very well, did not every state in the Union resort to the same vocabulary; and in many instances several counties in the same state have selected the same name. This is not only bad taste, but it causes much perplexity, and obliges one to designate the particular county as well as state, in which the town is located. The state of Maine includes among her towns many named after the European states and cities, both ancient and modern. The names of the patriots of the revolution, Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, Lee, Montgomery, Hamilton, and Adams, have been given to counties and towns in all of the New-England states. There is a Washington in each of them, and a Franklin in all, save one.

The great state of New-York — or the 'Empire State,' as it is called — seems to have ransacked the globe for appellations for her numerous towns. Every kingdom and empire has contributed its part. From the ancient kingdoms and states, she has borrowed Greece, Athens, Sparta, Troy, Jerusalem, Palmyra, Tyre, Utica, Corinth, Carthage, and Rome: Marathon and Macedon, also, have places among her towns. From the modern states, she has taken her Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Holland, Sardinia, Italy, Wales, China, Delhi, Peru, Chili, Mexico, etc., together with the following capitals: Stockholm, Petersburg, Copenhagen, Dresden, Berlin, Wilna, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Paris, Naples, Edinburgh, Lisbon, Madrid, Milan, Amsterdam, Turin, Geneva, Vienna, Florence, Antwerp, Warsaw, Batavia, Canton, Cairo, Lima, etc. Well may she be called the 'Empire State,' when the greatest kingdoms and empires, as well as their capitals, have places within her boundaries!

Not content with these, she has transplanted the names of their heroes, philosophers, law-givers and poets to her towns, and occasionally thrown in an Indian, French, and English name among them. The ancient names are, Homer, Hector, Lysander, Marcellus, Solon, Horace, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Scipio, Hannibal, Romulus, Tully, Camillus, Manlius, Cincinnatus, Cicero, Seneca, Plato, Milo, Virgil, Fabius, Euclid, and Ovid! In scriptural names, she has an Eden, a Bethany, a Bethlehem, a Jericho, a Canaan, a Lebanon, a Hebron, and a Goshen!

Diana alone represents the ancient mythology — from which circumstance, one would suppose it to be meant for the Ephesian goddess of nature, denoting the nutritive power of the soil, as well as the mother of nations. The great men of England have contributed their part, and are as well represented as the learned of olden times. Scott, Byron, Milton, Dryden, Hume, and the unknown Junius, are each the appellations of her towns. All the revolutionary heroes, all the eminent statesmen, all the celebrated geniuses, and all the large land-speculators, have, with their names, added a link to the heterogeneous and conglomerated mass of counties, towns, and villages, which constitute the state of New-York.

The cities and towns in the middle and southern states are generally named from European places, or from the surnames of individuals, with the words, *town*, *field*, *boro'*, *ville*, etc., affixed to them. The names of distinguished Americans are common, as they should be, to all the states.

There is a county or town of *Washington* in every state and territory of the Union, except Delaware; and in the majority of them, there is both a county and a town of this name. The name of *Franklin* occurs twenty-one times, exclusive of numerous *Franklinvilles*, and *Franklintons*. *Jefferson*, *Madison*, and *Munroe*, including a few with the termination of *ville*, and *ton*, each occur from fifteen to twenty times. *Adams* nearly as many. *Jackson*, with the terminations, thirty-six times. *Hancock* and *Montgomery* are about as frequent as *Adams*. Distinguished generals appear to have the preference over philosophers and statesmen, in having their names given to towns. Twenty-five towns, some of which are places of considerable importance, bear the appellation of *Warren*; nineteen that of *Fayette* and *Fayetteville*; and the residence of the latter general, 'La Grange,' has been given to ten more. *Steuben*, *De Kalb*, *Pulaski*, *Knox*, *Lee*, *Macon*, *Jay*, *Pinckney*, and *Livingston*, have their places. *Columbia* is found in sixteen different states, exclusive of ten *Columbus's* and as many *Columbiana's* and *Columbiaville's*. *Fredonia*, *Freedom*, *Freehold*, *Freeman*, *Freeport*, *Freetown*, and other names commencing with *Free*, occur twenty-two times.

*Milton*, England's favorite bard, has not been sufficiently immortalized by the country that gave him birth. Sixteen towns in the United States feel pride in bearing his name.

The capitals and principal cities of foreign countries seem to have been favorite names with the founders, or the persons by whom our towns were christened. *Athens*, with which so many interesting events are associated, occurs eleven times; *Berlin*, eight; *Canton*, eleven; *Dover*, ten; *Dublin*, six; *Paris*, nine; *Troy*, eleven, and *Salem*, sixteen times.

The name of *Union*, including its terminations, is found to occur thirty-nine times; but as these notes were made a year ago, since when the mania for building towns and cities in the West has raged to an alarming extent, it would not be unreasonable to add some half dozen more *Unions* to the list. As it is, several states must contain two towns of the same name.

*Liberty*, so closely connected with *Union*, appears not to have been as attractive as the latter, ten towns only bearing the name, and *Independence* still less so, as it occurs but six times.

The name of the brave and lamented *Perry* has not been forgotten; nor would it be, if alone confined to him. Twenty-one towns now bear his name. *Clinton* is deservedly another favorite with his countrymen. His great work in the state of New-York has immortalized his name. Fourteen towns of the name are known in the country. *Centreville* is found seventeen times; *Springfield*, sixteen; *Richmond*, sixteen; *Brownsville*, fourteen; *Fairfield*, fourteen; *Concord*, twelve; *Manchester*, sixteen; *Kingston*, twelve; *Middleborough*, *Middlebrook*, *Middlebury*, *Middlefield*, *Middleford*, *Middleport*, *Middlesex*, *Middletown*, *Middleville*, and *Middleway*, collectively, occur fifty times.

Native animals have contributed their part in furnishing appellations for our towns, as *Elkhill*, *Elkhart*, *Elkhorn*, *Elkland*, *Elklick*, *Elkmarsh*, *Elkridge*, *Elkrun*, *Elkcreek*, *Elkgrove*, *Elkton*, and *Elkville*. Twenty-three places have names derived from *Buck*, nine *Buffaloes*, six *Bulls*, ten *Beavers*, including those with *dam*, *kill*, *creek*, *valley*, etc., affixed: *Raccoon*, *Wolf*, *Swan*, *Sunfish*, *Eagle*, *Doe-Run*, *Crab-Run*, *Butterfly*, and other choice selections from animated nature, may be found.

Our noble forest trees have generously lent their names, and constitute no inconsiderable part of the innumerable array we have attempted to describe. The oak, in particular, is prolific with its appendages, occurring thirty-six times, in the following names: *Oakdale*, *Oakhill*, *Oakgrove*, *Oakham*, *Oakflat*, *Oakfield*, *Oakland*, *Oakorchard*, and *Oakville*. There are also places named after the *Cedar*, *Chestnut*, *Hickory*, *Locust*, *Maple*, *Mulberry*, *Cherry*, *Pine*, *Hazle*, *Poplar*, *Elm*, *Laurel*, *Butternut*, *Sycamore*, *Walnut*, and *Willow* trees, with and without terminations.

The name of *Greene* has contributed largely in furnishing appellations for our towns, both singly and with its numerous terminations. It occurs no less than eighty-five times, in *Greenfield*, *Greenford*, *Greenhill*, *Greenville*, *Greenock*, *Greenbush*, *Greenport*, *Greenriver*, *Greenboro'*, *Greenbury*, *Greenfork*, *Greenstone*, *Greenvalley*, *Greenwich*, *Greenwood*, *Greenmont*, *Greenland*, *Greenbay*, and *Greenbank*.

The name of *Smith*, as in *Smithfield*, *Smithford*, *Smithdale*, and with similar terminations to the name previously mentioned, occurs twenty-six times. *Sandwich*, *Sandhill*, *Sandplains*, *Sandbluff*, and names commencing with *sand*, are found forty times. *Pleasant*, with *Pleasant Valley*, *hill*, *mount*, *ridge*, *plain*, *vale*, *view*, and *ville*, occurs forty-three times. *Williams*, with its terminations, thirty-five times. *Fairhaven*, *Fairplay*, *Fairport*, *Fairtown*, *Fairview*, *Fairgrove*, *Fairmont*, eighteen times. *Brown*, with the common terminations, thirty-nine times. *Wood*, with the usual terminations of



*land, lawn, bury*, etc., and the unusual names of *Woodpecker* and *Woodcock*, forty-four times. *Belleville, Bellefonte, Belleview*, etc., twenty-eight times. *White*, with the terminations of *creek, deer, field, hall, haven, lake, house, land, ville, town, river*, and *White Horse, White Eyes, White Pigeon, White Post*, etc., occurs fifty times. *Bloomingtondale, Bloomfield*, and words beginning with *Bloom*, twenty-two times. *Clarksville, Clarksboro', Clarkson*, twenty-nine times.

Towns and villages situated on hills or mountains are frequently named after celebrated mountains, but this class of names are equally used to designate places situated on plains. They seem to have been favorite names with those whose privilege it was to apply them. One hundred and twenty-six towns are found in the United States with names commencing with *Mount*. *Mount Vernon* occurs sixteen times. As specimens of others, may be selected *Mount Zion, Mount Pleasant, Mount Olympus, Mount Hope, Mount Jackson, Mount Washington, Tabor, Pizgah, Carmel, Gilead, Horeb, Lebanon, Israel*, etc.

The most prolific source, however, of American names, is that of old and foreign names, prefixed by the word *New* — as *New-London* and *New-York*. Of towns with this class of names, there are two hundred and fifty-seven. The following are examples of them : *Newark, Newport, Newton, Newcastle, Newcomb, Newbury, Newburg, New-Haven* : also, *New Egypt, New Paris, New Troy, New Jerusalem, New Sweden, New Britain, New Canaan*, etc. The latter few — which are but specimens of about two hundred — are certainly in very bad taste, and exhibit a want of information on the part of those by whom they were named.

The attempt to *Grecianize* modern names, has not been attended with success, and is the most ridiculous method yet resorted to. *Jackson-opolis, Perry-opolis*, and a few others, are all that exist.

There is another variety of names which, for their singularity, should not be omitted in this list. Many may doubt their existence : all we know is, that there are places of these names, and that they are of sufficient importance to contain a Post Office. The same remark will apply to every place here mentioned. To designate the states where the following towns or villages are situated, would be useless ; it is sufficient to say that they may be found. They are : *Horse-shoe, Split-Rock, Horse-head, Hat, Long-a-coming, One-Leg, Painted Post, Spread-Eagle, Thoroughfare, Traveler's-Rest, Wild-Cat, English Neighbor, Good Intent, Good-Luck, White-Horse, Half-Moon, Temperance, Economy, Harmony, Industry, Trinity, and Unity*.

The most singular thing connected with the subject, is, that our country itself is destitute of a name, and our countrymen cannot assume to themselves the distinctive appellation which the natives of all other countries in the world are enabled to. Our country is called the *United States* — but there are the *United States of Mexico, the South American States*, and, in Europe, the *German and Italian States*. All of these, save the former, have a name — for we can say *Mexico, Columbia, Guatemala, Germany, Italy*, etc. ; but by what name shall we call the *United States of North America* ? What its natives ? It is true, they are generally called *Americans*, but this is coming no nearer the mark, than to call an Irishman a Eu-

ropean : for persons born in Canada, Mexico, Columbia, Brazil, or Peru, are equally entitled to the name of American — in addition to which, they have a distinctive appellation, which designates the country of their birth.

Natives of this country, when in foreign parts, are only known as Americans, or natives of the United States of North America. It is true they are sometimes called Yankees, but this is a nickname, which only belongs to the people of New-England — a name given them by the aborigines. A few of the states are so named that their inhabitants may be designated — as a Virginian, a Vermonter, a Kentuckian, etc. Others it would be extremely difficult so to classify; but nicknames have been invented as a substitute. For instance, natives of New-England are called Yankees, those of Ohio, Buckeyes, etc.

In addition to the several varieties of names mentioned, there is another class which is deserving of notice. It originated from an intermixture between the French and Indian, and subsequently becoming Anglicized, is very difficult to analyze. In the north-western parts of our country, and on the northern frontier, where colonies were first planted by the French, these names are found. They spelt the Indian names according to the value of their own alphabet, and to accord with their pronunciation, which did very well while they employed them; but when the Americans used the French words, with an English pronunciation, the Indian names were of course metamorphosed into words which neither people would acknowledge as belonging to their language.

In this class of names, may be included those of Dutch origin in the states of New-York and New-Jersey. Many, it is true, retain their original pronunciation; but to these we do not refer. Our remarks only apply to those which, from their similarity to English names, have become so by use.

Indian names, so frequently referred to in these remarks, we have purposely avoided mentioning, as they compose a class which requires a close analysis, and which is of sufficient importance to form the subject of another paper.

A. B. C.

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#### WOMAN: AN EXTRACT.

THERE is a bud in life's dark wilderness,  
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress;  
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,  
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry;  
That flower, that lovely bloomed in Eden's grove,  
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.  
Still, lovely Woman! still thy winning smile  
That caused our cares, can every care beguile:  
And thy soft hand, amid the maze of ill,  
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.  
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,  
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek,  
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,  
When sex decays, and passion's self is fled.

T.

## HAPPINESS.

## I.

Where doth Happiness abide?  
Listen to the voice of Pride;  
In the palaces of kings,  
In the homes of Wealth and State;  
In the halls where Fashion flings  
Brightness o'er the gay and great;  
In the feast, the bowl, the song —  
In the dancers' giddy throng.

## II.

And do heads which wear a crown  
Calmly sleep on beds of down?  
All that glitters, is it gold?  
Is it pleasure, all that smiles?  
Doth the rose no thorn enfold,  
Nor the goblet which beguiles,  
Hold within its jewelled lip  
Poison for the guest to sip?

## III.

Where may Happiness be sought?  
Mark the student's brow of thought;  
In the cloister's dim alcove,  
Where no boisterous sounds intrude;  
In the meditative grove —  
In the shady solitude —  
Where the leaves of ancient lore  
O'er the mind their riches pour.

## IV.

And hath ancient lore a charm  
Care and sorrow to disarm?  
Learning's highest goal is won  
When our ignorance she shows,  
And our task is but begun,  
When we deem it near its close;  
Man may traverse Truth's broad sea,  
But unknown its depths must be.

## V.

Where hath Happiness a seat?  
Answer, warrior! In the heat  
Of the conflict raging loud,  
Where the ranks of foemen fall —  
In the combat's fiery cloud,  
Round the city's hostile wall;  
In the camp, when battle's roar  
Rolls along the plains no more.

## VI.

Doth excitement's hour possess  
All the charms of happiness?  
Can the streams of human gore  
Wash away the stains of grief?  
Can the voice of battle pour  
Comfort for the heart's relief?  
Happiness dwells not in strife,  
Where fierce passions aim at life.

## VII.

Where may happiness be found?  
Let ambition answer! Bound  
Captive at the chariot wheel  
Of the noble and the strong;  
When before him humbly kneel  
Rival chiefs — a crouching throng;  
When Ambition gains his ends,  
Happiness his path attends.

## VIII.

Say, can Happiness abide  
In the home of fear and pride?  
Where the assassin's dagger gleams,  
Where the poison-cup runs o'er —  
Where the rival joyous seems,  
While his treacherous heart is gore?  
Where above the couch of ease  
Hangs the sword of Damocles?

## IX.

Where hath Happiness a home?  
Answer, thou who lov'st to roam  
O'er the billows, seeking gain;  
In the barque before the wind,  
Bounding homeward o'er the main,  
Treasure-filled from distant Ind;  
Where the merchant may display  
Wealth for Age's quiet day.

## X.

Hath the barque no storm to fear?  
Doth no breaker threaten near?  
Hath thy chart no doubtful rock  
Traced upon its surface wide?  
Dreadest thou no sudden shock  
From the coral reef — the tide?  
E'en though safe, thy riches may  
Make them wings, and flee away.

## XI.

Where doth Happiness rejoice?  
Listen to Religion's voice:  
In the Christian's peaceful seat,  
Where the virtues love to dwell —  
Where Devotion's incense sweet  
Mounts to Heaven in ceaseless swell;  
There can Happiness alone  
Build a firm and lasting throne.

## XII.

Luxury may charm awhile  
With its faint, uncertain smile —  
Learning's treasures may unfold  
Transient joy and brief delight;  
Battle's gory flag unrolled  
May awhile the heart excite;  
Wealth may smile, and curbless Power  
Sleep on roses — for an hour.

## XIII.

If Religion's angel wings  
Float around the halls of kings —  
If above the student's page  
Pass the whisperings of her breath —  
If her gentle touch assuage  
Demon thoughts in fields of death —  
If the barque her form enfold,  
If she sanctify the gold —

## XIV.

Then may Happiness await  
Power within its halls of state,  
And the student's cloistered cell  
May become a bower of bliss,  
And above the combat's yell  
Sound the voice of Happiness;  
Every home where Virtue reigns,  
Peace and Happiness contains.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

'My dear old friends,' said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, 'I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study.'

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black leather quartos, and the upper with little parchment duodecimos. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the book-cases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and could stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young

lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said — 'Forbear!'

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a wild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visage of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

'My dear old friends,' repeated Dr. Heidegger, 'may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?'

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But, without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

'This rose,' said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, 'this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?'

'Nonsense!' said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. 'You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again.'

'See!' answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid,

appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

'That is certainly a very pretty deception,' said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show: 'pray how was it effected?'

'Did you never hear of the *'Fountain of Youth'*?' asked Dr Heidegger, 'which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?'

'But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?' said the Widow Wyckberly.

'No,' answered Dr. Heidegger, 'for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase.'

'Ahem!' said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story: 'and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?'

'You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel,' replied Dr. Heidegger; 'and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment.'

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

'Before you drink, my respectable old friends,' said he, 'it would be well that, with the experience of a life-time to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!'

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea,

that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

'Drink, then,' said the doctor, bowing: 'I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.'

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

'Give us more of this wondrous water!' cried they, eagerly. 'We are younger — but we are still too old! Quick! — give us more!'

'Patience, patience!' quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. 'You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service.'

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grand-children. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion! Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

'My dear widow, you are charming!' cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson day-break.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner, as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past,

present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror, curtsying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

'My dear old doctor,' cried she, 'pray favor me with another glass!'

'Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!' replied the complaisant doctor; 'see! I have already filled the glasses.'

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brim full of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskiest than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

'We are young! We are young!' they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant foolishness of their years. The most singular effect of



their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waist-coats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grand-father; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

'Doctor, you dear old soul,' cried she, 'get up and dance with me!' And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

'Pray excuse me,' answered the doctor, quietly. 'I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner.'

'Dance with me, Clara!' cried Colonel Killigrew. 'No, no, I will be her partner!' shouted Mr. Gascoigne. 'She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!' exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp — another threw his arm about her waist — the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grand-sires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grand-dam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

'Come, come, gentlemen! — come, Madam Wycherly,' exclaimed the doctor, 'I really must protest against this riot.'

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the

more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

'My poor Sylvia's rose!' ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds: 'it appears to be fading again.'

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

'I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness,' observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a life-time been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

'Are we grown old again, so soon!' cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue as transient as that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

'Yes, friends, ye are old again,' said Dr. Heidegger; 'and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well — I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it — no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!'

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

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#### MARGARET: A FRAGMENT.

SHE was not very beautiful — perhaps  
 It is not the most perfect form that wraps  
 Always the loftiest soul, and her's was high,  
 And bright, and stainless, as yon azure sky:  
 Yet she was lovely! — 't was that loveliness  
 That cometh from the spirit's pure excess  
 Of ardent feeling — such her face had caught,  
 And every feature glowed with the sweet thought  
 That ever freshly from her heart would mount  
 To her fair cheek, like to a ceaseless fount,  
 That bubbles up amidst fair summer flowers,  
 And keeps them sparkling still with its sweet showers;  
 And those who saw her once, could ne'er forget  
 The smiling face of that dear Margaret!

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## LINES.

As sun-wrought pageants on some westerling cloud  
 That shift, and shift, in ever changeful play,  
     Smote by the gilding beams,  
     Picture the gorgeous sky,

And lovelier seem than aught the earth can boast,  
 Though all beneath the summer tinted surface,  
     The bosom of the mist,  
     Is cold, and dark, and sad :

So pours my soul a thousand golden hues  
 Of fancy born, upon a vanishing world :  
     Nor heeds that all beneath  
     Is like the baseless cloud :

The imaged beauty doth not less delight,  
 Is not less real ; as it fades away,  
     Fresh, fairer visions rise,  
     And yield as true a bliss.

Columbia, (S. C.,)

E. F. E.

## THOUGHTS ON THE NATURE OF COMETS.

THE present age is characterized by new theories and speculations, and it is difficult to avoid imbibing a portion of its prevailing spirit. This fact, then, must be my apology for offering the following remarks on the nature of cometary bodies — a subject at present replete with uncertainty, and therefore presenting ample scope for the visionary and the theorist to hazard conjecture, which, in default of more safe and serious investigation, may serve to amuse, if it fail to instruct. Science appears to have paused in her pursuit of this subject, satisfied, apparently, with the triumph of having successfully predicted the path and the return of one comet whose orbit extends beyond our system — so far as our system is yet known to extend — and of two within it. In the mean time, the hypotheses of the ignorant will not be entirely useless, if they serve but to suggest a new fulcrum on which the lever of science may rest, or if they point out but the weight of an additional grain to increase the momentum necessary to move the world of doubt beneath which the truth is buried.

The subject at present is embarrassed with apparent contradictions. Down to the present day, the question remains *subjudice*, whether comets are solid, opaque bodies, or whether they are thin and transparent ; some of the learned contending that a perfect occultation of a fixed star occurs when a comet passes between it and the spectator's eye — others affirming that no such occultation takes place, but that the fixed star is visible through the nucleus of the comet. From this difference of opinion has arisen the monstrous supposition, that some comets are solid, and others vaporous — as if it were possible that bodies with natures diametrically opposite, could be governed by precisely the same law.

Scientific men have labored in vain to account for the embarrassing fact, that a vast body, drawing after it a train of 20°, 60°, and

even  $100^{\circ}$ , should not only produce no perceptible effect upon the motion of the planets near which it passes, but that such a body itself should be retarded in its exceedingly rapid course, and suffer an alteration in the diameter of its orbit, by the attraction of a single planet. The comet of Halley, in its return in 1759, was delayed in its approach to the sun, nearly one hundred days, by the attractive influence of Saturn, and nearly five hundred days by that of Jupiter. This fact has never been satisfactorily accounted for, and upon the supposition that comets are solid bodies, it is utterly inexplicable; for it would stand forth a solitary instance of opposition to all the known laws of motion by which the universe is governed. In this dilemma, astronomers are obliged to resort to the expedient of calling comets exceedingly small bodies, surrounded by a large and luminous atmosphere; but such a supposition becomes highly improbable, when we consider at what an immense distance their nuclei are visible.

Again: It is the property of opaque bodies to project a shadow into space. The light from the sun falling upon the heavenly bodies in lines nearly parallel, causes their shadow to extend to an immense distance. Thus we perceive that the size of the earth's shadow suffers comparatively but a slight diminution in its passage to the moon; and there is little doubt but that a partial eclipse of the latter body would occur, were she more than five times her present distance from the earth. Now, since the tail spreads off from the comet in *exactly the same direction* in which the nucleus should project a shadow, it would seem that, if the nucleus were opaque, it should render a portion of the tail immediately behind it dark: but such an appearance, as far as I have been able to learn, has never been observed, even in the largest of these bodies.

From these considerations, I am inclined to suppose that the nucleus, or star, of a comet is not a solid, opaque body, but rather an *accumulation in one point of the same matter as that of which the tail is composed, concentrated and coherent by the sun's attractions, or by some law resembling that which regulates chemical combinations and preferences*; and in that form—moving in vacuo, or nearly so—obeying the general laws of motion. This idea contains nothing improbable, or contradictory to the established theory of matter and attraction. Of whatever matter the tails of comets be composed,\* there is nothing absurd in supposing them to contain particles of greater or less density; and if so, it is perfectly reasonable to conclude that the attraction of the sun would act more powerfully on those denser particles, and draw them forward with greater force. This would necessarily have the effect of causing a conglomeration of such particles exactly in that part of the comet where the nucleus now appears. And it is equally reasonable to suppose, that the rarer particles, being less strongly impelled by the sun's attraction, should obey that impulse more slowly, and form themselves into a train behind the nucleus, the ratio of their density determining their position, till the extreme end would become so rare as to be no longer visible. This refers to the comet's passage toward the sun; the

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\* Of this anon.

same cause, however, to a certain degree, would operate on its return. As a comet approaches its perihelion, its velocity is of course immensely increased, and the tail being but faintly affected by attraction, receives, in the acute turn of its orbit, a more powerful impulse of centrifugal force, and therefore would move foremost in the comet's passage from the sun, though necessarily diminished in length : and such we find is always actually the fact.

The question then arises, of what kind of matter are comets composed ? There seems to be but one which can reconcile the apparent incongruity of size not exerting strong attraction on other bodies, or which can bear out the contradictory assertions of astronomers respecting the transparency or opacity of the nuclei of comets — and that one is, *electric fluid*, in that state in which it appears to us as the aurora borealis.

That the aurora borealis is electric fluid, rendered visible by the friction of the atmosphere, seems to be now scarcely doubted ; and we know that a spark from an electrical machine assumes the perfect appearance of a miniature aurora borealis in the nearly exhausted receiver of an air-pump. And when we consider that almost all bodies, by friction, become generators of electricity — that the whole surface of our globe is one great manufactory — so to speak — of electric fluid — it is evident that the immense quantity thus continually accumulating in the atmospheres of this and other inhabited worlds, must at length find some outlet — some safety-valve — to let off its superabundant streams. May not comets, then, afford the desired medium of keeping up the proper balance in this respect ? Arguments may be adduced, which go to prove that they do produce an effect upon our atmosphere, such as may be anticipated upon the supposition that these bodies are themselves electric. At all events, this supposition will enable us to account for many facts in natural philosophy, which otherwise appear to be perfectly enigmatical.

1. It appears, from researches made by M. Arrago, that those seasons in which comets have appeared, have been remarkably cold and unpleasant ; and it is certain that the past year has borne ample testimony to the general fact. In what way is this coincidence to be accounted for, unless by supposing that the comets collect from the atmospheres of the earth, and of the other planets which lie in their path, a large portion of the electric fluid, and, consequently, perhaps, latent heat which they contain ?

No slight force and probability are added to this supposition, by calling to mind what will readily be admitted by every one, that during the season which immediately preceded the last arrival of Halley's comet, a very unusual number of electrical phenomenæ appeared in our atmosphere. Rarely were such beautiful displays of the aurora borealis witnessed — seldom were so many accidents from lightning recorded. It is a remarkable fact, that the year just elapsed has been unusually deficient in these occurrences.

2. The astronomer Massarotti,\* considers comets capable of affording demonstration of a resisting medium in the heavens, and we may, without any very great stretch of the imagination, suppose the

\* Vide Encyclopædia Americana — article 'Comets.'

atmospheres of the planets to extend, in a highly rarified state, till they unite with each other. As far as experiments on atmospheric air have yet enabled us to judge, it would almost appear that its elasticity is unlimited; and in the higher regions, where all pressure is removed from it, except that which proceeds from the attraction of the body which it surrounds, there seems nothing improbable in supposing that a single particle may be so attenuated as to cover a surface of several square miles, yet sufficiently dense to serve as a conducting medium for the electric fluid.

Under these suppositions, we may account for the increased length of tail which comets exhibit, as they approach their perihelion. Receiving, as they pass, accumulations of electricity from the planets, their volume becomes enlarged, at the same time their velocity being accelerated through this 'resisting medium,' or rarified atmosphere, *friction* is produced, sufficient to render the electric fluid more brightly visible.

There is still another fact bearing on this part of our subject. It was stated by some of the European astronomers, that in observing Halley's comet with powerful telescopes, an appearance of *three*, or, as others affirmed, *five* tails, was observed. On any other than the electric theory, this would seem quite unaccountable; and many, indeed, were inclined to think that the philosophers were either deceiving or deceived. But considering the subject in the light in which it is here presented, what is more probable than to suppose such tails or streams of light to be currents of electric fluid, passing off from the atmospheres of the nearest planets, and becoming visible as they approached the comet, in consequence of the increased velocity which proximity must produce?

3. Warm, moist air is a good conductor of electricity. Hence we find, that in the regions comprised within the torrid zone, thunder-storms are more frequent and more terrific than in higher latitudes. In connexion with this circumstance, looking upon comets as vast masses of electric fluid, it is not impossible that some light may be thrown upon the hitherto unexplained fact, that the tail of the same comet subtends a larger angle, when viewed from the equatorial regions, than it does from more northern or southern countries. The comet of 1768-9, as observed at Paris, exhibited a train of  $60^{\circ}$ . At the same time, from on board a ship between Cadiz and Teneriffe, it appeared to be  $90^{\circ}$ , and at the Isle of Bourbon,  $97^{\circ}$ . It is difficult to say in what manner a highly electric atmosphere magnifies the comet's tail, without producing the same effect upon the other heavenly bodies; yet looking upon them as homogeneous, the fact appears to wear a less formidable aspect.

The last circumstance to be adverted to, is the well-known fact, that while all the other bodies of our system move round the sun in *one* direction, the comets appear bound by no such restriction. Some are direct — some retrograde. This circumstance, if it has no other force, yet at least seems to militate against the probability of their being solid bodies — for if they were, why should they not follow the universal law by which all the bodies known to be solid are directed? And if they are not solid bodies, it will at least appear probable, that the matter of which they are composed is more likely to be electric fluid than any other with which we are acquainted. And if the

nucleus be a concentration of that fluid, attracted forward to one point by the influence of the sun, at one time so bright as to overpower the brilliance of a fixed star behind it, at another so faint as to allow its rays to pierce through, it will afford, what no other supposition can, a reason why astronomers have been divided in their opinions on this point, supposing the opinions of both parties to have been correctly formed.

If it be asked what becomes of the immense quantities of electricity carried off from the planets by the comets, it may be replied, in the language of the old-fashioned definition of a comet, 'It is the sun's fuel-carrier.' And it may be a literally correct definition. It does not appear that any absurdity is involved in the supposition, that the sun (particularly if light, as many suppose, is material,) is constantly giving out a portion of his substance to the surrounding orbs, and that the waste is repaired by the comets, which in their perihelion may give out to that body the stores which they have collected in their erratic wanderings. Certain it is, that on their return from the great luminary, they appear with diminished size, and less extent of tail; and there is no reason to be assigned why this should not proceed, in part at least, from the cause before mentioned.

The theory here adduced, like most other theories, does not admit of proof. Its highest boast is, that it has probability on its side, and that it enables us to reconcile difficulties in respect to the nature of comets, and their effects upon our atmosphere, which no other can. The writer does not expect to make converts to his opinions by these remarks, loosely thrown together: he will be perfectly satisfied, if he succeeds in drawing attention to the subject, leaving it to more able hands to finish the structure of which he has merely drawn a rough and undigested plan.

J. H. C.

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#### THE CONSCRIPT.

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'We! for the land thou tramplest o'er,  
Death-dealing fiend of war!'

WETMORE.

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INFOLDED in a gory sheet,  
They bear him to his shallow grave,  
While mournfully the war-drums beat  
A martial requiem for the brave:  
The corse in earth is duly laid,  
And prayer by holy man is made;  
The faint red beams of parting day  
Shine on survivors of the fray,  
Whose manly hearts with sorrow swell,  
While muskets thunder out — farewell!

Morn gilds the grave of Valor. Birds  
Are trilling songs in copsewood nigh,  
That match in sweetness pleasant words  
First caught by lisping infancy.  
Is that a form of blood and flesh  
Extended on the hillock fresh,  
While gleam the liquid pearls of night  
Amid her tresses long and bright?  
It is the mother of the slain —  
Her heart will never break again!

H.

## THE ALCHEMIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

## I.

Thou say'st, poor aged alchemist, thy power  
 From metals base the glowing gold can bring;  
 The joys years steal away, thou canst restore —  
 By secret arts renew life's lovely spring.  
 Lo! take my treasures; let them serve thy art;  
 My soul believing, turneth, sage, to thee:  
 Let each preserve the idol of his heart —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## II.

Work on in silence o'er the mystic blaze,  
 Or question else some page of ancient lore;  
 Thy art is sure; here with united rays  
 Flash in this cup the golden streams of yore.  
 Thine eyes upon the flame — what dreams! e'en now  
 The smile of favoring fortune dost thou see?  
 Roses alone I crave — to crown my brow —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## III.

Drunken with hope, what fancy fires thy brain?  
 Thou call'st on kings to bow at wealth's proud shrine:  
 'Treasures more vast than e'er beyond the main  
 Pizarro, Cortez won, shall soon be mine!'  
 How full of vaunting pride thy words are grown!  
 Thou who of late didst live on charity!  
 Ambitious! buy the sceptre and the crown —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## IV.

Yes! give it back with all my poverty —  
 Give to my soul a frame more strong and bold;  
 This load of sad experience take away —  
 Give to my heart, blood generous as of old.  
 Then hastening from thy palaces of pride,  
 Thy pompous cars and couches, thou may'st see  
 My happy slumbers by the greenwood side —  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## V.

What riches may be worth, I know full well,  
 Yet, yet I love — and oft have felt a dread  
 To see the girl my heart holds dearest, tell  
 On her fair fingers o'er, our years long sped;  
 It is the sun that sits on her brown cheeks,  
 'Tis in the summer-time love's smiles are free:  
 She whom I love bears not when fortune speaks,  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!

## VI.

Within the crucible what dost thou feel?  
 Nothing! Thou art more poor and I more old.  
 'No, no!' thou say'st, 'to-morrow, with fresh zeal,  
 Begin anew! then sure success we hold.'  
 Thy dream is false, old man! yet love I so  
 The sweet delusions, still I cling to thee,  
 Though gathering wrinkles throng my naked brow.  
 The gold be thine — give back my youth to me!



## THE MARINE FREEBOOTER:

AN AUTHENTIC STORY OF ROBERT KIDD, AND HARLEY, THE LONG-ISLAND WRECKER.

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'My name was Robert Kidd,  
As I sailed.'

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Who has not heard of Captain ROBERT KIDD? What man, with a spice of superstition in his nature, has not listened, when a boy, with a strange interest, to many various and highly spiritual traditions concerning him? A most remarkable man was that same pirate, who for so long a period evaded the pursuit of both England and her American colonies, until at last, in the year 1699, if I remember aright, he was captured, and sent by Lord Bellamont a prisoner to His Majesty, at London, where, 'at Execution Dock,' he was executed, in atonement for divers robberies and murders committed by him on the high seas, 'as he sailed.' I record below one of the traditions of this world-renowned freebooter, which was related to me by a firm and solemn believer in its reality — one, moreover, who possessed a sound and comprehensive mind, in union with the strictest religious principles.

Kidd, as is well-known, was supposed to have buried vast quantities of money, much of which is still believed to sleep in the bowels of the earth, along various portions of the Atlantic coast. After his death, numerous attempts were made to recover it, by effecting a resurrection among the iron chests of specie, and yellow bars of gold. It is supposed that the bulk of his spoils was deposited on the shores of New-Jersey and Long-Island, and the margin of Connecticut River. He always selected some shadowy and romantic spot, far away from the busy settlements of the whites, whither he repaired, under cover of a nocturnal storm, to commit his wealth to the guardianship of the earth, and the magic power which he so enchantingly flung around it.

Long-Island has long been famous for the number of wreckers who infest its coasts.\* This class of people made it their business to decoy vessels among the breakers, by elevating false lights, and so disguising the genuine beacons, as to throw all the ship-commanders into doubt and confusion. These schemes were more particularly resorted to, when the heavens portended a furious gale, and the wind blew strongly toward the land. The wreckers, with their vagabond families, usually resided in miserable huts, near the beach, screened by the shadow of some impenetrable wood, or still more impenetrable wild and rocky upland. Their plunder, which consisted of specie, silks, satins, broadcloths, barrels, etc., was buried on the sea-shore, above high-water mark, and there suffered to remain until the underwriters had made sale of the wreck, when they were transported to New-York, and disposed of at the various junk-shops, etc., which have for so long a time infested the city.

'Jim Harley,' as he was familiarly termed, had from his youth pursued this most unworthy occupation. His father, who had been

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\* Its reputation in this respect is but little diminished. Witness the scenes attending the recent wreck of the Bristol.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

similarly engaged for fifty years, bred his only child to follow his only profession. Many a noble ship has Jim Harley drawn to destruction, the loss of which was charged upon its commander, and to his want of skill and care in its management. The wrecker resided in a quiet valley, which ran retiringly up from the beach of the ocean, and served as a pathway for a busy little stream that came tumbling and foaming down its declivity. It was a cool, romantic spot, and so narrow, that the trees which lined the summit of each hill, threw their green foliage together, shutting the beams of day from below, and casting all the objects there into a dim and uncertain twilight. Harley was a hermit, and though not perhaps a poet, he had nevertheless a most exquisite ear for the voice of nature. The solemn, eternal anthem of the deep was ever pealing, in varied thunder, in his ear; and he had at least sufficient knowledge to divine the prospect of the coming storm or calm, from the changing tone of the winds.

It had for many months been a dull and indolent life with the wrecker. The heavens had worn a continual serenity, and each succeeding day there was a pleasant seaward breeze. Not a sail bore in sight, to fix his wandering eye, save now and then one that glided like a speck on the distant verge of the horizon. He lounged about his rustic hut, watching his children as they climbed the slopes of the valley; and he prayed within himself that the whirlwind and the storm might once more be loosed, to sweep in death and destruction on their pitiless path.

One evening, during the summer solstice, a most tremendous gale arose, such as had never before been known. The sun sank the preceding evening round and red, and ere it kissed the trembling deep, became completely wrapped in a dun bank of clouds. The wrecker's eyes brightened, as he looked upon this ominous robe of the sky, and he immediately proceeded to gather his hooks, ropes, boats, etc., that they might be ready for use, if suddenly necessary. As night came on, the tempest gathered wilder and more fierce, and the winds blew directly toward the land. The breakers, which ran far out from the beach, in front of the wrecker's hut, threw their foam, white as milk, midway in the heavens, and threatened instant destruction to any vessel which might be caught within their reach. The wrecker went out on the upland, and hoisted false beacons upon the trees; and, more successfully to imitate a revolving light, 'hobbled' a horse, and suspended a lanthorn to his neck. In short, he left nothing undone to secure the ruin of his victims, and was now fully prepared to plunder them of the last garment the waves might in mercy spare them.

Harley had stationed himself on a small promontory, and with a spy-glass in his hand, caught a hurried glance of the raging ocean, as the quick flashes of lightning suddenly lit up the horrors around him. He saw innumerable ships rolling and plunging afar in the main, and presently caught a glimpse of a sail rushing full and fair toward the breakers. He raised his glass again — the heavens flamed up — and lo! she was painted as black as the night itself. Above, her sails were snowy white, while below, the milky and curling crests of an infinity of billows gave the craft a strange and startling appearance.

The wrecker, however, viewed her closely, and finally concluded that she must be a piratical craft, and that her destruction would be a benefit not only to himself, but to the world at large. As she neared the breakers, he trembled; for he fancied he already heard the crash and the shriek — the mast crack like steel, and disappear in the foaming abyss. Another flash, and she was just driving on! He wiped his telescope, and elevated it once more — but it fell suddenly from his hands upon the earth. What did he behold? The ship was gliding through the terrific surge around her — her sails all set — her masts standing firm — and yet she dashed along, leaping the billows, apparently wholly unconscious of the dreadful tumult and danger which beset her. The wrecker's superstitious fears were now awakened. Like all who follow nautical pursuits, he had an abundance of the supernatural in his composition. At first, he imagined it might be the terrible genius of the storm itself, careering to and fro, and superintending the raging winds and waters. Of all the breakers on the Long-Island coast, those which spread out before him had always been considered the most terrible. He had seen a vessel disappear like a bubble, as it touched their frowning border; a common skipper could not navigate even his light vessel among any portion of them; and yet he beheld this phantom-ship playing among them, and running onward toward the shore, as smoothly and freely as if she were buoyed up and guided by invisible wings.

Soon after the wrecker dropped his telescope, the winds began to lull — the clouds to break and scatter from the west — and the deep thunder, which had so long muttered hoarsely through the sky, was now but faintly reverberating along the eastern hills. A tranquil serenity was imparted to the scene by the light of a full moon, which suddenly burst forth, and streamed in long columns of radiance over the rolling waves. The sable vessel was now plainly visible, and it was discovered that she had run up under the faint shadow of a rocky bluff, her masts just tipped with the bright yet mellow beams of the moon.

The wrecker hurried down to the spot and concealed himself, but presently became wholly enraptured with the songs of the jovial sailors. They were indeed a merry, roystering crew, and extremely comical in their costume. They were attired in uniforms of blood-red, without a thread or patch to relieve the harmonious simplicity of their garb. Their sides were fully equipped with cutlasses and pistols, whose sheathings, being richly bound and inlaid with silver and gold, glittered and flashed with a rich brilliancy. Their heads were covered with conical caps, at the peak of which flaunted a long tassel. Their breeches reached to their knees, where they were met by a heavy pair of top-boots, and a kind of doublet that served as a coat, which was tightly bound around them by a long row of heavy buttons.

Harley thought them the most eccentric little crew he had ever had the honor of meeting on those shores. He was somewhat startled at their curious aspect; and at last the little merry company became so tumultuous, that the bays and hills fairly echoed back their carousings. The glass circulated freely, and the wrecker's mouth grew unusually moist, as the wine sparkled, and the bottom of their glasses were turned toward the moon. He was just on the point of eleva-

ting his telescope, to take a closer survey of their apparent hilarity, when the thunder and smoke of a broadside from the vessel shook the hill, and he dropped like a log to the earth. He screamed, and affirmed that he was a dead man; but found, on stirring himself, that he was yet the same old wrecker, as wicked and as well as ever.

This appeared, on examination, to be nothing more than the signal of the captain to suspend the festivities, and form themselves in order for the duty which was about to follow. When Harley arose, the songs were hushed—the wine had disappeared—and all the crew vanished, save a couple of sentinels, who were solemnly pacing back and forth, amid the chequered shadows of the ship.

Another broadside ensued, when the wrecker observed a man of giant stature, armed to the teeth, preceding a single file of about fifty men. What particularly arrested his attention, was the great contrast in the costume of the former, which was to the full as black as that of the latter was blood-red. They were paraded across the ship in double columns, and down a wide plank, the outer end of which rested upon the beach. The chief stationed himself at the head of his band, and giving a signal, they all commenced passing small bars of gold and silver, and laying them nicely in a pile on the shore. Next in order came a quantity of small kegs, bound strongly with iron hoops; and last of all, a varied collection of silver plate, with pitchers and goblets of the most exquisite workmanship. The yellow heaps of the pure metal, shining in the moonbeams, had such a magical influence upon the wrecker, that he was nigh to faint, and was only prevented from that foolish act by his overwhelming fear. He however determined to ascend a noble tree which stood near him, and trust to its heavy foliage to screen him from this company of spirits. So up he mounted, and sat quietly awaiting the issue.

But what was his surprise, on beholding the very crew themselves moving along in couples, each carrying on a barrow a portion of the gold and other treasure which lay upon the beach!—and yet how much more was he surprised, as they all rested their burthens in a circle around the very tree to which he had fled for safety! His hair stood on end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' and his knees trembled as do the aspen leaves in the forest.

Not a word was spoken by the band who had so mysteriously assembled. The chief soon arrived, and by a wave of his sword, disposed his men in a still wider circle around the spoils. He then walked into the centre of the ring, lifted his sword again, when two of his band stepped forth and commenced digging a pit in the earth. This being accomplished, the gold was deposited within it, and a slight covering of moist loam was sprinkled over it.

Harley's spirits now began to rise rapidly, and he was quite confident that, if not discovered, he would be the richest man on the island before another twelvemonth had rolled over his head. Still, his situation was an uncommonly disagreeable one, and he would gladly have relinquished a small fortune, to have been liberated from his bondage.

His musings were all at once disturbed by the sharp crack of a pistol, and the sudden start it effected among his ideas, gave the foliage of the tree a very injudicious motion, considering the pecu-

liar situation in which he was placed. He cast his eyes below, and there beheld one of the spirit crew apparently lifeless upon the earth; and what caused him to look with yet more wonder, was the fact, that the corpse had been cast, just as it was shot, into the pit, among the bars of gold. The earth was then replaced, and the ground so nicely and delicately sodded over, that no eye, save the wrecker's, could ever detect any thing unnatural in the soil.

After all was complete, the whole crew locked hands, and danced around the spot, muttering a long, low chant, in unintelligible language, that rather amused Harley, than otherwise. Each one then described some strange characters over the spot, and this appeared to be the concluding scene of this tragedy and comedy; for immediately afterward, they formed themselves again in order, raised their barrows, and took up their march for the vessel.

Harley thought it would perhaps be advisable to retreat from his eyrie, as he did not wish to be inquisitive nor curious in other men's matters; and it was quite possible the blood-red crew might make the tree another visit for the same special purpose. He therefore very quietly descended, and crept cautiously toward the beach, that he might see the vessel safely off to sea again; for he had taken a very sudden affection for the captain and his men, and really wished within himself that no harm might befall them, or the snug little vessel which so gallantly wafted them through the tempest.

But the success of their escape was rendered quite doubtful. Many ships and brigs were lying out at sea, in a dead calm, which would undoubtedly be attending to the movements of the strange vessel. The wrecker disposed himself quietly in the shadow of a large sycamore, and watched with intense interest the operations which were in progress below. There the craft lay, as easy as a swan upon the waters, with all her sails closely reefed, and her delicate rope-rigging thrown into silver and ebony, by the lights and shades that fell upon it. A solitary sentinel, with his gun firmly braced against his shoulder, paced with a regular and solemn tread the narrow deck, and his footsteps echoed back from the curves and bays that scalloped along the beach. Harley had just relapsed into one of those delightful reveries which so calm the soul, when another broadside burst upon the serenity of the scene, and scattered his splendid creations to the winds.

The vessel immediately rounded off, under bare poles — without a rag of canvass spread — and cut her way through the breakers before her, leaving in her track a long line which shone like fire. Without wind or towing — in the dead calm of the night — like a spirit of life, she 'walked the waters,' and made off into the open sea. The wrecker watched her as long as a speck was visible, and with such astonishment and wonder depicted in his countenance and demeanor, that he was indeed a model of fear and doubt. When, at last, he recovered, and ascertained beyond doubt that he was yet in his sublunary abode, he thought again how short would be the time before he — James Harley, Esq., — could pronounce himself the richest man on all Long-Island.

Upon mature consideration, he came to the conclusion that he would not disturb the bars of gold until the subsequent evening.

when the mineral-rod, steel-rod, spades, etc., should all be prepared. Another thing, indispensable on such occasions, was a suitable person who could work the rods, which was no common 'gift.' Sam Rowe was the seventh son, and born, moreover, with a veil over his face. He was a gentleman whom the wrecker thought might answer his purpose exactly, and he therefore concluded to invite him on the occasion.

Let the reader imagine, if he pleases, Sam and Harley all 'armed and equipped,' and wending their way toward the tree where the strange characters deposited their treasure. Let him conceive also — which was the fact — that both were absolutely trembling with fear; for all who are in the least acquainted with the history of money-diggers, know them to be the most superstitious of all men. The rustling of a bush — the quiver of a leaf — the wind — in fact, every object which they beheld or heard, threw them into convulsions, and sent the cold sweat in beaded drops to their foreheads.

At last, they arrived at the fearful spot. Preparations were made, and the mineral-rod was put in motion, to ascertain if the gold had *moved* or not. Finding all right, the steel-rod was run down above it, to keep it in its place. A few strange sayings for such occasions were made use of, to intimidate Satan, who often makes it convenient to visit such spots when they are molested by any one. All being arranged, Sam pushed down his slender rod into the loose soil, and had the gratification to hear it chink among the yellow bars of gold. Harley commenced digging, cautioning his companion to bear hard upon the rod, lest the whole, in a moment, should *move*. Matters proceeded exceedingly well, until they were almost down, when they overheard such a rushing of wind among the trees — such a fall and roar of waters — such a thundering and trembling of the whole earth — that they both shook like the leaves above them. But Sam, who had witnessed such scenes before, remained unmoved, and clung still closer to his rod; as he had always heard it declared, that it was not in the power of the spirits to inflict any actual harm. He told the wrecker, as well as he was able, not to be frightened, but to stand firm to his work, cool and composed, as *HE DID!* They finally resumed their labors, but had only cast up a few more shovels-full of earth, when countless numbers of blue balls arose from out the pit, and after soaring afar in the quiet sky, burst with a loud explosion, showering down sparks upon them, and filling the whole air with a flavor much like brimstone. Harley then thought of Satan — and as he had no disposition to encounter his august majesty, he dropped his spade, and glided off through the moonlight with inconceivable rapidity; and it was not without much eloquent persuasion, that Sam induced him to return again to his labor.

The third attempt was now made, and matters proceeded quite smoothly for a few moments; but what was their astonishment, when, on casting their eyes upward, they beheld a large round mill-stone suspended from a limb of the tree by a mere thread, that threatened every instant to snap in sunder. Neither looked twice, but both fled as if their lives depended upon their celerity, while the rod, which Sam had held so long, flew like a flash into the heavens, and disappeared forever. Their fears having in some measure died away,

they halted on a gentle slope, and while yet trembling in their garments, a loud swell of vocal music burst forth on the night air from beneath the sycamore that shadowed the haunted spot, and the words, which were distinctly audible, were these :

‘ My name was Robert Kidd,  
As I sailed, as I sailed ;  
My name was Robert Kidd,  
And so wickedly I did,  
As I sailed !’

The whole mystery was at once explained. The strange vessel, and the yet stranger crew, were now identified ; and had the wrecker only sooner known the nature of the beings with whom he had been dealing, he could have saved himself all his trouble : for all Long-Island well knew that it was utterly impossible ever to disturb the buried treasures of Robert Kidd. By him alone, or some one of his pirate crew, could they be recovered.

H. H. R.

#### L I N E S :

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT, NEAR ALBANY.

MYSTERIOUS worshippers !  
Are ye indeed the things ye seem to be,  
Of earth — yet of its iron influence free —  
From all that stirs  
Our being's pulse, and gives to fleeting life  
What well the Hun has term'd ' the rapture of the strife ?

Are the gay visions gone,  
Those day dreams of the mind, by fate there flung,  
And the fair hopes, to which the soul once clung  
And battled on ;  
Have ye outlived them ? All that must have sprang  
And quicken'd into life when ye were young ?

Does memory never roam  
To ties that, grown with years, ye idly sever,  
To the old haunts, that ye have left forever —  
Your early homes ?  
Your ancient creed, once faith's sustaining lever,  
The lov'd, who erst pray'd with you — now may never ?

Has not ambition's psœan  
Some power within your hearts to wake anew  
To deeds of higher emprise — worthier you,  
Ye monkish men,  
Than may be reap'd from fields ? — do ye not rue  
The drone-like course of life ye now pursue ?

The camp — the council — all  
That woos the soldier to the field of fame —  
That gives the sage his meed — the bard his name  
And coronal —  
Bidding a people's voice, their praise proclaim :  
Can ye forego the strife, nor own your shame ?

Have ye forgot your youth,  
When expectation soared on pinions high,  
And hope shone out, in boyhood's cloudless sky,  
Seeming all truth —  
When all look'd fair to fancy's ardent eye,  
And pleasure wore an air of sorcery ?

You, too! What early blight  
 Has wither'd your fond hopes, that ye thus stand,  
 A group of sisters, 'mong this monking band?  
 Ye creatures bright!  
 Has sorrow scored your brows with demon hand,  
 Or o'er your hopes pass'd treachery's burning brand?

Ye would have grac'd right well  
 The bridal scene — the banquet, or the bowers  
 Where mirth and revelry usurp the hours —  
 Where, like a spell,  
 Beauty is sovereign — where man owns its powers,  
 And woman's tread is o'er a path of flowers.

Yet seem ye not as those  
 Within whose bosoms memories vigils keep:  
 Beneath your drooping lids no passions sleep,  
 And your pale brows  
 Bear not the tracery of emotions deep —  
 Ye seem too cold and passionless to weep!

C. C.

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## THE PORTICO.

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### NUMBER FIVE.

'Credite, Pisones, iste tabulæ fore librum  
 Persimilem, cuius, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
 Pingentur species.'

HORACE.

MAN, in the exercise of those native powers of speech bestowed upon him by his Creator, after passing out of that state of ignorance and savagism in which he could utter only those interjections and exclamations, which are mere natural cries, significant of the passions and emotions which occupied his mind, and in which he is equalled, if not surpassed, by inferior animals, would proceed to designate, by articulate sounds and modifications of voice, the objects around him, together with their actions or operations upon each other. Hence the evident soundness of Aristotle's opinion, that the nouns or names of things, and the verbs expressive of their actions and passions, would be the first parts of speech used by our race in the transmission of their thoughts, as they continue ever afterward the most important constituents in the machinery of language. To these all the other elementary parts are added in the progress of human improvement, and language attains a perfection and refinement, which render it a finished vehicle for the conveyance of the profoundest demonstrations of reason, the most remote discoveries of science, the sublimest flights of imagination, and the most delicate shades of thought and perception. Nor need we wonder, that commencing from such few and simple materials and scanty supplies, amidst the interminable progression of civilized nations in knowledge and the arts, we should at last find it, in its most finished state, exhibiting a consummate skill and contrivance in its construction, reducible to precise and established rules and analogies, and while retaining a similarity of outline among all nations, so as to lay a foundation for the principles of general grammar, yet so flexible in its minuter parts



as to become susceptible of an admirable adaptation to the wants, occupations, pursuits, and improvements, of each peculiar people to whose uses it is applied. Why should it be thought incredible, or even wonderful, that mankind should display judgment or skill in this production of their ingenuity, when they act under the guidance of nature, or rather under the direction of his hand and supervision of his eye, whose skill is more consummate than we can conceive, and whose wisdom and power are infinite? Does not the great Contriver lead his creatures unerringly by their instincts and propensities in the pursuit of wholesome aliments, the gratification of their appetites and passions, the construction of commodious habitations for themselves, and the propagation of their species? What power is it that leads the ant to make provision in summer for the inclement season of winter—the bee to procure and garner its honey in the comb—and the beaver to contrive its cell? And when the poet, by his invention, gives rise to his dramatic or epic production, in the outset of his enterprise, and before art has furnished him lessons, what other instructor but nature enables him to produce his *Iliad* or *Odyssey*? Shall that power which, in the course of its operations, can elicit the exquisite contrivances of the human frame, and of all animated creation, as well as the order and harmonious movements of the planetary system, be thought incapable of conducting mankind to the formation of a finished language, whatever may be the regularity of its laws, and the exactness of its adaptation to its uses? I conclude, therefore, upon a review of the whole argument in its favor, as well as by many other considerations which might be readily adduced, which would leave scarcely any room for hesitation, or a hinge upon which a doubt might hang, that man is the inventor, improver, and perfecter of both spoken and written language, in all its stages of improvement and perfection.

We are now prepared for an investigation of the next subject of inquiry, what are the various forms of style which come under the designation of fine writing, and what are faulty and exceptionable? We have already remarked, that every species of composition, to merit this first distinction, must be characterized by good sense, sound knowledge, just sentiments, a faithful conformity to truth and nature, and where wit, pleasantry, and merriment are attempted, must be restrained within the bounds of probability and verisimilitude. When solid and useful materials are presupposed, the qualities which will recommend works to perusal, are a simple elegance of expression, or what Horace denominates, a style *simplex munditiis*; propriety and correctness in the selection of terms to convey our ideas, or the use of those terms which have been sanctioned by the best authorities; clearness and precision, without which properties our conceptions are dimly discerned, and finally, strength and descriptiveness, which depend upon the frugal employment of words, and the force and fertility of the imagination. There is an ineffable charm in perfect simplicity, when it is connected with elegance of thought and diction; so that the writer seems to pour fourth his conceptions without reflection or artifice from the overflowing abundance of his own resources; and if there be richness, beauty, or sublimity in his conceptions, they appear to be the spontaneous productions

of the soil. The judicious selection of words, and the proper employment of figures, appear to be the two requisites in good writing, in regard to which authors of inferior merit are most apt to err, and concerning which, the greatest skill, management, and address, are to be displayed. The words and phrases selected should be pure and genuine English, or such as have been incorporated into our literature by the practice of the best authors. Nothing can be more offensive to a correct taste, than the pedantry and affectation displayed by some authors, when they interlard their style with those quotations from the French, which, of late years, have taken the place of references to the Greek and Latin classics, so frequent soon after the revival of learning in Europe. Our tongue is now so copious and flexible, that we can never be at a loss to transmit every shade of thought and modification of feeling, without any recurrence to foreign help. If Swift and Addison, in their times, complained of this innovation, and reprobated the attempt to corrupt the purity and impair the beauty of their own speech by French phrases, what would be their dissatisfaction, could they witness the license assumed in this respect by many writers at the present day? The two great and distinguishing imperfections of English composition, at this time, are, on the one hand, an excessive intermixture of French phrases with our native speech, and an incessant propensity to shine in superfluous ornament. Recent writers too generally endeavor to make amends for solid matter and just conceptions, by the spangles of French quotations, striking illustrations, and sparkling imagery.

One of the sensible correspondents of Miss Hannah More observes to her, that she and Mr. Burke were the only writers of her day who seemed to understand the proper use of metaphors; and perhaps he here suggests one of the least fallible tests, save that of the ideas themselves, by which an able author may be discriminated. Very few persons are expert in the employment of metaphors, which require as much nicety in the management of the pen, as the laying on of coloring does to the painter. They are almost always either too profusely developed, or too unskilfully mingled, producing confusion in the picture — originating at first in the barrenness of language, and the want of terms to express abstract ideas and invisible feelings of the mind, the figures of speech are soon found to afford entertainment to the imagination, and thus the pleasure they occasion betrays mankind into a too liberal indulgence in them. It is not until a community arrive at the highest perfection in science and letters, that they learn to pronounce a correct decision in regard to the degree of embellishment which should be admitted into their discourse and writings. And it is a point of no small difficulty to the rhetorician, to ascertain at what stage in our progress the highest degree of legitimate ornament terminates, and where excessive decoration begins. When should we begin to be figurative, and when should we be contented with plain language? When do these embellishments assist in the communication of thought, and when are they injurious and objectionable? — are questions which nothing but a correct taste can solve, and are scarcely to be determined by precise rules. Whole nations have differed in their sentiments upon the subject; the glowing imagination of people in the East, and warmer latitudes, where their

temperaments are more ardent, allowing a richer imagery than would be relished or tolerated by nations, whose constitutions are cooled and minds sobered by the temperate and northern climates. Making full allowance, however, for that diversity of taste subsisting among mankind, arising out of their constitutional temperament and habits of conversation and writing, there must be some precise limits at which the decorations of style, like those of dress, begin to be truly advantageous and ornamental, and at which they become useless and positively detrimental. To arrive at just conclusions in this weighty matter, let us reflect upon the purpose which language is intended to answer, which is, undoubtedly, to communicate information and instruction, to persuade to a course of action, or to furnish rational amusement. To attain the first of these ends, all that can be necessary, supposing the thoughts to be good, is a judicious selection of the most expressive words, a right collocation of them, and those chastened ornaments which, like a tasteful dress to the person, serve rather to recommend the ideas, than to furnish additional entertainment to the mind. Nothing can be more egregiously misplaced, than splendid flourishes of rhetoric, vehemence of spirit, and bold and passionate figures of speech, in the calm disquisitions of science. By such artifices as these, philosophy, instead of preserving her grave and manly air, dignified tread and demeanor, and authoritative mode of address, awakens a just suspicion of her imbecility, and that she is endeavoring to gain, by management and indirect expedients, that assent and submission to her doctrines, which she should seek only through the force of truth. In matters of persuasion and entertainment, a wider field is opened for the display of decorations and flights of fancy, always taking care, however, still to maintain a just medium between a flat, tame, and barren style, and that which is florid, glittering and rampant, or rantipole. The history of literature, both in ancient and modern times, reveals to us three distinct stages in the mode of writing. The first is that in which mankind commence the task of communicating their thoughts upon paper, when they are contented with the simple expression of the sentiments which fill their own minds, and interest their feelings; the second, in which they attain to the highest perfection; and the third, in which they take delight in excessive decoration. The progress which men make in fine writing, resembles that which is observable in their indulgence of the luxuries of the table. When they have obtained the gratification of all those wholesome viands which regale the appetite for food, and nourish and invigorate the body, they then strive to enhance their sensual enjoyment, by stimulating condiments, and all the arts of refined cookery. So, also, is it found in fine writing. When nations have produced authors who amuse and instruct them by the most finished productions of genius, productions in which are comprised every species of natural and becoming ornament, the public taste begins to demand those performances which more strongly excite their feelings, and enchant their imaginations. This is the excess into which writing degenerated in Greece, after the age of Aristotle and Demosthenes, and in Rome, after that of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. Since the times of Anne, in England, and of Louis XIV., in France, it must be perceptible to every philosophic observer, that,

with many honorable exceptions, taste has been gradually declining, and an appetite awakening for productions rather stimulating than solid, rather ornamental than useful, rather striking than just. In France, more especially, from the stirring events which have happened in that country during and since their revolution, and the utter absorption of the public attention by the noble object of regaining their long lost liberties, and establishing a wholesome government, (I speak it with many prepossessions in her favor, and an ardent admiration of her superiority,) her *literati*, for the most part, seem to have abandoned those habits of persevering application and devotion to the perusal of the best models, which are indispensable to the production of the greatest writers. In consequence, the largest number of her authors, since her beneficial changes in government, have been characterized by a superficial science and false taste. Our country discovers, in matters of this nature, all the symptoms of a great scientific and literary nation in embryo, or its juvenile state. If an overweening fondness for superabundant finery in style is our prevailing literary sin at this time, even this deficiency, as in a young man, is an indication of that fertility of imagination and vigor of genius, which, in mature age, will lead us to the greatest eminence and imperishable fame.

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#### WORLDLY CONSOLATION.

##### I.

THE blast that sweeps o'er the frozen earth,  
The last leaves from the forest shaking,  
Breathes softer notes than the worldling's mirth,  
To the heart that's heavy and breaking.  
For what are songs of the festal board,  
Or the wildest strains of the viol,  
When the soul is bowed, as its dying Lord  
In the garden of gloom and trial?

##### II.

YE may kindle smiles in the drooping eye,  
Though tears o'er the pale cheeks are stealing,  
As lightning flashes along the sky,  
When the storm is sullenly pealing.  
Wild words of mirth on the lip may play,  
Though sorrow can know no assuaging,  
As merrily glisten the drops of spray  
O'er the gulf where torrents are raging.

##### III.

Then, worldling, sing to the broken heart,  
In vain of its anguish beguiling,  
And deem that solace the strains impart  
When your victim is wildly smiling!  
That smile may glimmer a moment bright,  
Not a pang of the bosom quelling,  
As the cold moon gleams on the mists of night,  
And illumines without dispelling.

## WILSON CONWORTH.\*

## CHAPTER I.

IF life were to be measured by incidents, I should have lived a long, and apparently a useless one. I feel that it is drawing to a close, though I am not old now — not old in years. But I have lived long enough to survive the love of life; and this seems strange to myself, as I look upon a world so intent upon the mere act of living, and so careless of the future. As I revert to the past, I find little to regret, save the waste of time, and the misapplication of powers; and these were more the work of education, than my own agency. The reason why I am not happier, is, that I have acquired so strong a moral momentum in certain courses — not criminal ones, as the world judges — that I find it impossible to turn myself to usefulness.

I grasp at the idea that I may yet be useful, by giving a history of my mind, and of my growth in pernicious habits. I know that I represent thousands of Americans, born as I was born, nurtured as I was nurtured, and feeling as I feel. I start in this project with doubt and uncertainty. It seems impossible that I can finish it. I throw down my pen, even at the commencement, and resume it again with a trembling hope that I have not started another chimera to cheat me of my time, and delude me into nothingness; for now I am literally nothing. I am alone. No one cares for me — yet I care for many. I love my fellow men. I weep for their miseries; I pity their misfortunes. I look upon them as creatures of circumstance, with myself. The vile have become so, by degrees imperceptible to themselves; the good are equally incapable of tracing their progress. When men begin to reflect, and to look about them, and to be acted on by pride of character — to find themselves subjected to the arbitrary criterions of society — to discover the reasons why they occupy this station or that — they then begin to play an equal game with their fellows. But until this time of awakening to their real situation, they are passive instruments in the hands of fate. Some never think — never awake — but live on, they inquire not how, or where. The present moment absorbs them; they are satisfied, and chance directs them, or what is the same thing, as far as they are concerned, the actions of other men decide their destiny. Whether this be good or bad, is to them a matter of mere fortune.

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\* THE story of 'WILSON CONWORTH' is what it purports to be, a veritable transcript from real life. The correspondent from whom we receive it, was a college classmate of the writer, of whom he thus speaks: 'In reading over the history of my friend, I have felt disposed to expunge some sentiments, which the world may not perhaps call just; but upon reflection, I have concluded to submit it in its original state. As it is, it is a perfect picture of his character, as he himself observes; and if any moral is to be deduced from his story, it must be read as he wrote it.' It may be proper to add, that the MSS. is all before us, arranged in such a manner as to preserve in each of its several divisions an interest which is not contingent upon what may follow. Our readers will find in this autobiography, when they shall have fairly entered upon it, or we greatly mistake human feeling and good taste, much of the beautiful sentiment and simple grace of IRVING, united with a calm and thoughtful philosophy, and a thorough knowledge of the world — the harvest of an observant eye.

So men find themselves occupying a certain rank in the world, at the time they begin to think for themselves. They presume upon what they have, be it never so little. This lays them open to casualty, and they rise or fall, as the chance may be. If loss has happened, they still have something. Like the spendthrift, they look at the remaining coin, and promise themselves one pleasure more. Thinking thus, what sentiment can the bad excite, but pity? — and how can we look upon the good, but as fortunate? It may be said, in answer to this, that men are the weavers of their own fortunes — that every one has the opportunity to turn circumstances to his own benefit. Yes! we say, but the disposition to make this effort — the moral force necessary to the exertion — is a matter of education — of early, infant education; and who will deny that this is in the hands of others?

I have said that I have determined to write my life in a plain, unvarnished history. I shall tell nothing but what I know to have taken place. I am so obscure, that the author can never be known. I delight in the thought that I shall appear in a mask before the world. I can send abroad the true and genuine feelings of the human heart. There is no fiction here, though I wear the garb of a tale. Those who read me, will talk about my being true to nature, little thinking, perchance, that they are criticizing nature herself.

I shall do no injustice to friends, for they are mostly dead. Those who survive, will hardly recognise themselves in the true picture I shall give of them, under assumed names; for who knows himself, save the unhappy? I pride myself upon an original plan of doing good. Who dare lay bare his heart to the inspection of his fellow men? It may be that I shall keep back a part of the price I have paid for my experience; though I begin in the candid feeling of saying all. Why should men be afraid to confess their weaknesses, when all the world knows they possess them? My faults are of a common order, and may assist many in the work of self-knowledge.

The youth in our cities see the profligate and licentious, the idle and the luxurious, in the height of their course. In public, they are all gay and careless, and seem, to the young mind eager for a knowledge of life, to be the happiest of the happy. They know little of the certain and inevitable descent of such painted rottenness. They do not follow them to their chambers of despair; they do not accompany them to linger out their lives of wretchedness and want in foreign lands; they do not feel the pangs of remorse that wring their bosoms, when they revert back in memory to the pure years of their childhood, and rear in imagination — perhaps in the cells of a prison — the mother whose arms cradled their infancy, and compare what they are with what they might have been; they do not see all this and more; but like the foolish insects, that flit by my night-lamp, they rush to death, because it looks bright to the eye. My story will unfold the consequences of a life of pleasure.

While many men of the present day write false journeyings, imaginary love scenes, speculating robberies, and amusing murders, to make money, and give the young false views of life, I write these plain and true events, which may take place in the life of any American — which no one ever thinks of telling, and which may be trite

in themselves, taken singly, but when viewed as a whole, will evince the importance of small steps in a long journey, and give a better insight into the errors of early education, than all the very natural rhodomontade about wine, women, and robbers, ever written.

But I trust my story will not be devoid of interest. For I have travelled much in my own country. I have seen many sects of people. I have been on familiar terms with the extremes of society. My mother gave me a kind heart, and a social disposition was the result of a nervous temperament; for so fond of excitement was I, that, rather than be alone, I would mix with any of the species. But all this will grow out of my history, and without farther prelude, I hasten to enter upon it.

I was born of respectable and wealthy parents, in the city of — ; that is to say, my father was wealthy, for no one thinks of attaching any wealth to the mother, in this country, unless she has inherited it. The father makes the money; he holds the purse-strings; he dispenses the daily dole; he goes to market, followed by his servant, with a large basket; and not a copper is expended in the family, without his knowledge. Ten to one but he buys all his wife's dresses, and shoes, and calls them presents. The father is the factotum of his family in America, as he should be every where. The mother bears and nurses the children, and goes to meeting with him on Sundays; and he calls her 'dear,' by way of title. The reader must date my birth some forty years back, for this puritanical vestige is fast fading away, and the ladies are oftener the governors than their husbands. Fashionable life obtains in our cities; ladies make morning calls in coaches of their own; put the children under the care of nurses; have servants to go to market; keep tradesmen's bills; give balls and parties without consulting their husbands; regulate the education of the children, and, in short, do every thing of a domestic nature; while the husband appears on 'Change, takes care of his business, and attends to his own clubs, and, if he can, pays his bills.

We Americans were a very simple people when I was a boy. Extravagance was a rare thing. Propriety was more thought of than fashion — eloquence, than style. Still, in New-England, there exists a trace of the puritans — who were despots in their families — though so faint is it, that in another generation it will entirely have vanished. Wealth, luxury, love of the world and its honors — scope for which passions is now afforded by our physical and political advancement — have shut out the gloominess and fanaticism of our fathers, who copied after Bible characters, and esteemed themselves upon an equality with the holy men of old. Their self-consequence was much helped along by their secluded situation, and their want of general knowledge. The early puritans had none to compare themselves with, and, after the decease of the original landers at Plymouth, their descendants knew not but they were the greatest men in the world; surely they *had* heavy responsibilities, and we can hardly regret their delusion, since it begat an energy which supported us through a toilsome revolution. This character has been gradually falling away, growing more and more faint in each succeeding generation, until now, when it is hardly discernible.

My father, then, was a respectable merchant, worth a great deal of money. He lived in a large and handsomely-furnished house, kept a carriage, and one man-servant for every thing, and three or four maid-servants mostly for nothing. He was called a rich man, and treated as rich men always are; bowed to, very low, by shopkeepers and mechanics, and all those who hoped for his custom. He was greeted in the street by other rich men like himself, with great respect, who wished to set an example to the lookers-on how rich men should be treated. The smile and bow of all those who wished for his dinners, and wine, and parties, were extremely insinuating and complaisant. But, reader, he had his abasement. The million man and the half million man looked down upon him. They bowed, but the million man and the half million man bowed the most lordly. You might have seen the '*mens conscia auri*' in their eyes, as they passed by my father. The skirts of their coats were wider, the brim of their hats a little broader, and their abdomens rather more rotund, than my father's; for I have remarked, that rich men, in America, when they get a little old, always wear coats and hats a little broader than the common run of men.

I hope the reader has got by this time some idea of what my father was — for his reputation and standing in the world, had an important influence upon my life.

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#### CHAPTER II.

My earliest recollection is, of being tied up in a chair, to obviate the trouble of holding me, and to keep me from falling. Even now, I feel the agony of the situation and the restraint. I could not talk, and utter my pain, and explain the reason; but I could cry, and this I was permitted to do to any extent, under the idea that it would strengthen my lungs.

I was born a nervous child — that is, my physical susceptibilities were always acute, even in infancy. My mother was of delicate frame, and possessed of the nicest organs. She sang to perfection the most difficult pieces of music, without knowing any thing of the science. She is said to have been highly accomplished by nature. She gained by ready intuition, what others acquire by labor and practice. I believe I received my nature from her. In a woman, it was an excellence, in the eyes of her acquaintance, though it could not have made *her* happy. To me it was a curse. I recollect, too, that I was devotedly attached to my mother, and very much afraid of my father, excepting when, after dinner, I was brought into the room when we had company, and coaxed to sing a little song, and toss off a glass of wine, like a man. I have no other infantile remembrances.

When about eight years of age — and from this time I recollect distinctly every passage in my life — I was sent to dancing-school, and being a little, short, squat personage, with a good ear for music, and some agility, I was quite an object of curiosity and wonder. This gratified me: the feeling was encouraged by my relations; and the love of praise became a passion I have never outgrown.



At this period, too, I contracted a warm friendship with a cousin about my own age, because it was a settled matter between our parents that we must be very fond of each other. We were always together. People called us 'the little friends,' and we thought it mighty pretty. We were tenants in common of a little patch of ground, and joint owners of a rocking-horse. Years of absence soon broke up this intimacy, without any pain to either of us, I presume: but I was always taught to consider cousin James as my best friend, though I had not seen him for years. I knew and prized him, after this, on his own account; but I doubt whether I should ever have sought his acquaintance, had it not been for some family flattery, which was supposed to answer some end in our parents.

Until I was ten years of age, I was very like other children, I suppose. I was sent to school to an old school-mistress, who used to toast cheese for herself in school-time, and eat it with great relish. I have always loved toasted cheese, since I first saw her place the swollen mass upon some gingerbread which she had taken away from a little boy, for eating in the school hours, and eat it herself. This seemed rather hard justice to all of us, but she was too ignorant to suppose that children had any ideas before they had learned to read.

This love of toasted cheese nearly cost me my life. Going home with the memory of the rich repast in my mind, and the water in my mouth, I cut by stealth a large slice from the cheese-tray, and began to cook it; when, in my eagerness, my clothes caught fire, my hair was burned off, and I was scorched from top to toe. I was saved by being wrapped in a table-cloth. I suffered excruciating pain for weeks; but still the first impression of toasted cheese remains. It is my passion of eatables, and ever will remain so.

The location of my father's house was an unlucky circumstance in my education. A long alley led to the back of it, and visitors frequently passed up this alley, where I was accustomed to play. Recognising me as the son of a rich man, they would stop, pat me on the head, praise my eyes and lips, and some of the ladies gave me kisses. I told my mother this. She was delighted. I was told to keep myself clean and nice, for fear some of the ladies might see me; and by and by I went to the alley, not to play, but to be admired and caressed by the *dear* visiting friends of my mother.

The love of praise was now fixed for life. I became proud and vain of my person, and cried if my clothes were soiled — had my hands and face washed twenty times a day, and my hair combed twice as often — went to the glass at every opportunity — walked with the air of a little gentleman — cut the acquaintance of all dirty little boys, and attended my mother whenever she went to see ladies. I thought myself the most observed person in the world, and too much of a gentleman to do any thing. Children are oftener praised by their parents for keeping their clothes clean and whole, than for any thing else. It saves a great deal of trouble and expense to these same parents, and they see nothing in it beyond a convenience for the present moment.

Being the eldest son, and my father a rich man, I was destined to receive the best advantages of education. I was sent to the most

expensive school in the neighborhood of the city; for it was the fashion with rich people to send their sons to boarding-schools, at the time I write of. My father's acquaintances — mostly rich men and merchants — very good men, but no very good judges of what their children needed — were much pleased with the location of Sidney School. Mr. Surface was a gentleman. He had educated the children of several rich men, after his way. He got them into college, some how or other, but to my certain knowledge, not by knowing any thing of Latin or Greek. Beside, he charged a high price, and that was every thing in his favor. It is of some consequence that gentlemen may be able to say on 'Change, what vast sums they are expending in the education of their children.

Let it not be supposed that I would cast any ridicule upon my father. He was an American merchant, and as good a man as ever lived. He was a kind father, or he meant to be so. He would have laid down his life for his children, had it been necessary; but he partook of the error of the times. He did as thousands do, and have done, and will do — looked at the outside — at appearances. He was guided by 'the credit of the thing.' It was enough for him to know, that the reputation of this school was good. He thought he had done his duty. Beside, he had his mercantile reputation to look after. His children! — he thought they would grow up good, of course — for he was paying hundreds of dollars for them yearly.

I come to the task of describing this school, with my sleeves rolled up to the elbow. I wish to do the subject justice. If we have good scholars now in our colleges, it is because the system of early instruction has been changed, and is daily and hourly undergoing improvements. As knowledge of mind advances, education will advance. It was once thought that children were born to be good or bad by nature; but to talk of a boy's natural talents meaning any thing more than as far as physical organization is concerned, would at this day be considered nonsense. We have at last found out that education does every thing, and where no natural impediments are in the way — such as defects in the body — a boy, with proper training, may be made almost any thing his parents may wish him to be.

The fault of bad scholarship, and want of elevated taste, lies in the primary school, and in proper attention, at home, to the infant years of our children. A child may receive an impression to-day, which shall have an effect ten years hence. The distance of the effect blinds us to the cause. Teach a child in a slovenly manner — give him half-way explanations — be irregular in your hours, and careless of his improvement — and he will be a superficial scholar; and if he have fine sensibilities, and a warm fancy, he will be a comet-like character — erratic — unsteady — uncertain. His friends may call him a genius, and the ladies an enthusiast; that is, a mind without balance, feeling without judgment, taste without discrimination, thoughts without method, and impulses, dependent more upon the animal than the moral nature. He will be like a ship without a helm — full of force, but without direction. The fault is in the primary school, not in the college. I believe my character for usefulness was fixed at Mr. Surface's school, and I wish to lay the blame on him, and the system he practised.

Never was there a situation more delightful than Sidney Place. A large and spacious house was situated in the midst of shady trees, and the extensive grounds were left open and free to the most exuberant spirits of boyhood. We could run in a straight direction for a quarter of a mile, without passing our own territory. A small enclosure from many acres was set off for a garden, and all the rest was one closely-fed green-sward, with here and there clumps of trees. A brook gurgled through the centre of the grounds, which we could dam up at pleasure into ponds for naval fights, for bathing, and in winter, for skating. Every tree had a name, and every shrub a story.

A long avenue of poplars led to our school-house. A little hillock, sacred to the memory of many a kitten, and pet robin, or favorite dog, rose near the entrance. It was the starting place for our sleds in winter—the council seat in summer—the idler's lounge—the judges' throne, in set fights. We had here all kinds of sports, from foot-ball to trap-ball; taming mice, rearing chickens, cock-fighting, dog-carts, hoops, balls, kites, and even down to playing pin, formed our out-of-door amusements. Who has looked at the sports of children, and not been astonished at the wonderful fertility of their minds, in the invention of expedients for killing time, under any circumstances?

No school could have been better for physical education. The rule was, to be in school eight hours a day; but we rarely exceeded six, and long intermissions swallowed up a good deal of this. We had set lessons: if we knew them—very well; if not, a whipping followed. Boys were classed, as much as possible, without regard to age, aptness for study, or acquirements. The object was, to hurry us through books, that we might be able to say, 'we are so far,' when questioned by visitors, or our parents. Nothing was explained. We rarely parsed a word of Latin; our sports did not illustrate any thing; our business was play—to cheat ourselves of school-time as agreeably as possible—to frame excuses and plans for avoiding our lessons, which no pains were taken to make interesting to us. We were taught words. We purchased translations, and hired boys to get our lessons, and read them to us. There was no ambition for scholarship, for one boy fared as well as another, in all respects, except the floggings; though the sons of very rich men who sent two or three boys, got rather the lightest blows, and the most smiles.

We had an examination once a year, and for this event we were all prepared. We knew the questions coming to us—the passage we were to translate—even the words we were to spell. Months were employed in getting up this pageant, for the reputation of the school depended upon it.

In the evening, we had an exhibition. There we shone in gilded armor, and wore dirks, and played kings, and great men. The house was crowded with the ladies and gentlemen whom we were accustomed to meet at our fathers' tables. We already tasted the praise, in anticipation, that would follow our performance. How conspicuous each one felt! How we foamed with delight! And our parents, how delighted they were! How heartily were we kissed, behind the scenes, by our dear mothers! They could not wait, but stole out to help us dress, and see that every thing was nice. Dear, dear mo-

thers! What blessed creatures you are, and how beautiful, even in your weaknesses! What a school! The papers rang with its praises. Fathers were mad to place their children under such a paragon of skill. But, alas! what were we? Poor fools! We had no training — no discipline. Our minds were filled with false and alluring passions — the passion for praise and the passion for sport.

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CHAPTER III.

How I got admitted to college, I cannot say. I was very imperfectly prepared; but my books were interlined, and chance placed a great raw youth from the country, who had fitted himself by dint of hard study, by my side. He took compassion, I suppose, upon my trembling ignorance, and gave me a word or two in a whisper. As good luck would have it, when we went to be examined in Greek, the professor dropped his book from the desk: I rushed forward and gave it to him, with my best bow. I thought he would show me some favor, and that gave me confidence. I scraped in, and my father already saw me half way up to the temple of fame.

I now put on a watch, a long-tailed coat, walked in the streets with my father, and felt that I was a man. He seemed to wish to hasten my years, and to give me, ere my childhood was closed, the habits of a young man. I was supplied liberally with money; drove his horses, and did very much as I pleased. This was during the vacation, before I took rooms at college. I was to all intents and purposes his eldest son. Deprived of the advantages of education, except that better kind which he got in the world by pushing his own way, my father was misled by his hopes, for he thought he had nothing else to do than to place me in the way of learning. He judged me by himself; he felt the highest regard for that of which he himself was destitute, and could not imagine how any one could feel differently.

Proud and happy father! — how have your hopes been blasted! Would that I could recall you from the grave, to weep at your feet those tears of deep contrition and sorrow which now fall in rivers to the ground for my unworthiness, and for the bitter disappointment which hurried you beyond the knowledge of all my transgressions!

But must I bear all the blame? I acted in accordance with the feeble power within me. Shall I blame my parent? He had done all he thought a father could do for a child. Why not rather blame that system of education which stifles the germ of mind in thousands of my countrymen, by placing them in the midst of luxury in infancy; displaying to them in boyhood only a gilded world; surrounding them with false appearances; nurturing them in the uncertain atmosphere of wealth; with no idea of labor — no thought but pleasure — no hope but praise. Where is such a mind, when adversity frowns upon a family? Deprived of its station, it sinks into an inferiority as hopeless as it is unexpected. The elasticity of youth may rise above it, by some fortuitous assistance; but, oh! the struggle of mastering false pride — of being willing to seem what

we are — and of beginning our education in manhood ! It may be done ; but bitter is the cup, and slow and toilsome is the progress.

Previous to my entering college, my mother had died. My father still kept house, managed by servants. I escaped all the evil of such discipline, by being at school ; though it would be hard to decide which of the two is the greater evil, the influence of servants over children, or a showy school.

I felt severely the loss of my mother, or rather I have felt it severely, since the actual event. I do not mean that I had not every personal comfort which she could have bestowed upon me, but I felt the loss of her affection — of the inducements to exertion which the love, the tender love, we bear our mothers, furnishes.

Why descant here upon a mother's love ? All the world knows it to be the only pure and hallowed affection this state of existence allows. Deprive a child of its mother, and you take from it its strongest stay against temptation and the allurements of the world. She is the rudder of his heart, and through its tenderness can mould and direct as she pleases. What son can resist her tears ? See ! she weeps — she implores — she throws her arms about your neck — she covers your face with kisses — she is overcome with the depth of her anxiety. Can you disregard her ? She is the mother who bore you, the nurse who dandled you, and hushed your infant cries. She looked upon you when but a mere mass of flesh, hardly possessed of life, with unutterable affection. Alas ! if we do not love our mothers, it must be because we do not think.

My mother's death pained me, but I soon forgot my sorrows in the amusements of the school. I have felt it since ; and regret for her loss will ever remain the strongest feeling of my life. To the loss of her, I attribute all my subsequent errors. With a disposition easily yielding to affection, I possessed an unconquerable aversion to force ; and where fear was intended to influence me, I only became stubbornly set in opposition.

When she died, I was away from home. I was immediately sent for. Upon my arrival, I found the house turned up side down, as if preparing for a great party. Beds were taken away, and the rooms furnished with seats to accommodate a great multitude. I was shocked to see all the family so busy, and so much engaged in the labor of preparation. It seemed to me to be disrespect to my mother. My father was about giving orders, with his usual energy. At table, my old grandmother from the country presided, in the place of my mother, and she ate like a cormorant, and praised the dishes.

I had never been in the house of death before, and thought we ought all of us to have been silent and sorrowful. I found out then and since, that when in the very midst of death and disease, the mind accommodates itself to the case, and we look upon the event in a more reasonable light, being compelled to act and behave collectedly by necessity. Imagination in this, as in every thing else, exceeds reality ; and the death of an absent friend affects us more severely than the actual seeing of his departure.

My brother and myself occupied a chamber together, when we were at home, nearly over my mother's bed-room. We were obliged

to pass her door in getting to our own room. We retired together, both of us timid at the thought of death so near to us.

After we got into bed, and he had fallen asleep, a sudden courage possessed me. I lay and reasoned with myself for a few moments — then took the light and went down to my mother's room — turned the sheet from her face, and gazed upon her in the silence and solitude of death. I kissed her pale, cold lips again and again. It seemed to me that she knew I was parting with her for the last time. I retired to my chamber with no sentiment of fear in my heart. I felt lifted above fear. From that time I have never feared death. A full knowledge of what death is, was suddenly revealed to me with that act. The memory of the dignified feeling of that hour can never depart. All childish delusions were dispelled by the excess of my affection for her. That affection is as indelible as her memory.

I returned to school, and, as I have said, soon forgot my sorrows ; though, when I was sick or low spirited, my mother's image would occur to me, as she used to appear when she soothed my pains, and pacified my childish complaints. The lamp which had guided my feet below, still often shone upon me like a star from above. When, too, the mothers of the other boys came out to see them, and I saw how happy they were, I then wished I had a mother too.

I should have mentioned, before this, that my mother was a piously-disposed woman. She had been educated — as who in New England is not ? — in respect for the Sabbath. No noise was allowed in the house on Sunday. We were made to sit still, and read the Bible on that day — even the abstruse writings of St. Paul. We understood nothing, except that it was a good act to do so, and pleased God ; how, we did not know, nor did we think to inquire — for the impression was an early one, and was received as a matter of course.

Our very early impressions in morals and conduct are like the laws of nature, which are operating so constantly and invariably around us, that they seem matters of course. The theory of gravitation was not inquired into, until lately, though the world had lived in the observance of this law for centuries. What child, born of religious parents, cannot recollect his horror and self-accusation, after committing a sin for the first time, and the gradual wearing away of his scruples ? And now, if he is a man, he will find himself doing, daily and hourly, things which once he would have shuddered to commit.

But in our religious reading, we felt that we were doing right, and that was pleasant. At night, after we were snugly in bed, our mother would come and seat herself upon the bedside, and one by one we said our little prayers. She would then kiss us and depart.

I received impressions at this season which have never been obliterated. Strange and beautiful thoughts of God, and Heaven, and my mother, come up to me now — they have often in my weary life — with a spirit of devotion I cannot account for : for I have always tried hard to be skeptical. Philosophers may account for it, if they can ; but for myself I believe, truly, that it is the seeds of goodness those infant prayers and bed-side instructions planted, and over which the dross of the world has been heaped up, struggling to come to light, and bear the fruit of true religion.

What a calm such hours have! How placid! — how grateful to an aching heart! I feel like a child again, at my mother's side; I see her mild angelic face — I hear her sweet voice, and respond her warm kiss. I lay my head upon her bosom — the bosom that nourished me — and weep tears of joy. Call this foolish, unmanly, weak, if you will — but give me many such hours! They are the bright spots in my life. They are all that have kept me pure — morally pure — when, to the world, I seemed like a blasted tree, without greenness or branches.

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THE DYING YEAR.

FAREWELL, thou Dying Year — farewell!  
 Thy reign is well o'er:  
 The freshness of thy vernal hours,  
 The glory of thy summer bowers,  
 And e'en thy last pale ling'ring flowers,  
 Will soon be here no more!

P perchance there are bright eyes that weep  
 To see thee pass away,  
 That in thy course, departing year,  
 Have ne'er been dimm'd with sorrow's tear,  
 But blest with all of bright and dear,  
 Would gladly woo thy stay:

While others in the passing gale  
 Hear only tones of grief;  
 Recalling hopes of vanished years,  
 And forms now seen through memory's tears,  
 An emblem of whose fate appears  
 In every falling leaf!

Yes! in thy flight has many a tie  
 Of earthly love been broken:  
 To be renewed, oh never more!  
 Save on that far eternal shore,  
 Where, grief and death forever o'er,—  
 No parting words are spoken.

With the fair flowers that graced thy bloom,  
 E'en fairer things have faded;  
 Creatures of loveliness and light  
 Have passed away from mortal sight,  
 And tempests, ere the fall of night,  
 The morn's bright promise shaded.

Yet weep not, earth, thy dying flowers,  
 Thy hills and vales forsaken;  
 The breath of spring shall deck again  
 With blooming sweets the verdant plain,  
 And through the grove the softest strain  
 Of love and song awaken.

And, Christian, sigh not o'er the ties  
 Which this sad year has riven;  
 The form of love that faded here  
 Lives now in yonder sinless sphere:  
 Why shouldst thou weep that one so dear  
 Hath changed this earth for Heaven?

T. N. C.

## OLLAPODIANA.

## NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

**BELoved READER :** We parted company at the foot of the staircase, leading from the foamy current of Niagara—up—up, as it were from the caverns of Pandemonium to Paradise—to ‘the American side.’ Let me act as a guide-book to your eyes, while we proceed.

Look backward, occasionally, whenever you have opportunity, through the apertures of your pathway, at the clouds of mist that circle into rainbows around you, and at the milk-white torrent which rolls and murmurs beneath. Far below you, ‘moves one that gathers luggage.’ You shall see him with your trunks and carpet-bags, climbing the dizzy *steppes* in your trail—the omega of your party—until you find yourselves in the land of Jonathan.

Apparently, you are in a forest. A few cottages are skirting its edge, or the neighborhood round about; but beyond, all seems ancient and primeval. You almost look to encounter an Indian. But the Great Cataract is at your side, and where it breaks off into the cloudy eternity below, which now you cannot see, the green verdure slopes to the very edge of the precipice, marked with the shoe-prints of a thousand feet. What fairy shapes of pretty *soles* are there! Of some, Ollapod was constrained to say, ‘Surely these delicate marks indicate that the pedal pressure of those who made them would scarcely leave its impress upon the fringed gentian, or the upspringing lily.’

Slowly and contemplatively we lingered about this haunted and hollow-sounding region. It seemed, indeed, as if the earth beneath, to its centre, and the heavens above, even to the abyss of the empyrean, were shaking and vocal with ‘the sound of many waters.’ There is no escaping from the voice of Niagara. Go where you will—wander for miles and miles from its green and changeful vortex—yet your ear drinks in its deep and solemn melody. For me, in one hour during the many I passed in its hearing, I deserted all my companions, and roamed for a league into the melancholy shades. Was I beyond the warning that Niagara was nigh? Not so. On every gale came that vast and solemn concert of water-sounds—the humming middle-gush—the high-measured roll and gurgle—the awful under-tone. They seemed to *fill all the air*. It is not like thunder—not like the murmurs of the coming whirlwind, nor the troubled groan of a volcano. It pervades the landscape round; the leaves tremble at its breath; the bird shrieks, as if in fear, and springing from the branch that overlooks the stream, soars through rainbows and bright clouds beyond the scene. The cataract utters its horrid whereabouts on every breeze. You listen to its murmurs, until the heart is intoxicated with their sublimity, and the eye most with emotion. Now they sound like the crackling flames, spreading for leagues over mountain woodlands, then like doleful bells, heard at intervals in the pauses of a funeral; then, like

‘The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall—  
The far-off shouts of multitudes are in their rise and fall.’



Alternately stormy and plaintive, deep and faint, as the wings of the wind aspire or are depressed, they create a mingled and many-toned diapason, which to be *felt*, must be heard — and to be heard, must be remembered forever. They are like the blast of the tempest, as described in 'The Auntient Marinere,' when

—— 'his sails did sigh like sedge,  
As the rain poured down from one black cloud,  
While the moon was at its edge :  
When the roaring wind did roar far off,  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.'

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Do not, good reader, go bounding rapidly through and among the scenery on the American side of Niagara, with a fleet footstep and an unobservant eye — but use all gently. Thus did we. Every tree you meet, almost, contains the initials of the thousands who have come and gone from that overpowering and magnificent wonder. We pushed onward, without care or sorrow, filled and intoxicated with admiration, and wist not, as it were, whither we went.

Crossing a fearful bridge, we reached Goat-Island; but Ollapod, lagging behind his less imaginative companions, stood in the middle of that frail causeway, and listened and gazed upon the mad waves of a river, as they dashed and growled beneath — seeming himself, meanwhile, to be rushing 'up stream,' as if astride of a comet. Yet this river, as viewed from the Canada side, appears like a silver ribbon, flaunting in bright relief against a back ground of sable rock, and forms but the merest tithe of the American Fall.

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How many sublime and pleasant recollections fill my mind, as I call up, in the stillness of this autumnal and contemplative evening, that magnificent scene ! In the quiet of my domestic retirement — the last leaves of summer quivering at my window, with low and melancholy whispers — pale statues — (thou, Bard of Eden, and thou, Swan of Avon, and ye, Muses of Greece, whose presence still haunts, or seems to haunt, the olive woods, by streams of old renown !) — gleam, and send their shadows along the wall ; but I go back, on the wings of memory, to those cloudless and soul-fraught hours, until the voice of Niagara is in my ear, and the bounding impulse of its tide seems gathering in my apartment. I am lost in recollection.

'When eve is purpling cliff and cave,  
Thoughts of the heart ! how soft ye flow !  
Not softer, on the western wave,  
The golden lines of sunset glow.  
Then all by chance or fate removed,  
Like spirits, crowd upon the eye ;  
The few we liked — the one we loved,  
And all the heart is memory !'

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THAT was a beautiful and placid face, which we encountered on our way to the island — yea, and a sweetly-moulded form. I remem-

ber it well; and so do all who have sojourned, transiently or long, among the elysian bowers of New-Haven. Charming De F——! The queen of Commencements, and Junior Exhibitions! Cynosure of sophomore eyes, with an atmosphere about thee of music and the frankincense of youth! Idol of unhewn and wondering freshmen, who gaze at thee as they would at a distant star, moving in brightness through the dark blue depths of heaven! Who, wedded and blessed, or single and hipped, but would look upon thee as a sumptuous and beauteous picture? No one, be it confidently averred, in whose mind a taste for grace and loveliness were not 'clean gone forever.' Thou art associated in my memory with the sun-bows and green woods and waters of Niagara — and art destined there to last,

‘Unto thylike day i’ the which I shall creep  
Into my sepulchre.’

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ONE thing will impress you, as you wander about Goat-Island. After you have stood upon the high rocky tower, (connected by a quivering plank, as it were, with the awful edge of the precipice,) and looked for miles around you, upon a waste of stormy waters, plunge at once into the quiet and wooded paths of the island. Travel on — on — on. Now, you may fancy that you are alone, and Niagara out of hearing. Is it so? Pause a moment. There comes through the thick leaves and branches around you, though you are *far* from the Fall, a many-toned and hollow voice, which makes every leaf to tremble. The light stems *thrill* to the rushing breath of the cataract. Yet it is not sudden, like the sound of a cannon, or the pealing of the thunder: it is constant, yet changeful; heavy and solemn; yet at times, fairy and musical: but it *fills all the air*. There is no pause — no cessation — no stay. The roar is eternal. It is the utterance of the God who lifted that horrid ledge into heaven, and stretched that awful chasm for leagues toward the frozen pole.

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FAIL not, tourist, to visit the Cave of the Winds, and to go southwardly from the BIDDLE stair-case, under the American ledge. Mind not the tempest which will sweep over you occasionally from the distant cataract, in a cloud of spray on the wings of the gale. There is inspiration in the heart, as you inhale the awful hymn-notes of the torrent, and the freshness of that watery air. It is like breathing upon a high mountain in winter, above a wide plain, where a wider stretch of white fades at last, on the edge of the horizon, into an universal blue. Look up, ever and anon. How fearfully those heavy pines look over the ledges, at the height of many a hundred feet! There the blue sky looks down upon you, and the fleecy cloud — child of the waters and the morning — unfolds its skirts of fleecy gold! Beautiful — awful — impressive scene!

THEY told us a good story of an Irishman and Scotchman, from Canada, who came on the American side last winter to settle an ancient grudge by fisticuffs. 'They fought like brave men, long and well;' long hung the contest doubtful; and the by-standers wist not which should prevail — whether or shamrock or thistle. At last the antagonists fell to the ground; they rolled to the edge of the river; one, minus his linsey-woolsey coat-tail, clung to some shrubbery on the precipitous bank; the other fell to the distance of sixty feet, saving his life by striking among the thick boughs of a parasitical tree growing out of the rock, and festooned with thick vines, the seed of which some wandering breeze had wafted to a fissure in the rock, where it had been nourished by the presence of leaf-dust and spray, until it had flourished into strong and vigorous fertility. The discomfited warrior was drawn up by a rope, let down for his aid, and hooked to his wounded inexpressibles, having fallen only a small part of the distance to the river's bed.

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A DAY or two, (employed in good dinners at the Cataract House, a personal inspection and liberal purchases of Indian gimcrackeries on the island, leave-takings with friends, appointments for Saratoga, Rockaway, Trenton, or Newport,) can be passed richly at Niagara. If you have an ounce of poetry about you, reader, remain there until you can go the whole circuit on every side, and in every quarter — ALONE. Go out, free from all human presence, and hold communion with your God. So shall you bring away with you cherished and kindling thoughts, never to die.

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WE bowled briskly away from the Cataract Hotel, one rainy afternoon: the mud was up to the axle of our extra; and as we wheeled around an opening through the thick shrubbery, on our way to Lewiston, not far from *The Devil's Hole* — a polite name given to a horrid chasm in the rocky wall which bounds Niagara on either side, from Queenston to the Pavilion — I caught my parting view of *The Wonder*. Down rolled that heavy stretch of wide and foaming waters — the spray rising in clouds from its base — the wreathing vapors making themselves wings for the wind, and ready to sail away, like airy messengers, perhaps to be steeped in sunlight over Lake Erie — so that they which but a little while before were mounting with thunder in their bosoms, could soar away and be at rest.

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As you journey to the North, *Dan Tourist*, forget not to pause on the brow of that long hill which overlooketh the old town of Queenston, in Canada, the monument of Brock, and eke the town of Lewiston, on the republican side. As we neared this spot, the sun broke out from his hiding place, and diffused over the landscape, for many, many leagues, a sweet and melancholy smile. Magnificent sight! The monument, arose like a shaft of an ebony, against a sky of the

richest crimson. Old Niagara went meandering onward to Ontario, like a vast serpent of gold, creeping through a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The Mother and the Daughter of two countries seemed brought together in loving propinquity; and the hills afar, the vales between, 'the rain drops glittering on the trees around,' and the trembling leaves, gave melody to the breeze and beauty to the eye.

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BEFORE we supped, I opened the window of our hostelry at Lewiston, to catch the last sound of the Falls. On the fitful gusts, and swayed to full or gentle modulations by the creeping tides of air that swept through the twilight, came 'the voice of many waters.' Harp sublime! Anthem unending! Organ of the almighty! I seem to hear thee still!

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If you visit Niagara, I *think* I would perform the journey in *October*. Oh, when the trees are clothed in their many-colored autumnal robes — when the day-god goes to his rest as a monarch goes to his slumbers, drawing around him his curtains of purple and gold — when the mellow fruits drop richly from the trees in thine orchard; when the honey-locust leaf, or 'ash, deep crimsoned,' falls to the ground;

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,'

then go to Niagara. You will return with the chastening solemnity of the season upon you; with emblems of eternity in your mind; with remembered whispers of a God sounding in your ear, and with thanks to Him

'Who made the world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains.'

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STOOD at the door of the *Cataract Hotel*, on the American side, while the postillion was placing their 'travelling dress' upon his cattle, and watched a handsome squaw trudge through the heavy rain, with a papoose, or young baby, at her back, covered with a white blanket, and suspended by a wampum belt from her forehead. How stately she stepped! She had the walk of an empress, as she bounded away into the woods. Poor soul! Probably on her way to her lonely wigwam, to lament in the autumn — when the sun goes down in an ocean of rainbow-colored foliage, and the wilderness echoes to the moan of the dying year — the departing glories of her race —

'Like thee, thou sun, to die!'

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EXCEEDINGLY amused at the air and manner of a decided loafer, a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. 'Landlord!' said he, to the Boniface

of the Cataract, 'and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beatin' upon his head continually. *Wanst* I was wo'th twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases: now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No — I scorn to brag — but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolney's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, and Pope's Easy on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with wo. Who will help me — speak singly, gentlemen — who will 'ease my griefs, and drive my cares away?' as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems.'

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited: rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the face of the by-standers, he roared out:

'You're all a pack of poor, or'nary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chastise any man here, for two three-cent drinks of *Monagohale* whiskey: yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Rail-road Dee-pott, and I'll lick him *like a d—n!*'

'Never mind that part of it,' said one; 'tell us about the shipwreck.'

'Ah!' he continued, 'that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake — the storm bustin' upon the deck — the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually — the lightnings a-bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water — the clouds meeting the earth — the land just over the lee-bow — every mast in splinters — every sail in rags — women a-screechin' — farmers' wives, emigratin' to the west, calling for their husbands — and hell yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop — and all at *wanst*, I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One half the crew was drowned — passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom.'

'And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?' was the general inquiry.

'Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a-goin', and I took my hat and went ashore!'

The last I saw of this Munchausen, was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a 'drink,' and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

As you journey to the North, from Niagara to Lewiston, you catch, ever and anon, through the leafy screen of the trees, distant views of the Great Cataract. In the pauses of your carriage wheels, come the thunder of the torrent and the dimness of the spray. On your left, there is '*a great gulf fixed*,' to which the Gulf of Hades might be imagined to have resemblance. Now and then, crowned with glittering rainbows, you see the Falls, like the '*great white sheet let down from heaven*,' as beheld of old in the portable larder that met the apostle's startled vision. Then a thickening cloud of spray, filled with '*thunderings and voices*,' hides it from your view. Mile after mile, you continue your tour, the great Gulf still at your side, the complaining river rolling apparently leagues beneath you—horrid chasms and frowning precipices, around whose bases the foaming waves eddy and howl—until, by and by, you ascend that incomparable hill which overlooks the scenes of Lewiston and Queenston. The delighted eye beholds the sinking current grow calmer and calmer; the blue vistas of Canadian woods and plains stretch themselves in blending colors and undulations to the far and fairy radius of the horizon; and as the river rolls onward to the Ontario, like a huge serpent of gold winding through the landscape—as the tall shaft of Brock's monument paints its delicate outline against the evening sky, and the fainter sound of the distant cataract is taken on the freshening wind, among the far-off cedars, waving against a gush of farewell crimson in the west—the scene is inspiration, and the place becomes religion.

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WHILE our supper was in preparation at Lewiston, I opened the window which looked toward the South, in the direction whence we had come. Haply, thought I, the cataract may yet send its farewell voice to my ear. I listened attentively, *auribus erectis*, and solemnly, on the swelling gusts and creeping murmurs of the evening, as they rose and fell, '*swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air*,' came the majestic hum and *air-tremble* of the Falls! How impressive was that sound! Throned afar in the forest—sceptered with its gorgeous coronet of lunar rainbows—its regal impulse rushing through the darkness on the wings of the wind—Niagara lifted to heaven its vocal and eternal anthem! How many generations, thought I, shall come and go—how many loving hearts go back to dust—how many lips be dumb in death,

—— and their soft breath with pain  
Be yielded to the elements again,

before Niagara shall be tuneless, or its stormy tones be muffled! Power, more than kingly! Voice, louder and steadier than the clamour of battle, or the peal of the ephemeral earthquake, engulfing plains and cities! In the language of the bard, '*Thy days are everlasting*!' Thou camest from the palm of Him who hath measured the earth, and who sees the pestilence stain the noon-day at his bidding! Who that breathes, will ever behold the consummation of thy destiny? None! Autumn after autumn, with its gold-dropping

orchards, its painted woodlands and hollow sighs, shall come and go; spring will prank the earth with violets and verdure; summer shall glow, and deadly winter pale the earth—but over all thou wilt triumph, until this sphere shall heave at the voice of the Almighty, and the trump of the Archangel!

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Of the road from Lewiston to Lockport, and of that famous country town, what shall I say? I would say *nothing*—but I must say something. I feel in the predicament wherein is placed DENNIS BULGRUDDERY, in the play, with respect of his rib. 'I can hear nothing bad of her,' he says to a guest at the 'Red Cow,' which hotel he kept; 'you can say nothing good of her, without telling a d—d lie; and in coorse, the less you say, the better.' Thus am I situated and circumstanced, as touching the road and last place herein before-mentioned.

With a postillion (of the just-adopted Telegraph) dressed in a flaming red coat, for which he had exchanged his own for a 'consideration,' with a deserting private in the Canadian army, we pushed slowly on from Lewiston to Lockport. *Mud*, without end or bottom—alluvial pudding—thickened and gurgled on every side. Postillion was not to be hurried. No—'he was a free Amerikin driver, be Gosh,' was his reply to one or two Birmingham or Sheffield agents, hastening homeward in the next packet from New-York—'and he guessed that any body that went for to stir him up in the *lively* line, would get crucified and come over, almighty slick.' And he kept his word. Through pools, and over particularly stony and dangerous spots, he wended swift as Phaeton with his aerial team; but where the thoroughfare was good, a snail would have distanced his lagging move.

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LOCKPORT is famous for its deep-cut in the canal. Representations of this great achievement I had seen in print, and had supposed that it was a marvel of the first water. It came to pass, therefore, when we saw the sole steeple of the village rising over a level country in the east, that we looked earnestly for the Deep Cut. We continued to gaze until we had reached the hotel, when we sallied forth in the rain, with a friend or two, in rabid quest of the wonder. The first view we obtained was from the village bridge. Never was there a more complete disappointment. The line of the canal, to the west, appears very like its usual long and snake-like length; and I put it to the reader, if one very often looks upon a more *common* thing than a canal, after you have travelled across, and alongside, and around it, for some two or three hundred miles? This, then, was the Deep Cut! Oh, minimum of marvels! A look or two was *suffequence*. It was a rainy day; the village grocers were taking in their cod-fish and fly-bespotted macaroni; every thing was gloomy and dismal: consequently it was resolved *nem. con.*, to give the Deep Cut a *dead* cut, which was suddenly performed.

In the lower town, our vehicular machinery stuck fast in the mud. This afforded time for a maiden lady, of whom I shall speak anon, to sally forth from an indifferent-looking domicil, near the upper quarter, and take her seat. At last, the imbedded wheels asserted their freedom, and went *gushing* along, at the rate of a mile an hour, precisely like the pawing wheels of a steam-boat in a heavy sea on Long-Island Sound.

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STOPPED a few minutes to say how-d'ye-do to a clever relation. Found ample time for my purpose, while the coach was lumbering by. Looked out from his handsome law-office upon a wide domain of mud, and meadows filled with stumps, and ancient logs, reeking with the rain. Every thing looked remorselessly unprepossessing. The clay in the road was of a yellowish cream color, some uniform fifteen inches deep, beside. Anathematized the town to my sometime companion, averring solemnly unto him, that if Lockport were built of ducats, and the abdomen of every little hill in its neighborhood pregnant with precious stones and jewels, I would not there reside. I still hold my mind; but mayhap a fair day, a robe of sunshine over that region, and other appliances and pleasaunces to boot, would have altered my opinions. But what I've writ, I've writ — perchance unjustly to the place. But 'situated, and I might add, circumstanced as I was,' and with my present memories, I must say '*them's* my sentiments.' Fair words I blow to the winds, and candor reigns supreme. Yet I have heard those whose judgment is *law* with me on the subject of scenery, declare that Lockport is possessed of delightful haunts — that the neighborhood around is like a paradise, in summer. I will believe them; and I charge the elements with the verdict of my first impressions.

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WE soon found that the maiden lady who entered at Lockport was a person of great scholastic acquirements, and of a very communicative turn of mind. A few miles from that town, (which who-so entereth, if in our way of thought, will reach without emotion and leave without regret,) we entered, out of a lonely and muddy turnpike, much the same as that at Lockport, upon that delectable road, denominated *Ridge*. It is good in rain or shine. Some inquiries being made, whether we were not on better ground, the maiden oped her vocal orifice, and observed: 'A'yes — that were the Ridge-d Road which we have stricken, on the brow of the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz!'

Shortly after this, she abdicated, and was deposited at the house of a friend by the way-side.

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WHAT shall I say of Rochester — one of the Queens of the West! The approach to it is through a delicious country, that will yet be cultured by the hand of taste into a very Eden. What fair embowered towns, with their white steeples, occur at intervals on every side! What a sweet and rosy generation is rising around! We saw



them, as it were, by legions ; fine healthy responsibilities, curtsying or bowing to the traveler, their shining faces illumined with intelligence, made brighter at the school from which they went and came.

The entrance to Rochester, from the West, is impressive by contrast ; and when you are once rattling over its pavements, and through its long streets, you fancy yourself in New-York, or eke in Philadelphia. The suburbs are beautiful. I envied so deeply the lot of some certain friends who escorted us along the banks of the fair Genessee, and showed us the Falls of that charming river, that their residences still rise to my eye as the very acmé of rural establishments. From the roof of one, (which must be a palace anon,) I looked down upon flowery walks, the sparkling cataract, the vast pine forests to the north — the blue Ontario beyond — the city, with its turrets, some of which are like those which peer above an old feudal town in Europe — upon rail-cars rattling to and fro, while the horns of canal-men came musically upon the breeze — upon the shady dwellings of good old friends in the suburbs — and as I looked, I said, ‘ *This shall be glorified by Ollapod !* ’

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In a survey of the environs of Rochester, there is enough to kindle the dullest imagination. Prophecy itself will be distanced in its predictions by the swift-coming future. To-day, you may wander over a flowery meadow, or through the tangled thickets of a forest, scarcely as yet redeemed from the darkness of the past ; to-morrow, the new street springs into being ; the bustle of trade fills the late quiet atmosphere ; the flouring mill sends its busy wheels round and round ; the clink of the blacksmith’s hammer, the hum of the cotton-gin, the saw of the carpenter — all the sounds and sights of city life, greet your ear and your vision. As I journeyed with attentive friends in the suburbs, I pointed out to them places where country seats could be erected, in the most calm and poetical retreats. Alas ! I found too soon, that these sweet recesses were already marked out in village lots, and that within ‘an incredibly short space of time,’ they would be converted into paved thoroughfares, and manufacturing or commercial blocks !

One sees enough in these embryo cities of the West, to dissuade him from any thing like prophecy. The barren place, touched by the wand of enterprise, springs at once into newness of life : a community, famed for pure morality, and the honest but unbending and resolute energies of its members, as in the case of Rochester, goes on from strength to strength, until its friends become surprised with unexpected triumphs, the traveler amazed at the increase of population, and the patriot charmed with the prospect of days to come. For me, there is something of sadness in this stirring and changeful scene. By and by, the music of the pine will be lost to the gale ; the cataract will minister to the stomachs of a voracious public ; and the wave that laughed and tumbled picturesquely in the sunshine, will be seduced into the mill-race, or made to minister to the dollar-and-cent gyrations of the spinning jenny ! Oh, dreadful profanation ! But few will lament the loss of the forest or the torrent, when the

'almighty dollar' can be made, by their subserviency or their removal, to propagate and fructify!

WELL — perhaps it is best. You cannot satisfy one gastronomic craving with a green tree or a golden sunset; and a water-fall butters no parsnips. Your turnip will not come from a cloud, nor will your requisite potato drop from a rainbow. Neither do beef-steaks come from the moon. Wherefore, while there are abdominal cavities to be refreshed, for the benefit of frail humanity — while rosy lips are but the glowing gateways of pork, and beans, and cabbage — while these exist, with their diurnal wants and requirements, it will be quite useless to gainsay their demands, or to sentimentalize upon their unpoetical aspects.

Wherefore, I pray and beseech of you, worthy reader, not to expect that I shall, on every occasion, burst forth, like a steamer at the highest heat, into the misty utterance of poetry and of romance. Let us congratulate each other upon our country. It is a glorious one — do n't you think so? Are you an American? Give us your hand! You like the stars, the eagle, and the stripes — do you not? Give us another grip! We shall shortly meet again. Are you going? Give us a lock of your hair. No? Well — never mind; we shall meet again. Till then, God bless you!

Ever thine,

OLLAFOD.

#### THE STARS: AN EXTRACT.

I WALK abroad at midnight, and my eye,  
Purged from its sensual blindness, upward turns,  
And wanders o'er the dark and spangled sky,  
Where every star, a fount of being, burns,  
And pours out life, as Naiads, from their urns,  
Drop their refreshing dew on herbs and flowers:  
I gaze, until my fancy's eye discerns,  
As in an azure hall, the assembled powers  
Of nature spend in deep consult those solemn hours.

Methinks I hear their language — but it sounds  
Too high for my conception, as the roar  
Of thunder in the mountains, when it bounds  
From peak to peak; or on the echoing shore  
The tempest-driven billows bursting pour,  
And raise their awful voices; or the groan  
Rumbling in Ætna's entrails, ere its store  
Of lava spouts its red jets; or the moan  
Of winds, that war within their caverned walls of stone.

And there is melody among those spheres,  
A music sweeter than the vernal train,  
Or fay notes, which the nymph-struck shepherd hears,  
Where moonlight dances on the liquid plain,  
That curls before the west wind, till the main  
Seems waving like a ruffled sheet of fire —  
'Tis Nature's Alleluia; and again  
The stars exult, as when the Eternal Sire  
Said, 'Be there light,' and light shone forth at his desire.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

## THE DOOMED ONE.

— 'My grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days  
 That you shall look upon.'

—

SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

THE convict bowed him in his narrow cell :  
 His troubled dream of life was flitting fast ;  
 One day remained, and then the tolling bell  
 Must measure of his weary hours the last.  
 What theme upon his fancy breaking,  
 Thus flings its light along his brow ?  
 He seems as one from sadness waking  
 To some sweet vision now.  
 Ah ! o'er his heavy heart has come  
 One of those vivid dreams of home,  
 The troubled spirit loves to trace,  
 Whate'er, where'er its resting place :  
 The cottage in the valley shade,  
 By the tall beech and maple made ;  
 The low piazza, where the vine  
 In flowering folds its tendrils twine ;  
 The silver brook, that gliding by,  
 Pictures at eve the starry sky ;  
 The soft, deep hush that evening brings  
 Enfolded in her balmy wings,  
 And in the honey-suckle bower,  
 His sweet and rural home beside,  
 Smiling, as in her bridal hour,  
 He clasps his gentle bride —  
 Presses her to his breast — while, see !  
 His little children climb his knee.

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## II.

With echoing clang the bolts are riven,  
 And fancy's startled visions roll,  
 Like mists before the thunder driven,  
 From his awakened soul.  
 They come to speak of his hastening doom,  
 They come to speak of his distant home,  
 Of the children bereft of a father's care,  
 And the wife left broken-hearted there ;  
 And, in the kindest tones they may,  
 Proffer a parting hour to-day.  
 From the hard pallet where he laid,  
 He started at that word, and said ;  
 ' Let them not come ! I cannot bide  
 The misery of that meeting yet ;  
 And there is still one day beside,  
 Ere yet my sun of life must set ;  
 My children ! my sweet orphan boy !  
 Each lost, yet loved and cherished one,  
 Once nursed upon the lap of joy,  
 Now wretched and undone !  
 My heart would break, in each dear face  
 The ruin I have wrought, to trace !  
 Yet stay ! my blue-eyed daughter bring,  
 She knows not of my doom or shame,  
 And I should love to hear her sing,  
 Of peace and innocence, the strain,  
 I never more may hear again ;  
 And call once more my name,

And lay her warm young cheek to mine,  
 And gaze upon that face where sweet,  
 In every soft and gentle line,  
 Her mother's grace and beauty meet.'

\* \* \* \*

### III.

With fearful tread, by taper light,  
 Amazed at all that met her sight,  
 Her throbbing heart too full to weep,  
 They led her to the dungeon deep:  
 But when she saw, in that dark place,  
 Her loved and long-sought father's face,  
 With one wild bound and wilder shriek,  
 Her pale lips fell upon his cheek.  
 'Father! dear father! why stay here?  
 This place is dark, and damp, and drear;  
 Oh! how unlike our pleasant home,  
 Its sunshine sweet, and scented bowers,  
 Oh come with me, my father, come!  
 And I will pluck the sweetest flowers  
 That in our garden grow, for you,  
 And we shall be so happy, too!  
 Mother has wept and wept, until  
 Her very heart is pained and sore;  
 We told her you would come, but still  
 She kissed us all, and wept the more:  
 What have we done, my father dear,  
 That you should stay so long? Oh yet  
 Come home! — you are not happy here;  
 Your cheek is cold, your brow is wet:  
 Oh come, and we will ne'er again  
 Do any thing to give you pain.'

\* \* \* \*

### IV.

The father calmly raised her head:  
 'I cannot come just now,' he said;  
 'But sing me one of those sweet airs  
 You used to sing at eventide,  
 When, gathered on our green hill's side,  
 We all forgot our cares.'

\* \* \* \*

### V.

Her silken hair behind she flung,  
 She clasped her little hands, and sung,  
 Soft as the fabled bird, whose notes  
 With its last life-throb sweetest floats.  
 Through tears, her soul to music given,  
 Swelled in each gloomy recess there,  
 Like an enchanting song of heaven,  
 Amid the caverns of despair.  
 It was a song of home's sweet ties,  
 Of love — and blended souls in one —  
 And all her young heart's sympathies  
 Were in each word and tone.

\* \* \* \*

### VI.

He listened — gazed and listened — and a smile  
 Came o'er the darkness of his brow awhile;  
 As though the cold, cold waters of despair,  
 Thawed from his heart, had left the sunshine there.  
 She ceased! The spell was broken — to his brain  
 Rushed back the sense of what he was again;  
 The ice congealed around his heart once more,  
 And the fierce agony of life was o'er:  
 One frantic shriek, 'My God! my child! my home!' —  
 And his rent spirit fled to meet its doom.

DELTA.

## MUSIC.

THE benefits which flow from the cultivation of music, have long been acknowledged to be great. The principles of patriotism, morality, and religion, are each infixed most deeply, when whispered to the soul in the moving melody of song. How is the love of country enkindled by a national ode! Moral truth sinks deep into the heart, and is never forgotten, when conveyed there in the accents of music. The plaintive strain can melt the heart to tenderness and compassion, and the breathings of soft melody calm and cheer the troubled and sorrowing bosom. And who that has heard the chanting of solemn praise, in the worship of God, but has been carried upward in thought, and filled with reverence and holy emotion?

It is the office of music to heighten enjoyment; and such is the organization of man, that he feels impelled by the necessity of his nature, even in his rudest state, to seek for it in some form or other. Civilized and refined, if deprived of all music, he would feel life to be little less than miserable. It is because music is thus valuable to man, that science has lent her aid, and art her skill, to render it as perfect in theory and practice as is possible. On a few simple elements is based an extensive and profound theory, demonstrated by mathematical calculation and nice philosophical experiment; and to such perfection has the practice of each department of the art at length been brought, that an industrious application, for years, is required, before any one can claim the distinction of a master. Happily, however, the gratifications which flow from music are not necessarily dependent upon such high scientific attainments; and the song of the untutored peasant often carries to the refined and cultivated mind a thrill of delight. And thus does nature sometimes mock at human effort in other arts — and the poet, the painter, the orator, and the sculptor of the schools, turns back to study and admire the productions of some disciple of nature. How beautiful and yet how simple! Take the first compositions of the child Mozart, untaught in every rule, yet violating none. Handel and Haydn, too, though less precocious, passing, even in childhood, at one bound all common attainments, and standing in their maturity on an eminence beyond the reach of their contemporaries and successors. The efforts of the great masters in all the arts, destined to survive the longest, are those which present to the mind the most beautiful pictures, in a certain near conformity with the truth of nature. These remain as models for future generations, and all others are comparatively ephemeral.

Music is natural to man. The mother has scarcely presented the breast to her infant, before she warbles music in its ear, and it listens with pleasure, and is quiet. Thus pillowed, it drinks in melody, as the food of the mind; and when it hungers for that nutriment, it often attempts to gratify the desire, even in its tenderest age: its little song brings to itself the desired pleasure, and to the ears of its fond parent untold delight. Surely, it is no marvel that we love music, and well might the great master poet denounce him who hath none in his soul.

A proper cultivation of the art should undoubtedly be regarded

as a national benefit, inasmuch as it is calculated to promote individual and social happiness, and with very few if any exceptions, may, like common education, be placed within the reach of all. In some parts of Europe, this has nearly been accomplished within the last few years, and with very gratifying results. Our own country is profiting greatly by the experiments and success of German ingenuity; and the day we think is not very distant, when a general knowledge of the art will be taught, and considered as a necessary part of a common education. No fears, we apprehend, need be entertained that we shall deteriorate in physical or moral power, by a dissemination of such knowledge: on the contrary, we should be invigorated in both. Much time that is now thrown away, and often worse than wasted, would be devoted to social, virtuous, intellectual improvement; and that insidious destroyer, *Phthisis*, would be cheated of many a victim. This is not a chimera: eminent names might be cited, and many instances adduced, to corroborate the position, but what is better, we can point to a whole nation, in demonstration of the truth. We speak, of course, of the effects of vocal music. And is not this philosophical? Does not the exercise of singing strengthen and expand the chest, and give increased activity and power to the vital organs? We ask the credulous, (healthy or unhealthy,) to try the experiment for a single month, by devoting a few minutes each day to the exercise of speaking, reading, or singing, in a full tone of voice, with a gradually-increasing effort, and we presume their doubts will be removed. That inferences may be drawn from facts, we have selected a few cases, and the following are the several ages of twelve celebrated musicians of the last century, taken, without particular selection, from a biographical work now before us: 83, 78, 51, 81, 57, 60, 72; 75, 75, 35, 73, 53. For such a result, we were by no means prepared, when we commenced the examination of the record. How unfortunate, then, is the very common objection, that singing is injurious to health?

If any deference is due to the opinions of eminent medical gentlemen, singing is certainly to be regarded as a means of preserving health. 'Vocal music,' says Dr. Rush, 'should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and he adds, that beside its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. I here introduce a fact,' says the Doctor, 'that has been suggested to me by my profession, which is, that the exercise of the organs by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which climate and other causes expose them. The Germans,' he continues, 'are seldom afflicted with consumption; nor have I known more than one or two instances of the spitting of blood among them. This I believe is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education.' Other favorable testimony might be adduced, if it were deemed necessary. Without resorting to fable or conjecture, many well-authenticated facts might be cited, to prove the efficacy of music in *restoring* health; and its influence upon the social feelings and relations of life is well known to all, and argument is not required to substantiate it.

Considering the importance which is attached to vocal music, as forming a part of the religious services of all denominations in the United States, it is surprising that such apathy should prevail on the subject of its cultivation, among Christians generally, and among the clergy especially, many of whom enter upon the duties of their high calling, ignorant even of the first principles of the art, and therefore totally disqualified to exert any salutary influence in making it subservient to the purposes of devotion. And this will continue to be the case, until professorships shall be established in our colleges, and filled with able masters, capable of teaching the *practice*, as well as the theory, of the art. Thanks, however, to the philanthropists of the age, and the zeal of the votaries of music, the public are beginning to feel its moral power, and a deeper interest and a better taste are becoming manifest almost daily. In proof of this, it is among the extraordinary occurrences of the last few months, in this city, that a public singer has been listened to with delight, and encored with enthusiasm, although his performances were characterized by the greatest simplicity, and lacked even the deformity of an Italian trill.

We hope that Mr. Russell's style of singing will be adopted by some of those who perform music in our churches, and that *pure tone*, a perfect *intonation*, distinct *articulation*, and correct *enunciation*, accompanied by a full knowledge of the subject, and an impassioned manner of delivery, will succeed that dissonant mouthing which murders language and sentiment with cruel music.

In listening to a singer, the first thing which attracts the notice of the ear, is the quality of the voice. If that is good, a favorable impression is already made, and farther attention secured. The production of *pure tone*, therefore, should be one of the first objects of the vocalist. This constitutes what is generally understood by a good voice.

Pure tone is characterized, as we conceive, without being skilled in the language of the art, by an entire freedom from any peculiarity arising from a *wrong position*, or a bad conformation of the vocal organs. Impurity, in most cases, is occasioned more by the former than the latter influence.

The possession of a *fine tone*, however, does not afford security against that unendurable fault, horrible to a musical ear, *false intonation*. Deliver us, ye powers! from its maddening effects! There are two forms of this fault, which are not uncommon: one is, when the intervals of the scale, or some of them, are incorrectly tuned: this alone is bad enough; the other is still worse, and both are sometimes heard in connexion, when the voice, as the phrase is, 'flats, or falls from the pitch.' Singers that are most *gifted* in this way, never practice what instructors call '*sol-fa-ing*;' and as to the scale, they know nothing of *that*. The only remedy is, to study and practice both.

The scale, in itself, is extremely simple, consisting of a few fixed sounds, having a certain relative connection, and dependent upon each other. This scale is founded upon the laws which nature has established. To disregard its construction, therefore, is to disregard the principles of nature. The progressions of the scale are from *one to eight*, each point of division being distinguished by a name.

The musician gives names to these sounds, for the same reason that names are given to other things: *namely*, that he may the better know them, and understand their relative connection, place, and properties. He considers the scale, as in fact it is, the alphabet of music, and he calls each sound by a separate name, as we do the letters of another alphabet. By practice, the sound becomes identified with its name, and the singer learns to produce that sound with certainty whenever he sees the note which bears the name, upon the principle that we pronounce a word correctly, being previously acquainted with the true sound of the letters of which it is composed. It is quite preposterous, therefore, to attempt to sing by musical rotation, without a knowledge of the principles which govern it.

The great error of teachers and pupils, in this as in other departments of learning, is, a neglect of *rudimental instruction*. But the modern system of teaching is doing wonders, wherever it is introduced; and the black-board and a piece of chalk are found to be far more useful, than the birchen rod and a labored treatise. It is with this simple apparatus, that a whole community may be taught to read music with facility in a few short lessons. The experiment has been tried, and some thousands have been found able to perform together, after a very little practice.

In this way, music may be introduced into all our schools, without any loss of time to other studies, since it can easily be made to supply the place and office of a recreation. Children learn with surprising rapidity, when thus instructed, and the good effects upon the schools where it has been attempted, are fully attested by the teachers.

As yet, we have no musical character, as a nation; and the question which was once tauntingly asked, may, with a slight variation, be repeated: '*Who sings an American tune?*' And who does *not* now read American books? So it may soon be said of music. Have we grown effeminate, by paying some attention to literary pursuits? Are we less industrious!—less virtuous!—less happy, and prosperous, on that account? Why then should we neglect to furnish for ourselves another source of intellectual gratification?—another proof that we are equal to any attainments, within the scope of human effort?

It is the department of music which is denominated *sacred*, however, which is most deserving of public approbation. Music, when associated with religious or moral sentiment, can have no injurious tendency. On the contrary, it cannot but render those sentiments more attractive, when clothed in so lovely a dress.

The formation of musical associations, when properly and ably conducted, has a direct tendency to promote this good cause. That which we most need, to render these benefits permanent, is the establishment of an institution for musical instruction, under the direction of an energetic and well-appointed government, in which competent and devoted teachers shall be employed, and regular instructions given, as in other institutions of learning.

The only successful attempt, we believe, to establish such a school, has been made at Boston, and that has been nobly sustained, is flourishing, and doing great good.



A society was organized in this city, in 1835, styled the '*New-York Academy of Sacred Music*,' of which the Rev. Dr. SPRING is President, and Mr. THOMAS HASTINGS and Mr. ABNER JONES, Professors. It has not, however, as we have reason to fear, been conducted in such a manner as to insure extensive benefits. Yet we cannot but hope that the well-known and commendable zeal of the denomination to whose patronage it is entitled, will be exerted to place it upon a right basis, and render it what its name purports — a nursery for sacred music.

We are glad to learn, from a circular lately issued, that another institution, called the '*New-York Protestant Episcopal Church Music Society*,' has been formed, which, it is earnestly to be hoped, may accomplish something creditable to the church under whose auspices the society proposes to go forward, in carrying out its designs. We notice among its officers the names of the Rev. Drs. HAWKS, ANTHON, Rev. J. F. SHROEDER, and B. M. BROWN, and C. H. ROACH, Esqrs., — names which are a sufficient guaranty, that the operations of the society will be conducted with judgment and energy, should that patronage be extended which is solicited in their circular.

Secular music has attained to a high degree of perfection. It asks and it receives a liberal patronage — for the public *love music*; and genius brings its offering, and talent lends its aid, and skill exerts its power, in that department only where genius, and talent, and skill, meet their deserved reward.

The institutions last named are devoted to the interests of sacred music, exclusively. Their efforts are to be directed to the reclaiming of church music from the merited disgrace into which, through neglect alone, it has fallen. We shall see whether the *Christian* community will sustain them.

The '*New-York Sacred Music Society*' is the senior institution of the city. Its objects are distinct from those above named, and confined to the oratorial department. In that way it has effected much for the cause. Many excellent entertainments have been given, and they have been well attended. An opportunity has thus been afforded to those who might have refused their countenance elsewhere, to hear the best professional talent, both vocal and instrumental, which could be procured. It may be questioned whether such a course has not tended to repress the efforts of talent among its members, and to create in the public a taste somewhat too fastidious; although it must be granted, that fine specimens of execution have occasionally been exhibited. The chorus singers belonging to the society are numerous; but they should be better trained, as the instruments are compelled to *lead* — a fault which is sure to prevail, where vocal instruction is not especially attended to.

All efforts for musical culture and entertainment, however, are greatly impeded in this city, by the want of a MUSIC HALL, suited to all the purposes of instruction, practice, and exhibition.

The '*Handel and Haydn Society*' of the '*Town of Boston*,' find in Faneuil Hall, a spacious and elegant room, suited to the grand scale of its operations; and the spirited and energetic government of '*The Boston Academy of Music*' have in the '*Odeon*' the capacity of a theatre for their accommodation, fitted up in a style which

displays much taste, and great liberality. The consequences of *such* efforts are, to draw together talented and efficient professors, who, through their pupils, and by their publications, are exerting an influence over the musical taste of the whole nation, enriching themselves and the establishments with which they are connected, by the sale of more than three-fourths of all the music-books now used in the United States. If this be doubted, let the reader look at the imprint of the music books in the market.

But the Hall—the Hall! Will not the citizens of this great metropolis sustain such an enterprise? Who would not be proud to point the distinguished stranger from the old world, to an edifice such as should grace the *FIRST* city of the new world, and say, ‘That is the *Musical College of New-York*?’ Were such a Hall provided, and proper facilities afforded for instruction in those departments of the art which are acknowledged to be useful, the moral benefits would soon be found to far outweigh the required expenditure, and the ultimate results would exceed all calculation. \*

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TRUST IN HEAVEN.

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‘THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man’s illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —  
There’s nothing true but heaven!’

MOORE.

I.

Trust in heaven! — when o’er thy path,  
Clouds and tempests come in wrath;  
When thy grief oppresseth thee,  
When obscured thy prospects be,  
When around thee mists are driven,  
Heed them not, but trust in heaven!

II.

Trust in heaven! — when morning lifts  
Up her head, and casts her gifts,  
Light and dew, upon the earth;  
When she brings the blossoms forth,  
Till shall shine the stars of even,  
For a safeguard, trust in heaven!

III.

Trust in heaven! — when there afar  
Burneth many a glorious star;  
Canst *thou* doubt, when thus their light  
Gleams unshadowed through the night,  
That protection may be given  
To thy pillow? — trust in heaven!

IV.

Trust in heaven! — when one by one  
Sweet the waves of hope glide on,  
Leaving thee a wreck at last  
On the shore whence they have passed;  
Though thy heart be wrung and riven,  
Still forever trust in heaven!

V.

Trust in heaven! — when from its way  
Those thou lovest go astray;  
Strive, still strive to bring them back  
To its straight and thornless track;  
And that truth may soon be given  
To their spirits, trust in heaven!

VI.

Trust in heaven! — it shall not fail,  
When the darkest griefs prevail;  
And when death at length shall come,  
When around thee spreads his gloom,  
Pray that thou may’st be forgiven —  
Place thy dearest trust in heaven!

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\* It is known to the writer of this article, that a gentleman of enlarged philanthropy planned such an enterprise, and opened a negotiation a few months since, which, had it been successful, would have secured all that is wished. It was necessarily broken off, but it has not yet passed the possibility of accomplishment, should it be demanded by the public.

## STANZAS:

TO ELIZABETH ON HER SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,  
Which blow at day-break, droop ere even-song;  
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours  
Measured by what we are, and ought to be,  
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,  
Is not so long!

WORDSWORTH.

## I.

OPENING bud of vernal life,  
Watched with smiles and tears!  
Changing with the fitful strife  
Of love's hopes and fears:  
Hopes that, with enchanting eyes,  
Whisper of elysian skies,  
And a sunny path, which lies  
Through a world of bloom;  
Fears that frown in hope's despite,  
Muttering wild of storm and blight,  
And the swift untimely night  
Of an early tomb!

## II.

Hope still speaks thy weal to Fear,  
Fear to Hope thy wo;  
Which will prove the wiser seer,  
Time alone can show:  
I have learned that both may be  
Prophets false of destiny,  
Seeing what no ken can see  
In life's forward sky;  
But as onward still we grope,  
Let us trust that witching Hope  
Hath thy fate's dim horoscope  
Read with truer eye.

## III.

Yet in such a changing scene,  
Though thy lot be bright,  
Clouds shall frequent pass, I ween,  
O'er thy spirit's light:  
Maiden prime shall bring its snares,  
Riper years their matron cares;  
Time at broadcast scatters tares  
Where it sows the flowers;  
And in spite of our endeavor  
Loathed from lovely to dis sever,  
Side by side they twine, and ever  
Mingled crop is ours.

## IV.

Beauty like a glory lies  
O'er thy being now,  
Mirrored in thy glad blue eyes,  
And thy cherub brow;  
Wreathed with many a glossy tress  
Of such amber loveliness  
As no poet can express,  
Paint he e'er so well;  
And the budding lip, that shows  
More of ruby than of rose,  
And the dimpled cheek, which glows  
Like the rose-steeped shell.

## V.

Nursling of a rugged clime!  
These are now thy dower;  
But o'er these the despot Time  
Hath a demon's power;  
Speed can never foil his flight,  
Darkness muffle from his sight,  
Strength nor beauty stay his might,  
Though an angel plead;  
Nature's self is but his thrall —  
Oak and adamantine wall  
At his ruthless summons fall,  
Like a smitten reed.

## VI.

Yet to wisdom's clearer sight,  
Murmur as we may,  
Seems it vain to mourn the blight  
Of the flowers of clay;  
Frailer and less fair than those  
Which their tender charms disclose  
By the marge of lingering snows,  
In some sunny vale,  
Ere the earliest warblers bring  
Tidings of the loitering spring,  
And while winter's icy wing  
Shivers on the gale.

## VII.

Therefore, fairest, do not trust  
To so vain a stay;  
Beauty's but a nicer bust  
Of earth's common clay;  
Born to no diviner mood,  
Finer nerve or richer blood,  
Than her favored sisterhood,  
Humbler gifted, are;  
Hour by hour her graces fly,  
Fast her cherished roses die,  
And the glory of her eye  
Setteth like a star!

## VIII.

But thy being's nobler part,  
Inly throned to reign  
O'er the many-passioned heart,  
And the scheming brain—  
Give to that o'ermastering power,  
When the Will would snatch the flower  
From temptation's upas bower,  
Though the asp be seen  
Coiled within its charmed dyes;  
And when earth in chaos lies,  
Thou above the wreck shalt rise,  
Scathless and serene!

P.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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A LETTER FROM DOCTOR BRIGHAM TO DAVID M. REESE, M. D., Author of '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits.*' pp. 24.

THE author of '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits*' is exhibited, by this Letter of Dr. BRIGHAM, in a most humiliating and ridiculous aspect. By copious extracts from his work, and from the book it professes to review, he is convicted of gross professional mistakes; of using language which would disgrace a political libeller; of altering and mutilating sentences he professes to quote, so as entirely to pervert their original meaning; of ascribing to Dr. Brigham passages which are quotations in his work, and are marked as such; and even of inserting as extracts from his book, sentences and sentiments, the substance of which, either in meaning or language, is not to be found in that volume. Dr. Brigham asserts, and so far as we have examined, he proves, that *every one* of Dr. Reese's charges against his work, is based upon some palpable misstatement of his recorded opinions, or misquotation of his words. The '*Fruits of Phrenology*' was evidently intended by its author for circulation among those who would probably never see the work it affects to refute. The misquotations are too glaring, to be accounted for on any other theory: And no doubt the author's end will in a measure be attained, since his book will be read by many who may never see the work it pretends to discuss, nor the modest vindication contained in this Letter; and the charges of 'ignorance,' 'stupidity,' 'infidelity,' 'heresy,' and 'falsehood,' so rudely made, will pass unrefuted. So far at least, however, as the twenty or thirty thousand readers of this Magazine are concerned, it is our intention to obviate this result.

The pamphlet before us is written with such condensation as to render it difficult to make any satisfactory abstract. Dr. Brigham, in his former work, examined the influence of religious rites upon the physical condition of mankind, in all ages and in all countries. Among these, he discussed the fanatical proceedings of some Christian sects, in former times and at the present day; taking care to avow his belief in the 'divine origin' of Christianity—in its 'inconceivable beauty and philanthropy;' and averring that it alone 'was sufficient for man's salvation.' These expressions, though there are many others of similar import, were sufficiently explicit, in a treatise not *theological*, but purely *medical*. Dr. Reese endeavors to create the impression that Dr. Brigham treated only of the *Christian* religion, in its purest forms, and charged to its *legitimate influence* the horrid rites of human sacrifices, mutilations, etc. 'These enormities,' says Dr. Brigham, in reply, 'I never thought of attributing to true religion, and your motives for attempting to make your readers suppose I have done so, I leave you to explain.'

Dr. Reese's book is entitled, '*Phrenology Known by its Fruits*;' and these fruits, as contained in the work of Dr. Brigham, are said to be 'infidelity,' 'falsehood,' 'stupidity,' and 'an assault upon medical truth.' The Letter before us contains a summary of the peculiar doctrines of phrenology, as given by Professor Dunglinson, in his

Physiology, and conclusively shows, that not *one of those doctrines is contained in his book*. On the contrary, he adds, that he has 'never been a full believer in phrenology;' that observation has compelled him to believe in the plurality of the intellectual faculties, and of the organs of the brain by which they are exhibited; but that he has had neither time nor opportunity to verify the other doctrines of this science, though he confesses, in the words of Dr. Abernethy, his 'inability to offer any rational objections to Gall and Spurzheim's system of phrenology, as affording a satisfactory explanation of the nature of human actions.' It is evident, therefore, that the conclusions of Dr. Brigham are not the '*Fruits of Phrenology*,' whatever else they may be. Indeed, Dr. Reese's knowledge of that science is rendered very questionable, by sundry absurd mistakes in his allusions to it. For instance, he asserts that Dr. Gall 'located the organ of memory in *the eyes*!' and that 'all phrenologists agree in attributing the *faculty of speech*, and the *power of articulating sounds*, to the eyes!' These are mistakes which would hardly be made by any one of common reading, much less by a physician and a 'phrenologist!'

It was remarked by Dr. Brigham, that 'excitement of the mind increases the *action of the brain*.' It might be supposed that no respectable physiologist or metaphysician could entertain a doubt of the truth of this proposition. Not so Dr. Reese. He expends a considerable portion of his work in denouncing it—particularly the '*action of the brain*.' He calls it 'a dogma of phrenology,' 'an imp of phrenology,' a fiction of phrenological theory,' 'anatomically and physiologically false,' 'a visionary fable,' 'a physical impossibility,' and a 'metaphysical absurdity!' The *Letter* under notice very coolly refutes these polite denunciations, by pointing out a similar use of the same phraseology, by a host of the best medical writers; by the illustrious Cabanis, by Vicq-d'Azyr, Richerand, Prichard, and Magendi; by Drs. Rush, Jackson, and Dunglison, in this country, as well as by the best medical journals in Europe and America. After thus adducing the authority of nearly all the standard writers on physiology, he adds another—a very poor one, he admits—namely, Dr. Reese himself!—and then leaves him in the dilemma of choosing 'between ignorance of the best writers in his profession, or intentional misstatement.'

Several pages of the *Letter* are chiefly filled with examples of sentences, either misquoted, or so altered as entirely to change their meaning. The mangled paragraphs are marked as quotations of Dr. Brigham's own words. We shall extract but two or three examples. They are of so gross a character, that their exposure may be a warning against other similar attempts.

The following sentence is marked as a quotation from Dr. Brigham's book, and is denounced with great asperity. 'When a barbarian abolishes, of his own accord, polygamy, the mutilation of the body, castes, slavery, tyranny, and fanaticism, these absurdities once gone, the barbarian *becomes a Christian*!' The nearest parallel sentence in Dr. Brigham's book is as follows: 'No sooner does its (the Gospel's) morality enter into the hearts of barbarians, than they abolish, of their own accord, polygamy, the mutilation of the body, the usage of castes, slavery, tyranny, which is the contempt of man, and funaticism, which is the ignorance of God. These abominations once gone, what stands before the heathen idols, in the individual? What but a Christian?' And this sentence, the reader must furthermore be told, is a quotation by Dr. Brigham from a work of Aimè-Martin, which is spoken of by the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, as a 'production which teems with morality and real religion!'

Doctor Brigham cited from an article of Esquirol, in '*Le Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*,' the following passage: 'When Christianity appeared, it directed the minds of men to the unity of God—silenced the Oracles, by enlightening men, and consecrated and extended the opinion of Plato and Socrates, as to the existence of

spirits!' Observe Dr. Reese's violent misrepresentation of the sentiment: 'Among other *flagrant exhibitions of depravity and infidelity*, we are here taught that Christianity ONLY consecrated and extended the opinion of Plato and Socrates, as to the existence of spirits!' Well may Dr. Brigham exclaim, 'Oh Shame! Shame! where is thy blush!'

'Doctor Brigham broadly intimates,' says the author of 'Phrenology Known by its Fruits,' 'that theatre-going is not objectionable, on account of being injurious to the body!'

Doctor Brigham answers, by the only quotation from his book that relates to the subject: 'Every one knows that attendance upon theatres and balls is injurious to health. That hundreds of females lose their lives from complaints produced by attending them, few will doubt,' etc.

Dr. Reese: 'This' (viz., the influence of religion in preventing insanity) 'Dr. Brigham not only overlooks, but *utterly denies*.' Dr. Brigham had said, 'It is important to consider it is scarcely more true, that great and violent religious excitements, like all others, are injurious to health, than that the *entire neglect of devotion and religious duties is so*.'

Doctor Reese professes to quote the following words from the work he reviews: 'In all ages, religion has been one of the most fruitful sources of insanity.' Dr. Brigham replies, 'You have made up this sentence, and attributed it to me.' In several sentences, also, the word 'only' is inserted, so as to distort the meaning; in others 'on' is substituted for 'by,' etc.

After a long and loathsome catalogue of similar misquotations, Dr. Brigham adds, 'If any person is not satisfied with the dishonesty of the reviewer, I will furnish twice the number of instances I have already.'

After this effectual exposure of the professional ignorance and unfairness of his antagonist, Dr. Brigham inquires, 'What possible excuse have you for the abusive epithets which are on almost every page of your book? I select a few from several hundred, to refresh your memory, in the hope—(a hope which has led us to make this abstract)—that, warned by your example, they will never again be used in a religious, medical, or any other controversy.' A sufficient specimen of these epithets we have already reluctantly been forced to transcribe in this notice.

'Not content,' says Dr. Brigham, 'with villifying myself, you treat others no better, and deal damnation round' on some of the most virtuous and illustrious of our profession. Thus you pronounce Georget a *French infidel*, and Esquirol another *French infidel*. Where is the least particle of evidence of the truth of these charges? M. Georget died young—too soon for the good of science and humanity. But he lived long enough to acquire a reputation that has placed him in the front rank of distinguished medical men, and endeared his memory to the enlightened members of our profession in all countries. That he was an infidel, nothing in his writings indicates; and I presume you have not the least proof of your allegation. The illustrious Esquirol is still living—still devoting himself, though at an advanced age, to the welfare of suffering humanity. If there exists a man whose private worth, arduous and meritorious services, eloquent and useful writings, should have saved him from your calumniation, it should have saved him. That he is an infidel, *is not true*; and I trust there is not another medical man in our country but revolts at your attempt to villify him; and will with me rejoice, that after this *exposé*, it will be of no consequence what you say of any individual.'

"In regard to your charge of infidelity against my book," says Dr. Brigham, "I hardly consider it necessary to reply, farther than to say distinctly that it is *wholly false*." \* \* \* 'Words would have failed me, had I attempted to state, in full, my admiration of the religion of Christ, as exhibited in the gospel. In that religion, I see nothing but good.

and the highest good of mankind. It has already been, upon earth, the most powerful promoter of the welfare of man; but the good it is yet to accomplish, when its true spirit is generally perceived, I trust, will be far greater. \* \* \* Then it will be found to be something more than a *name*, for hypocrites and useless drones to assume, to obtain that notoriety, and to gain that bread, to which no merit they possess, and no labors they perform, entitle them.'

"Against this religion, I have never said one word; but, as a medical man, seeing evils, great evils, arising from certain practices lately introduced among some Christian sects, I ventured to address my countrymen." \* \* \* 'I said that *pure religion* — Christianity — had no such effect.' \* \* \* 'I stated, however, that great mental excitement and anxiety, produced by what are called religious protracted meetings — sometimes protracted forty days, and sometimes exclusively for children — together with anxious meetings, camp-meetings, numerous night meetings, exciting preaching, and alarming doctrines, caused insanity, and other diseases. I remain of this opinion, and presume that every intelligent physician, every candid and well-informed man in the country, believes it to be correct.'

The 'Letter' closes as follows, and every unprejudiced reader must admit, that the caustic severity of the paragraph is well deserved :

"But it is time to conclude; and I gladly do so, by submitting to the decision of my countrymen, whether I have done a good or an evil service to the country, in the work I published. To my professional brethren — to the hundreds of enlightened medical men in your city — I appeal for the correctness of the medical opinions I have advanced. Whether you have done a good service in assailing me, in the manner you have, and whether you have not been shown, in this short Letter, to be an ignoramus in your profession — a mere pretender to medical knowledge — a scurrilous controversialist — a libeller of your medical brethren, and a perverter of the truth — I also submit to the decision of the same tribunal."

The merited rebuke which public journals (including several which are religious, in the 'orthodox' sense of that much-abused term) have given Dr. Brigham's reviewer, since the publication of the present unanswerable and scorching exposé of his mode of warfare, together with the marked disapprobation which such unprincipled criticism has elicited, wherever in society its merits are discussed, and its injustice known, must serve to convince Dr. Reese that he acted unwisely, when he perilled the questionable controversial laurels which he had previously won, by engaging in unequal conflict with one so well qualified as Dr. Brigham to lay bare his ignorance and dishonesty. Now that his inflated pretensions are brought down to a level with his talents, by a necessary and most effective puncture, it may be hoped that the discomfited reviewer will be less anxious than heretofore to 'obtrude the private I upon the public eye,' or, at least, more guarded in the choice and use of his weapons offensive.

GIASFAR AL BARMUKI, A TALE OF THE COURT OF HAROUN AL RASCHID. In two vols. 12mo. pp. 446. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MADAM RUMOR, a lady not always to be believed, although there is generally a portion of truth in what she says, has assigned the authorship of these hard-named volumes to a professional gentleman of this city, who has never left his native country, and whose pursuits and duties have left him little leisure to prosecute literary enterprises. This may be, and we believe is, indeed true; but most readers will find it difficult to credit it, after a perusal of this his first offering to the literary public. They will find scenes of oriental splendor, and the manners and customs of the East, depicted in such faithful colors, as to lead them at once to conclude, that none but an eastern traveler, possessed of a quick eye and a ready pen, could have spread these pictures before them.

The time chosen by the author, and the Arabian despot whose reign marked that era, have before been employed, and with success, by writers who have nevertheless failed to impart the interest which these volumes are calculated to awaken. The main point upon which 'Giasfar Al Barmeki' turns — the destruction of the Barmecides by Haroun Al Raschid — as is well known, is a historical fact. Connected with this, however, is an under plot, managed with skill, and rendered highly exciting by an active imagination — which, preserving all the attractions of romance, still keeps within the bounds of nature — and a style remarkably appropriate, when it is considered that the work is from an unpractised hand. We recommend 'Giasfar Al Barmeki' to our readers, as a work of decided interest, and as a token, moreover, that the writer has the power, should he choose to exercise it, to throw a shadow over some American novelists whom we wot of, who have more fame but less genius than himself.

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**EAST AND WEST.** A Novel. By the Author of 'Clinton Bradshaw.' In two volumes. pp. 472. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

'CLINTON BRADSHAW' should have followed the present work, in the order of improvement, for to our way of thinking, it is in all respects superior to 'East and West,' which, as a novel, lacks many essential attributes. In the first place, it lacks plot. There are incidents enough, and now and then sketches which evince the capabilities of the author, were he adequately to digest in his mind a *traceable* plan of operations. What, for example, could be more graphic than the description of the contest and encounter of the steam-boats Turtle and Alexander, the bursting of the boiler of the latter, and the scenes which ensued? But this and kindred portions are but separate fragments, and not parts of a well-finished whole. There is another objection to the volumes under notice, and it is one to which 'Clinton Brandshaw' was also open, although to a much less degree. There is a want of refinement in the characters — especially in the male portraitures — which will strike the most casual reader. We should be loth to consider a western gentleman to be such as our author describes him. The defects, however, of 'East and West' appear to us more attributable to haste, and a want of well-digested method, than to lack of power on the part of the author. He is unquestionably a man of talent, and a close observer; and we look to see him avoid in future those drawbacks to his reputation, which have been pointed out in a spirit of kindness by his critics, and which we are sure his better judgment cannot fail to recognise.

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**THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.** By E. C. M'GUIRE. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. M'GUIRE, the author of this book, is, as we learn, a highly respectable clergyman of Virginia, a man of talents, and by marriage a member of the Washington family; and he has for many years made it an object to collect and arrange the materials of this work. It may reasonably be accepted, therefore, as a conscientious production, which the perusal abundantly proves. Nothing of fidelity in the narration, of pains in research, of care and good judgment in the selection of matter, and of skill in the arrangement of it, seems to have been wanting to render the volume altogether the most pleasant life of Washington we have ever seen comprehended in



the same space, with reference to the same object. Indeed, the task of bringing out the religious character of Washington has never before been fairly and well performed. It is, therefore, in this light, a welcome novelty, and ought to be as dear to every American Christian patriot, as if it were the only record of the life of a man so highly revered by his country, and by the world. Nay, it ought to be the more precious, and justly claims to have a place in every family in the nation, since of all the attempts to give the life of Washington to the world, it is the only one which unlocks and displays that secret of his character which made him what he was—what he has ever been believed and known to be—an honest patriot; and which proves that he was honest, because he was a Christian. It has ever been the wonder of the world, why the idol of *such* a nation, in *such* circumstances, should have declined, perseveringly and to the last, all the advantages of his position, except so far as he could confer benefit on his country and upon mankind. It was because Washington was a *Christian*—because he had the fear of God before his eyes. Nothing could shake his purpose of living for others and not for himself. Washington is an exception to the history of our race under similar circumstances—and this book shows how and why he was so.

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ASTORIA, OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. BY WASHINGTON IRVING. In two vols. pp. 564. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE general diffusion which this latest work of Mr. IRVING will have attained, long before these pages can reach our readers, must be our apology for not attempting, at so late a period, a detailed review which could possess neither newness nor interest to those by whom the volumes themselves have been devoured up. But we cannot permit the opportunity to pass, without expressing in brief our admiration of the exceedingly graphic and picturesque descriptions of exciting expeditions and adventures by land and sea, and the fine sketches of character, with which the work abounds. Indeed, as a history of the 'American Fur Company,' and of the large and important operations by which an eminent citizen has arisen to opulence and distinction, these volumes were alone well worthy of perusal and preservation. But when to this is superadded the charms of a diction kindred to that which has thrown a literary halo around the history of the 'world-seeking Genoese,' the result may readily be anticipated. Without enlarging, therefore, for the reasons stated, upon the merits of the work in detail, we proceed to transfer a separate picture, and the only one for which we can make room, of a striking scene, which we cannot but hope some American artist may think worthy—as it undoubtedly is—of the pencil.

It should be premised, that Mr. M'Kay is the interpreter, and that the Tonquin was a fine vessel, of two hundred and ninety tons burthen, employed in the first expedition planned by Mr. Astor, to carry out the people, stores, ammunition, and merchandise, requisite for establishing a fortified trading-post at the mouth of Columbia river. An Indian chief, receiving an indignity from a bluff trading-manager on board the ship, then lying at the mouth of Columbia river, goes on shore, and on the following morning his tribe return in canoes, for the ostensible purpose of trade, and, contrary to the caution enjoined by Mr. Astor, are permitted to clamber into the vessel from ever side:

"The officer of the watch now felt alarmed, and called to Captain Thorn and Mr. M'Kay. By the time they came on deck, it was thronged with Indians. The interpreter noticed to Mr. M'Kay that many of the natives wore short mantles of skins, and

intimated a suspicion that they were secretly armed. Mr. M'Kay urged the captain to clear the ship and get under way. He again made light of the advice; but the augmented swarm of canoes about the ship, and the numbers still putting off from shore, at length awakened his distrust, and he ordered some of the crew to weigh anchor, while some were sent aloft to make sail.

"The Indians now offered to trade with the captain on his own terms, prompted, apparently, by the approaching departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in barter, were knives; as fast as some were supplied they moved off, and others succeeded. By degrees they were thus distributed about the deck, and all with weapons.

"The anchor was now nearly up, the sails were loose, and the captain, in a loud and peremptory tone, ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given: it was echoed on every side, knives and war-clubs were brandished in every direction, and the savages rushed upon their marked victims.

"The first that fell was Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning, with folded arms, over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he received a deadly stab in the back, and fell down the companionway.

"Mr. M'Kay, who was seated on the taffrail, sprang on his feet, but was instantly knocked down with a war-club and flung backwards into the sea, where he was despatched by the women in the canoes.

"In the meantime, Captain Thorn made desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful as well as resolute man, but he had come upon deck without weapons. Shewish, the young chief, singled him out as his peculiar prey, and rushed upon him at the first outbreak. The captain had barely time to draw a claspknife, with one blow of which he laid the young savage dead at his feet. Several of the stoutest followers of Shewish now set upon him. He defended himself vigorously, dealing crippling blows to right and left, and strewing the quarterdeck with the slain and wounded. His object was, to fight his way to the cabin, where there were fire-arms; but he was hemmed in with foes, covered with wounds, and faint with loss of blood. For an instant he leaned upon the tiller wheel, when a blow from behind, with a war club, felled him to the deck, where he was despatched with knives and thrown overboard.

"While this was transacting upon the quarterdeck, a chance medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The crew fought desperately with knives, handspikes, and whatever weapon they could seize upon in the moment of surprise. They were soon, however, overpowered by numbers, and mercilessly butchered.

"As to the seven who had been sent aloft to make sail, they contemplated with horror the carnage that was going on below. Being destitute of weapons, they let themselves down by the running rigging, in hopes of getting between decks. One fell in the attempt, and was instantly despatched; another received a death blow in the back as he was descending; a third, Stephen Weekes, the armorer, was mortally wounded as he was getting down the hatchway.

"The remaining four made good their retreat into the cabin, where they found Mr. Lewis, still alive, though mortally wounded. Barricading the cabin door, they broke holes through the companionway, and, with the muskets and ammunition which were at hand, opened a brisk fire which soon cleared the deck.

"Thus far the Indian interpreter, from whom these particulars are derived, had been an eye-witness of the deadly conflict. He had taken no part in it, and had been spared by the natives as being of their race. In the confusion of the moment he took refuge with the rest in the canoes. The survivors of the crew now sallied forth, and discharged some of the deck guns, which did great execution among the canoes, and drove all the savages to shore.

"For the remainder of the day no one ventured to put off to the ship, deterred by the effects of the fire-arms. The night passed away without any further attempt on the part of the natives. When the day dawned, the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, and no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoitre, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance, but growing more and more emboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man at length made his appearance on the deck, and was recognised by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made friendly signs, and invited them on board. It was long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no opposition; no one was to be seen on board; for Mr. Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other canoes now pressed forward to board the prize; the decks were soon crowded, and the sides covered with clambering savages, all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unhurt into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement, the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. The ship had disappeared, but the bay was covered with fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death;

while those who had escaped the danger remained aghast and stupified, or made with frantic panic for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many more were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterward the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach.

"The inhabitants of Neweetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women filled the air with loud lamentations. Their weeping and wailing, however, was suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men, brought captive into the village. They had been driven on shore in one of the ship's boats, and taken at some distance along the coast.

"The interpreter was permitted to converse with them. They proved to be the four brave fellows who had made such desperate defence from the cabin. The interpreter gathered from them some of the particulars already related. They told him further, that, after they had beaten off the enemy, and cleared the ship, Lewis advised them that they should slip the cable and endeavor to get to sea. They declined to take his advice, alleging that the wind set too strongly into the bay, and would drive them on shore. They resolved, as soon as it was dark, to put off quietly in the ship's boat, which they would be able to do unperceived, and to coast along back to Astoria. They put their resolution into effect; but Lewis refused to accompany them, being disabled by his wound, hopeless of escape, and determined on a terrible revenge. On the voyage out, he had repeatedly expressed a presentiment that he should die by his own hands; thinking it highly probable that he should be engaged in some contest with the natives, and being resolved, in case of extremity, to commit suicide, rather than be made a prisoner. He now declared his intention to remain on board of the ship until daylight, to decoy as many of the savages on board as possible, then to set fire to the powder magazine, and terminate his life by a signal act of vengeance. How well he succeeded has been shown. His companions bade him a melancholy adieu, and set off on their precarious expedition. They strove with might and main to get out of the bay, but found it impossible to weather a point of land, and were at length compelled to take shelter in a small cove, where they hoped to remain concealed until the wind should be more favorable. Exhausted by fatigue and watching, they fell into a sound sleep, and in that state were surprised by the savages. Better had it been for those unfortunate men had they remained with Lewis and shared his heroic death: as it was, they perished in a more painful and protracted manner, being sacrificed by the natives to the manes of their friends with all the lingering tortures of savage cruelty. Some time after their death, the interpreter, who had remained a kind of prisoner at large, effected his escape, and brought the tragical tidings to Astoria."

'Astoria' is destined to occupy no middle rank in the productions of its author; a fact of which the publishers seem to have been aware, if we may judge from the creditable pains which they have taken to present it to the public in a handsome and durable dress.

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**THE LADIES' WREATH:** A selection from the Poetic Writers of England and America. With Original Notices and Notes. Prepared especially for Young Ladies. By Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, Author of 'Northwood,' 'Flora's Interpreter,' 'Traits of American Life,' etc. One vol. pp. 408. Boston: MARSH, CAPEN AND LYON.

IN a former number of this Magazine, we gave notice of the coming appearance of the handsome volume now before us: and we take pleasure in saying, that the favorable predictions which we ventured in relation to its character, have in our judgment been amply fulfilled. Mrs. Hale has given liberal selections from twelve female poets of England, and from an equal number of those of our own country. These selections are made with fine taste, and with that regard for useful, moral, and religious inculcation, which forms so prominent a feature in all the literary labors of the author-compiler. A short sketch of the personal history of the writers, together with terse but judicious criticisms, accompany their productions. The volume is intended for young ladies — 'as a mirror,' to adopt the language of an excellent preface, 'bright and polished, in which they may see reflected the beauty of virtue, the loveliness of the domestic affections, and the happiness of piety.' To the pure-hearted, or those who would become so, and to all whose bosoms are sometimes alive to the chastened and refining influences of good poetry, we cordially commend the 'Ladies' Wreath.'

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**PARK THEATRE — MISS ELLEN TREE.** — The public have at length been gratified, and their high hopes fully realized. Miss ELLEN TREE has satisfied the most judicious, that the almost unqualified admiration which the English public have bestowed upon her, has not exceeded her fair deserts. No one will expect to find in Miss Tree those wonderful characteristics which hallow the memory of Mrs. Siddons; none will look at her and expect an embodiment of the genius of tragedy, such as that which placed the great English Melpomene immeasurably beyond rivalry; yet can *all* say of her, and with equal justice, what was so truly said of Mrs. Siddons: 'The spectator weeps when she weeps, smiles when she smiles, and each emotion of her heart becomes in turn his own.'

Perhaps the great feature in Miss Tree's acting is *delicacy*. A high degree of refinement is perceptible in all she does. There is nothing to astonish, but every thing to admire, and *grow* pleased with — every thing to increase our delight, the longer we contemplate, or the closer we scrutinize. Her acting, like Macready's, evinces great study by its absolute perfection — not by its measured mannerisms. Like Macready, again, she is always sure — she can be always depended upon — is at all times excellent; and unlike Kean, neither surprisingly great, nor indifferently tame. Another great charm in Miss Tree's impersonations, is their natural truth. They are in fact, for the time being, the very realities which they are intended to represent. No one can look upon Miss Tree's representations, without being struck with admiration at the perfect reliance which she seems to place upon the complete power of the *natural* expression of the sentiment over her audience, and at the utter contempt for every thing like clap-trap, or any one of the miserable resources of petty minds, to produce an effect upon her hearers. Her acting is in its character like an unruffled stream, beautiful in its repose; but as surely and as naturally as the same water is disturbed and agitated by the storm, so is the serenity of her feelings acted upon and ruffled by the storm of passion which descends upon it. We have seen those who upon the stage were in a constant state of ferment and agitation. Like a brawling brook, they were always fretting — making more noise than the majestic river, which, in its silent course, moves on in its irresistible power. There is no such harshness in Miss Tree — no abruptness — none of that habitual starting and tragedy-trick, which so often mar the beauty of the best-drawn characters. There is more of the *woman* about Miss Tree — if we can be understood by this expression — than in any other actress we have ever seen; a particularly feminine grace in her character, which does not leave her, even when she appears in male attire, or in a character which is really meant to be masculine. And who is there that will not admire her the more for possessing at *all* times the true grace of her sex? For ourselves, we must say, that we never affected a lady in pantaloons, on or off the stage — literally or morally — until Ellen Tree, in a male character, destroyed our scruples. But with all this delicacy, let it not be understood that our actress is tame. On the contrary, we know of none whose expressions of hate, anguish, fear, despair, anger, or any of the stronger passions, are more natural, or irresistibly powerful. Leaving out altogether Lady Macbeth, and those characters of mighty compass, which none but a Siddons ever did or could represent, and we have in Miss Ellen Tree all that the most scrupu-

lous can desire, to make up the composition of a great actress. In short, to parody the words and not the sense of Shakespeare: 'This *Tree* hath robbed many trees of their several additions. She is graceful as the poplar, majestic as the oak, melancholy as the willow, profuse in beauty as the magnolia, tender as the orange, delicate yet enduring as the locust. Like the cedar of Lebanon, an evergreen, redolent of sweets, whose sacred oil, when used to preserve from decay the books of the fathers was but a type of that intellectual essence, wherewith she embalms the thoughts and inspirations of genius in our memories for ever.'

c.

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EDITORS' DRAWER. — We resume, and conclude for the present, our examination of the brief articles appropriate to this department. Similar papers, now in hand, will be discussed in a future number.

THE following reply to the queries of 'D.,' in the Knickerbocker for December, is timely, and, as it seems to us, well reasoned and conclusive:

*To the Editors of the Knickerbocker:*

GENTLEMEN: A sensible correspondent of yours, over the signature of 'D.,' proposes an attempt at an exposition of the following passage of Locke's Essay; and as I deem that quotation one of the finest specimens of writing in that great work of genius, I hasten to furnish him with my interpretation of it. Locke says:

'Reason is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of Truth which he has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. Revelation is natural reason, enlarged by a new set of discoveries, communicated by God immediately, which reason vouches the truth of by the testimony and proofs it gives that they come from God. So that he who takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same, as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.'

This statement contains a just and profound view of the object of a revelation from heaven, and of the office to be performed by reason in the examination of its credentials. The obscurity in the language of Locke, to which your correspondent refers, arises out of the difference between the ordinary meaning of the term revelation, and that technical import which is given it in theological treatises. Revelation is either natural or supernatural. In the first sense we use this word when we say, that as soon as day-light appeared, our dangerous condition was clearly revealed to us, or such a person revealed all the facts which were confided to him, under an injunction of secrecy. Supernatural revelation, implies a miraculous communication of truth to mankind, by immediate inspiration of God. In the first of these meanings, therefore, reason is very aptly said by Locke, to be natural revelation, since all the truths at which we arrive through its instrumentality, must come to us *mediately*, though not *immediately*, from the great Father of light and fountain of all wisdom. May not the magnificent scene presented to us in the external world, be said to be revealed to us by God, through the action of the eye, or external organs of vision? So reason may be regarded as the internal organ of vision, or mental eye, which discloses to us the impalpable world of truth and knowledge.

Again: Revelation is natural reason enlarged by a new set of discoveries communicated by God immediately, which reason vouches the truth of by the testimony and proofs it gives that they come from God. That is, revelation in its technical import, is an enlargement of the knowledge of mankind by a new set of discoveries communicated immediately or supernaturally by God. And as we say, that a man may have a narrow or enlarged reason or understanding, according to his degree of information, so by these communications from heaven, and under this supernatural dispensation, the reason or knowledge of mankind may be said to be enlarged by a new set of discoveries. Or what is equivalent to this statement, a state of revelation, as contradistinguished from a mere state of natural reason, is that in which the reason or knowledge subsisting in the world is enlarged by revelations from heaven. Locke means to affirm, that all the truths to which the human mind can attain by the exercise of its native faculties, may be regarded as a kind of natural revelation, made to us by the Fountain of all wisdom, inasmuch as he bestows the powers which enable us to attain them, but where our knowledge ceases, or when we arrive at the boundaries which are prescribed to our researches, there revelation approaches, and opens new fields of knowledge.

But farther: When revelations to us are announced, upon what grounds are we to receive them as genuine communications from heaven? It would not do to give credit to every person making pretensions to divine illumination, or we might have become the dupes of every impostor, from Simon Magus to the infamous Matthias. How, then, are we to guard against endless impositions, unless revelations be considered as appeals to our reason and understandings, which, in the language of Locke, are to become 'vouchers for their truth from the testimony and proofs which are given that they come from God?' If reason is not made the umpire which is to decide the authenticity of a revelation, we should open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and most atrocious impostures. It does not follow, however, from this appeal to reason, that she must necessarily abuse her powers. It will be her province to discriminate the cases, in which the truths revealed are within or above her comprehension, from their very nature, and yet sustained by adequate proof, from those which are to be repudiated, as contradictory to her clearest dictates.

From this explanation, I think, we cannot fail to perceive the force and beauty of Locke's conclusion, 'so that he who takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.' Could a more apt and beautiful illustration be invented by human genius? I recommend it to the especial consideration of all those divines in our country, who seem to imagine that they are exalting the honors of revelation, when they are disparaging the pretensions of human reason, and making it as blind as a bat in matters of religion, when in the investigations of science, it can weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, subject the laws of nature to its dominion, and even scan the heavens. Right reason will always be the hand-maid to true religion, and the enlightened clergyman will never entertain any apprehensions about the progress of sound science. If the Bible be the word of God, it can never be found in contrariety to the volume of his works. Originating in the same unerring wisdom, they must be found in harmony, if rightly interpreted. He who would destroy reason, therefore, to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, because reason is the inward eye, which not only discerns all natural and moral truth, but is the only organ that enables us to perceive those remote truths which are disclosed to it by the light of revelation. Revelation may become to it the telescope, by whose aid only it can bring those truths, like invisible stars, within its sphere of vision; but it can no more supersede its functions in the apprehension of those truths, than the use of that optical instrument can preclude the necessity of the natural organ, in the observation of the heavenly bodies. The aptitude and beauty of this illustration may be still farther exhibited, by extending the points of analogy. Suppose the remote star which we desire to descry, to represent a future state of existence after death. Revelation may be symbolized by the telescope, which enables us to discern it. Now, as, after we have obtained a distinct view of the heavenly orb, through our optical glasses, it would be very unreasonable to deny its existence because it could not be discerned by the naked eye, or because its properties, as disclosed to us, are incompatible with those conceptions which we have previously formed of those planets, that come within the reach of more minute scrutiny, so also, it is equally irrational, to repudiate the doctrine of the soul's immortality, when clearly revealed, because we can attain but indistinct and inadequate ideas of the mode of its existence, and the offices it will perform in that future condition. It is enough that we can discern the remote star, through the aid of the telescope, to induce us to believe in the certainty of its existence in the regions of space. It is enough to convince us of the soul's immortality, that it is clearly disclosed to us in an authentic revelation.

Nor, finally, does this view of the subject supersede the exercise of Christian faith. It only strips it of the characteristics of a blind credulity, and communicates to it the properties of a rational belief. Christian faith is a lively and operative conviction of the truths of Christianity; and surely this is a plant which will as readily spring up, grow, and flourish in the soil of reason, and, I will say, too, of sound science, as in the rank and uncultured ground of ignorance and superstition. Nay, it becomes a more wholesome and productive tree, in proportion as the mould from which it grows is better formed by nature, and cultured by art and learning.

F. B.

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'JUNIVS, JR.,' in a private note, 'is of opinion that, by giving place to a communication of the Rev. FREDERICK BEASLEY, to which Junius, Jr. replied, and by also giving the reverend gentleman the last opportunity — that is, the opening and closing speech — the editors have dealt unfairly by the parties. If they also think so,' he adds, 'they will please give place to a reply to the article in question, contained in the November number of the Knickerbocker.' The request is but a just one, and we cheerfully comply with the wishes of our correspondent. Since, however, the matter now stands precisely

as we supposed it to remain when we expressed a similar decision, on a former occasion, we would repeat that, so far as this Magazine is concerned, the further discussion of this subject in its pages must be considered as at an end.

DEAR SIR: I have no wish to knock down your argument, and place mine on its top, by my 'superior skill.' I merely wish to clear away the rubbish of error, being satisfied that truth will, in all such cases, be found on the top. I have, therefore, expressed freely my sense of the question at issue, and shall be equally rejoiced, which ever side may prevail, so that *veritas* be triumphant.

The nature of your argument against Hume, I think I fully comprehend. It is built on an attempt to show, that as human testimony in some cases amounts to certainty, it therefore 'does not always rest on a variable experience.' This appears to me to be a contradiction in terms. The very circumstance of its being sometimes true, and sometimes false, constitutes its variability. So far as I have learned, it always has been variable: I know that this is the character of testimony in the present day, and until it becomes uniformly true, or uniformly false, it will always continue to be variable. Not so with our experience of the laws or modes of nature: these are uniform, constantly pursuing the same course of causes and effects.

It appears, therefore, that your attempt to prove that *testimony is sometimes uniformly true*, is a kind of special pleading entirely one side from Mr. Hume's argument.

If, as you observe, miracles are the only evidence which should produce conviction of supernatural communications, or are the only authentic credentials of a divine mission, (and it appears to me to be quite reasonable that it should require the exhibition of a miracle to produce belief in so strange an event,) then it follows that we have no means in our reach to produce such conviction, for we are entirely without miracles, and are under the necessity of being satisfied with human testimony.

Let me put this in a more condensed position. You say: 'By miracles *alone* can any one who makes pretensions to supernatural communication expect to produce conviction in the minds of others.' But we are without miracles, therefore those making such pretensions ought not to expect to produce conviction.

Again: 'Miracles are the *only* authentic credentials of a divine mission.' But those pretending to such mission have shown us no miracles, therefore their credentials are wanting.

You put into the mouth of your opponents such a syllogism as this: 'Testimony is sometimes doubtful and deceptive: that which is sometimes deceptive must always be so; therefore testimony is always deceptive.' It will not be necessary to call in the wisdom of Solomon, or the strength of Sampson, to knock down this argument of straw. It will only be necessary to repeat the idea of Hume; that *testimony is sometimes doubtful and deceptive*; it cannot therefore furnish as strong proof as the *laws of nature*, which experience has proved to be uniform.

Allow me to quote another of your arguments, in which you appear to reason on the right side. 'It is clear that in regard to the constitution and laws of nature, we can neither attain to intuitive or demonstrative certainty. If we could do this, the affair would be summarily settled, and no room left for doubt. We should then be as sure that a dead man could or could not be raised, as that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.' Are then the alleged miracles, events 'conformable to the constitution and laws of nature,' but of which we are uncertain? If so, they are not miracles. Hume defines a miracle to be 'a violation of the laws of nature.' Gleig, Buck, Brown, and others, as well as yourself, define it in the same manner. It appears, from your reasoning alone, that the constitution and laws of nature are so certain, that if we were sufficiently acquainted with them, we could depend on their operations with the same certainty that the three angles, etc. But a miracle is an alleged violation or inversion of the laws and constitution of nature, therefore it is as certain that a miracle never occurred 'as that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.'

The earthquake at Lisbon was an unusual, though a *natural* event: it gives therefore no suspicion of the certainty of the operation of 'the constitution and laws of nature,' and can furnish no argument in favor of miracles, which are events contrary to nature.

You have again instanced courts of justice, but as you still omit to name a trial in which a miracle would be involved, allow me to suppose a case which a uniform experience of the laws of nature would render obvious. Would a jury render a verdict for damages, however strong the testimony, if an action was brought to recover the value of a horse and cart, upon the ground that the trespasser had swallowed them? You may perhaps think that I am disposed to treat the subject with levity. It is not so. I have sought in vain for an instance which should be at once obvious and serious. I am persuaded that the air of comic absurdity belongs to the *nature* of the proposition. Indeed I have very little doubt, that if you would endeavor to rid yourself of your preconceived opinions, and would look at miracles, with the evidence only by which they are backed and opposed, free from the prejudice of education, and the influence of popular belief, even you would soon begin to smile at your own credulity.

Your long and eloquent pleading to bolster up testimony, and to render experience of

the laws of nature doubtful, would perhaps persuade, if reason and common sense were not necessary to discover truth. 'But truth,' says the learned Hosack, 'should attract by her simplicity as well as beauty. Where you discern much paint and artifice, beware of your embraces.'

I have read many replies, but no sufficient answer to this argument of Mr. Hume. It is one of those arguments which stand in their simplicity and immovable truth, like granite peaks, around which the ever-shifting alluvium of theology may change its forms and positions, but without being able to cover or destroy them.

For your good wishes and courtesy, allow me to return my hearty thanks, and to subscribe myself your sincere friend and servant,

JUNIUS JR.

WHAT a hold has NAPOLEON BONAPARTE upon the imagination — not to say sympathy — of mankind! It has been said of his followers, that they borrowed a splendor from the sun of the world, which vanished with its source. This may be true: but his was not that sunset

——— 'whose glory, while we view,  
Is lost to earth, and all around is blue.'

There is a gorgeous twilight, even yet, about the track of the long-descended orb. How much has been written, and how much continues to be written, of the great conqueror! He is a live-long theme. The following is one of *five* articles of verse now before us, on the same general topic:

#### LAMENT OF AN AUSTERLITZ VETERAN.

My glance was not fearfully dim,  
Nor the hair on my temples all hoary,  
When, guided through danger by him,  
I came from the fight red with glory:  
Old badges of Valor recall  
The Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

When I think of that isle in the brine,  
Where his cold shrouded relics are lying —  
Where winds with rough surges combine,  
And his dirge are eternally sighing,  
Tears, tears, like the rain, warmly fall  
For the Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

In dreams of the night I behold  
His legions to battle advancing,  
While conquering eagles unfold  
Bright wings o'er his cavalry prancing,  
And again I rejoice in the call  
Of thy world-waking trumpet, oh Gaul!

Once more on my withering cheek  
The storm of the Switzer is blowing,  
And the vulture of War whets his beak,  
Where the sands of the desert are glowing —  
And our chief, in the Mameluke tall,  
Sees a foe not unworthy of Gaul.

Again the red war-eagle builds  
His perch in the tottering Kremlin,  
And the sunbeam of Austerlitz gilds  
The field with artillery trembling —  
But Morning robe Night of her pall,  
And I mourn the lost Hero of Gaul.

I was steadfast to suffering France,  
When the wild winds of Faction blew on her,  
And Hate shook the murderous lance,  
And he gave me this bright cross of Honor.  
These scars, won at Lodi, recall  
The Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.



Could I but have stood by his bed  
 When his soul from the fetter that bound him  
 To mix with mad elements fled,  
 That long had been warring around him,\*  
 One heart would have burst, as the pall  
 Was flung o'er the Hero of Gaul.

O, would that you Seine near his tomb  
 Could wander, his requiem swelling,  
 And the sunshine of France could illumine  
 The cold, earthen roof of his dwelling:  
 That the tears of Remembrance could fall  
 On the grave of thy Hero, oh Gaul!

Repining is vain! Near the place  
 Where he moulders, the willow is trailing,  
 And Ocean the rock-guarded base  
 Of the desolate isle is assailing;  
 The storm-cloud alone weeps the fall  
 Of the Hero that sleeps far from Gaul.

October, 19, 1836.

W. H. C. H.

HERE is a touch of 'these times,' which will serve to relieve the more solid dishes here served up, as it were at a side table. The writer is far better off, with his cheerful spirit and humor, than many a rich man, who, although having great possessions, is yet laboring to reach a certain satisfactory point in wealth, but finds that boundary a 'financial horizon, that recedes as he advances.'

#### THE TIMES.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS: The times are strangely out of joint. The dislocation occurred somewhere about two years since; and although we have a superabundance of physicians and surgeons, no relief has yet been afforded to the patient. Some recommend one thing, and some another; but instead of putting the unfortunate subject on the mending hand, the treatment has but increased the malady, and our ears are now continually assailed with the unpleasant music of ill-suppressed sighs and open groans.

In the mercantile world, there seems to be a deficiency of the circulating medium, and paper money, once very abundant, is now so scarce, that only a privileged few can obtain even a glimpse at a five-dollar note, to say nothing of being so fortunate as to own one. It is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing a genuine bank-note, that I have almost forgotten how they look. A friend of mine has one in his possession, and has promised to show it to me. I have in my drawer, several counterfeit bills, which I prize as highly as one does the portrait of a departed friend, whom he may never look upon again. I take great pleasure in regarding these dear images — these excellent copies of those soft and flimsy objects, with which the innermost pocket of my wallet was once so familiar. How delightful it is to look upon those exquisitely finished miniatures of Franklin and Washington, which adorn the ends of the little creatures! and how I love to contemplate Martius Curtius leaping into the yawning gulf, or that half-dressed female who sits so gracefully upon a rock, holding a pair of scales in her hand, while a pretty merchant ship is sailing plump against her back! And oh! how many tears have I shed, while reading the glorious promise so beautifully recorded thereon, in German text, and other kinds of letters, that if the bearer would come unto the President, he should receive one, two, ten, or a hundred dollars, as the case might be. It forcibly reminds me of by-gone days, when the times were so prosperous that I often had it in my power to walk with a bold front to the paying teller of a bank, and demand five silver dollars in exchange for a bill. Now, alas! I am crest-fallen. I can no longer run the banks, nor look a director in the face, and say I ask no favors. My bank-book has lain undisturbed on my shelf for the last six months. I have not had occasion, during the whole of that period, to deposit a single dollar. My pocket-wallet has been so long without its natural food, that it looks like a beggar in a famine, so lank, wrinkled, and altogether worthless, does it appear. Once it was as portly as an alderman after the annual dinner; and when distended with V's and X's to its utmost capacity, it was indeed a circumstance in my pocket, worth noticing. But now it lies like a flimsy rag among my keys, knife, and tooth-pick, and has not been opened since the first day of August, when I made the third and last thorough search into its empty

\* 'The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around.' — SCOTT.

recesses, thinking that possibly there might be a stray bill which, in my better days, had been unintentionally separated from the others, and overlooked. Fruitless search! Vain scrutiny! All the pockets and folds had long since been divested of every thing like money, and nothing remained save a strip of soiled paper, cut from the *Star*, containing an advertisement of several thousand dollars to loan on bond and mortgage. By the way, I had made a bold push for that money, and should doubtless have obtained it, but for the want of real estate to offer as security. The individual rather declined loaning on my personal credit, although I showed him a good character, which I had obtained from a distinguished phrenologist, and declared, upon my honor, that I would one day return the whole amount, with lawful interest thereon. Observing, as I thought, that he hesitated, my pride would not suffer me to urge the matter.

These changes in the times have a wonderful influence, not only over the inward but the outward man. Whenever you see a mercantile gentleman getting into flesh, and carry a smirk upon his countenance as he trips along the street, scarcely recognising his best and most intimate friends, depend upon it he is not only doing a prosperous business, but is extremely easy in his finances. If he is over-fat, and unable to button his new coat without difficulty, you may rest assured that his profits for the last six months have not been less than ten thousand dollars. He has not realized the tithe of that sum, but he has it on paper. When he begins to diminish, it is the consequence of having heard of numerous losses by the failure of those indebted to him; and if he continues to decrease, you may safely conclude that he is doing a bad business, and not accommodated so freely at the bank as formerly. When he is positively lean, and not sufficiently large, by one-third, to fill the clothes once too small for his dimensions, his friends begin to grow alarmed, and he is advised on all hands to spend the winter in St. Augustine or St. Croix. His lungs are affected, and his physicians prescribe a southern climate, as the last resort. How poorly do the pitying friends and physicians understand his case! The air of Wall-street will do him more good than that of the West Indies, and the gentlemen-shavers of that celebrated neighborhood, are more skilful in the treatment of his malady than our best physicians, provided he have such security as will authorize a loan, as a special favor, at four per cent. a month. They can fill up his vest, and make him, in a very few days, as good as new. Yet these men are not aware of the extraordinary power they possess, to cover the poor fellow's bones with their natural quantity of flesh and blood; nor do they know how frequently they reverse the operation, and reduce a man from the top to the bottom in the scale of humanity, so far as concerns the measure of his 'muddy vesture of clay.' They can accommodate a merchant or speculator with fifty or seventy-five pounds of good solid flesh, and they can recall the loan at their own sovereign will and pleasure, in spite of canvass-backs and roast beef. Their power is almost despotic, and they are not far behind the autocrat of all the Russias, in playing the devil with their subjects. Nicholas can take the lives of those whom he commands; but the Wall-street despot, if he cannot consign his subject to the bow-string, has the magic art of depriving him of sleep, of thrusting his eyes back into their sockets, of taking the color from his cheeks, (and, not unfrequently, of transferring it to his nose,) and of making his ribs so articulate that they may be counted through an overcoat. Oh ye whose organs of conscientiousness are small, and your capitals large, and who, with a political figure of speech, may justly be called private 'monsters,' reflect upon the awful responsibility which rests upon you, in consequence of possessing such enormous power to do good or to do evil, as your interest may dictate! Have a regard for the feelings of those who require your aid, and be satisfied with two and a half per cent. per month, and not over-particular about the security! If you can double your capitals in twelve months, be content with what moderate men would call a living profit, and do not reduce us to the necessity of diminishing our establishments, nor compel our wives and daughters to forego their annual parties—the unkindest cut of all! In more prosperous times, depend upon it we will remember the favors extended to us in the days of our adversity, and will never be ungrateful for the kind manner in which you took us by the hand, and led us safely over the 'slough of despond,' asking in return only full payment for the temporary bridge you erected for our convenience.

A CORRESPONDENT at Rochester, in this state, has addressed us the following note, confirmatory of the correctness of the assumption of this Magazine, in relation to the authorship of 'The Doctor':

GENTLEMEN: By way of addendum to the conclusive article in the November number of the *Knickerbocker*, touching the authorship of 'The Doctor,' permit me to suggest another 'certain sign.'

In the chapter 'concerning Love and Marriage, and Marriage without Love,' (vol. I. pp. 221, 222,) the author quotes the annexed stanzas from 'Zophiel,' and adds: 'So

sings MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses :

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul  
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
To look on happiness : these hurt, impede,  
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,  
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove to fair Palmyra flying,  
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,  
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,  
Love's pure, congenial spring, unfound, unquaffed,  
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing,  
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

The poetess whom Dr. Southey styles 'Maria del Occidente,' is our fair country-woman, MRS. MARY A. BROOKS. The first canto of 'Zophiel' was published at Boston, in 1825, and met but a cold reception on this side the Atlantic. A copy of the poem, however, fell under the observation of the Laureate, who, learning that it had been received with indifference in this country, addressed a letter to Mrs. Brooks, desiring her to publish the remaining cantos in England, and offering to superintend their introduction to the British public. This was not done; and probably the existence of 'Zophiel' is known to scarce a man in England, save 'the most book-ful of Laureates.' To how many is it known in the United States?

This circumstance, (let it go for what it is worth, in reference to the identity of Southey and the author of 'The Doctor,') is worthy of publication, for the sake of keeping alive the memory of his courtesy. s.

THE following remarks in relation to the great *American Dictionary* of Dr. WEBSTER were accompanied by a printed article from the pen of the venerable lexicographer, exposing numerous errors in RICHARDSON'S Dictionary, a work which seems recently to have received a large amount of reverberating eulogy, from the journals of the day. For this article, at the late hour at which it was received, we regret that we have not space. We are glad of an opportunity, however — while we yield all praise to Richardson's work, as an invaluable historical thesaurus of the language, and one well calculated to be useful to scholars — to express our concurrence with the opinions of our correspondent — who, it may be proper to premise, is neither Dr. WEBSTER himself, nor one who writes by his dictation, or with his knowledge.

*To the Editors of the Knickerbocker —*

GENTLEMEN : The great *American Dictionary* of Dr. Webster attracts less attention and respect, at this moment, than it will a century hence. The public do not fully know the sources of the frequent paltry and illiberal attacks upon this work, or they would give them less weight and consideration. The tribe of elementary book-makers in this country is very numerous. They engross, indeed, almost the only profitable branch of literary labor. The compilers of school-dictionaries spelling-books, reading-lessons, etc., etc., are arrayed in a body against the American Dictionary, because, if its principles prevail, many of their books will be supplanted by those of Dr. Webster. The publishers of these heterogeneous productions, and all who re-publish English dictionaries, have a common interest in depreciating the merits of our American lexicographer. A little reflection will suggest, that these various interests embrace a numerous host, who are strongly stimulated by self-interest, who wield ready pens, and exert a controlling influence over many periodicals. They are indefatigable in their efforts. I have before me an examination of Dr. Webster's publications, by one of these spelling-book makers, the compilation of which must have cost the labor of several months. It fell, still-born, from the press; for it is disfigured with personal abuse and ignorance; but it serves to illustrate the zeal and true value of the opposition to which I allude.

Of the *seventy thousand* words, defined in the American Dictionary, there may be some twenty or thirty, the derivation and orthography of which, by isolation from the

author's explanations and principles, can be invested with the appearance of ridiculous novelty. These few examples, paraded before the public by the diligence of secret enemies, and not examined in the spirit of generous criticism, have, in some measure, created an unjust prejudice against a valuable work. But is this a fair test by which to try the value of the product of twenty laborious years? or, as it may truly be said, of *fifty years*, for that full period has been devoted by the author to the study of the English language. Is it not an indication of a habit of superficial judgment, and of superficial scholarship, in the American public, that with regard to a work of this magnitude, and of confessed erudition, they will be influenced by a distaste for some fourscore modifications of orthography? In so vast an undertaking, can entire exemption from error be expected? And is it not reasonable to suppose that, here and there, a conclusion may have been adopted by the author which may fail to satisfy the world?

The American Dictionary has been splendidly re-published in England, under the supervision and by the recommendation of one of the most eminent English scholars. In that country, so far as I can learn, it has been every where spoken of with respect and commendation. I confess I feel on this subject some degree of national pride; nor can I read, without pain, the flippant censures bestowed by those who have neither the adequate learning, nor capacity, upon a work, in which the author has embodied the results of a more thorough and laborious research into the origin and philosophy of the English language, than was ever made by any other man: especially when I remember that this author is *my countryman*; that he has devoted a long life to the interests of letters; that in his early years, he was the esteemed friend and correspondent of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and Jay; and that his anxiety to perfect his great work induced him, in the evening of his days, in despite of extraordinary obstacles, twice to cross the Atlantic, that he might avail himself of materials not to be found in this country. Whenever I chance to discover something inconsistent with my preconceived notions, in the productions of so learned and laborious a writer, I am forced rather to distrust my own qualifications, than to pronounce a hasty condemnation.

I am persuaded you will take pleasure in directing the attention of scholars, both in Europe and America, to a work, of which, whatever be its occasional defects, our countrymen have reason to be proud.

AN AMERICAN.

**SALARIES IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.** — We remarked, not long since, in the original columns of the *Sunday Morning News*, a weekly journal of this city, conducted with ability, and possessing a wide circulation, some very just remarks upon the meagre salaries which officers of all grades in the United States' Navy receive for their services. It was well reasoned, that these were not such as to do justice to the national character, nor worthy the recipients of them. We have long known, that midshipmen in the United States' service, when not engaged in active duty at sea, were insufficiently remunerated; and it is now apparent, that none of the officers in our Navy are overpaid. It has been a just cause of complaint with the first-named class, that the services of their stations were not better rewarded. Penuriousness or retrenchment in such points, is ill-judged economy, and very poor policy. The effect of it is, to lessen the respect which is due to us from foreign nations, and to create a spirit of discontent, to a greater or less degree, among those attached to the service. It may be hoped that the American Congress will bestow early attention to this important subject.

**THE PLAIND DEALER.** — A weekly political newspaper, of sixteen large octavo pages, entitled '*The Plaindealer*,' has recently appeared in this city. It is under the sole editorial direction of Mr. WILLIAM LEGGETT, late of the *Evening Post*, of whose talents few general readers in the United States are ignorant. Judging from the two numbers which have been published, it may be assumed, that whatever topic the Plaindealer may discuss, its readers may rely upon a manly and dignified independence of opinion, and a style so clear and forcible as to defy misunderstanding or misinterpretation. The literary departments of this journal — reviews of new books, notices of the Drama, the fine arts, etc., — will be looked for with an interest kindred to that which the political disquisitions of the editor are calculated to awaken and sustain. We wish *The Plaindealer* that success which we are confident it will use all honest means to deserve,

## LITERARY RECORD.

**MEMOIRS OF AARON BURR.** — The **HARPERS** have issued the first volume of the *Life of AARON BURR*, from the pen of **MATHEW L. DAVIS, Esq.**, a gentleman who was his intimate associate for upward of forty years, and whose materials were ample, both for purposes of history, and the excitement of interest. An extensive correspondence with females — preserved with care by the veteran roué — was, however, very properly destroyed by his biographer, although such a course was strenuously opposed by Burr, when living. Doubtless it were well to preserve in history a memory of the redeeming virtues of the illustrious, or rather notorious, deceased; but to gloss over the deeds which have rendered his name a reproach, is what we hope never to see attempted by one calling himself an American. In one respect, at least, Aaron Burr must be considered as having

———'fallen into a pit of ink,  
And the wide sea hath drops too few  
To wash him clean again.'

An admirable portrait, from the pencil of **VANDERLYN**, engraved by **PARKER**, faces the title-page.

**THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.** — **MESSRS. WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY**, Philadelphia, and **D. APPLETON AND COMPANY**, New-York, have given to the public a volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, containing 'The Young Disciple, or a Memoir of **ANZONETTA R. PETERS**,' a young girl born in this city, whose growth in piety and early death are made subservient to the inculcation of valuable religious lessons. The Rev. **JOHN A. CLARK**, an eloquent, sound, and deservedly popular clergyman, of Philadelphia, is the author. 'The Young Disciple' cannot fail to be morally and religiously useful, and we commend it, with pleasure, to the favorable suffrages of the public.

**THE FAMILY OF NAIADES.** — **MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD** have issued a beautiful volume, entitled 'A Synopsis of the Family of Naiades, by **ISAAC LEA**, Member of the American Philosophical Society,' etc. The work was undertaken, says the author, purely with the view and in the hope of clearing away the difficulties which had numbered one of the most interesting families of the Mollusca. Tables are given containing three hundred recent species, as admitted, twenty-two doubtful, and twenty-two fossil — in all, three hundred and forty-four. The volume evinces diligent study and research, against many obstacles. A plate containing two delicately-colored prints of the *Unio Spinosus*, ornaments the volume.

**HIEROGLYPHICAL BIBLE.** — The Brothers **HARPER** have published a beautiful volume, which they entitle 'A New Hieroglyphical Bible; with Devotional Pieces for Youth.' It contains four hundred wood-cuts, of which it is sufficient praise to say that they are by **ADAMS**. A delightful task, and a useful, will it be for many a fond father to read and explain the varied pages of this pretty book to his delighted children. In addition to the scripture passages, picture-enforced, each page contains an appropriate hymn. It is ere this in the hands of thousands of masters and misses in the United States.

**THE NEW-YORK BOOK.** — This volume, after the manner, in externals, of the poems of **DRAKE** and **HALLECK**, by the same publisher, will prove an appropriate gift for the present season of souvenirs and friendship-tokens. It is a compilation from the poetical writings of natives of the state of New-York, which, for the most part, have hitherto been circulated solely in newspapers and periodicals. The selections have been made with discrimination, and the work is tastefully presented.

**USEFUL ANNUALS FOR JUVENILES.** — Parents and guardians who may wish to blend useful instruction with entertainment in their selections for the young, at this gift-teeming season, will find in 'The Casket of Gems,' and the handsomely-bound volume of **PARLEY'S Magazine**, both liberally embellished with wood engravings, appropriate volumes for their purpose. Published by **CHARLES S. FRANCIS**, Broadway.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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FEBRUARY, 1837.

No. 2.

## FINE WRITING.

READ BEFORE THE 'TUSCULAN SENATE,' SUPERVISORS OF 'THE PORTICO.'

MR. MARIGOLD: I am much gratified by finding that you have commenced a series of disquisitions upon the subject of fine writing, and are endeavoring to awaken your readers to a right apprehension of the principles by which it is characterized, since no speculations appear to me more likely to be useful, at the present time, in this community. Although I partake of none of that spirit of prejudice and calumny which has too often appeared in those travellers from my country who have paid a visit to your's, yet I cannot but perceive a wide distinction between the taste of those countries in Europe, which have grown old in the cultivation of science, and that which is prevalent among us. With a view, therefore, to furnish you some aid in the prosecution of your laudable undertaking, allow me, instead of controverting your principles, to carry forward and complete your speculations, upon this topic, by the following observations, which occurred to my mind, upon the perusal of your last article.

You justly remark, that one of the greatest difficulties in elegant writing, as well as one of the principal circumstances by which an author will display his skill and capacity, lies in the judicious use of figurative language, and more especially in the management of his metaphors, which are the chief instruments made use of by the imagination to shadow forth our conceptions, and give to 'airy nothings' a 'local habitation' and visible form. It has been remarked by that able critic, Dr. Blair, that the golden rule by which the accuracy of metaphors may be tested, is to suppose the painter attempting to exhibit upon canvass the pictures which are presented in them, and if they will sustain this touchstone, they must be licensable. Thus, when an able minister is said to be a pillar of the state, a righteous man is declared to stand securely upon the rock of his integrity, or be supported by the arm of the Almighty — when Cardinal Woolsey, in Henry the Eighth, asserts that his 'high-blown pride at length broke under him, and left him to the mercy of that rude stream upon which he had ventured for many summers,' or when Satan, in Milton's *Paradise Lost* — for the same rule applies to comparison and all figures — is compared to the sun, which, new-risen, looks through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon in dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds on half the nations — in all these cases, the painter might readily follow the writers in the pictures they draw to the fancy. This rule, therefore, prescribed by the critic, is excellent, and an infallible guide to us,

when our metaphors or figures present the images of objects which address themselves to our outward vision. But this rule will not serve our turn, when our images relate to objects of the other senses, or to the invisible sentiments and operations of the mind. When Ossian asserts that the 'music of Caryl was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul,' or when one prophet declares that, in the afflictions with which Jerusalem was visited, the Almighty had given her 'wormwood and gall to drink,' and another, 'I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,' the images or ideas presented to the mind, beautiful and sublime as they are, could not be delineated upon canvass, although they awaken strong and agreeable emotions. But, nevertheless, although it is allowed that the fine writer could not always be accompanied by the painter, throughout his whole tract of thought, but would find this rule fail him in many of his brightest conceptions, yet it is not to be denied, that his images, if rightly delineated, can always present a distinct object to the intellectual eye, if not to the corporeal. From this maxim there is no exception: it is to the writer of inestimable value, and if scrupulously observed, will banish from all kinds of composition that obscurity and confusion which so often interfere with the successful communication of thought, and occasion one of the greatest blemishes in the performance of genius. Had Shakspeare been apprized of this infallible criterion of accurate imagery, we should never have heard him speak of 'taking up arms against a *sea* of troubles;' of a '*way* of life falling into the sere, the yellow leaf;' 'of the hope being drunk in which Macbeth *dressed* himself;' of the same hero's '*bathing* in reeking *wounds*;' of an '*ocean* overpeering his list, and *eating* the flats with impetuous haste;' 'of having a tomb of orphans' tears wept upon Cranmer's bones, when he had run his course;' and of a thousand other instances, in which this consummate master of nature, and pride of the dramatic muse, has mingled colors in his images, which, however beautiful or sublime, when separately taken, throw obscurity and confusion into his conceptions, and lie as a dead fly upon the ointment of his most exquisite passages. Into this fault men are most apt to be betrayed, who are endowed with the richest imagination, and the greatest fertility of invention; and it never fails to give a more pungent zest to works among readers of crude and uncooked taste. It is, however, to be as much deprecated in fine writing, as a confused and incongruous mixture of colors in the productions of the painter. How strikingly this blemish is displayed to us in that sentence of Lord Bacon: 'Public envy is an ostracism, which eclipses the fame of men when they grow too great.' Here, although the idea is very successfully conveyed, yet the metaphors are dark, and incompatible with each other; for how could the mode of suffrage among the Greeks denominated ostracism, be said to eclipse any object which implies the obscuration of any planet by an interposing orb? This confused and undistinguishing mixture of figures, is one of the most prevailing and blighting deformities in the recent performances of American genius.

As to the next points upon this subject to which you have alluded,

when figurative language begins to be advantageous in writing ; and when it becomes injurious, no critic has, as yet, appeared able to furnish precise and definite prescriptions. Here the treatise of Quintilian, of Dionysius, of Cicero, of Blair, and all other modern coadjutors, fail us. You have before remarked, with Cicero, that the employment of metaphors originates, in the outset of verbal and written correspondence among men, in absolute necessity and the sterility of language, as mankind would be unable to express the thoughts and feelings of the mind, except by an appeal to the analogies of physical nature. Hence the terms apprehend, imagine, abstract, which denote operations of the mind, are derived from those of external nature. And hence the Indian chief, in negotiating a treaty of peace with a neighboring tribe or nation with whom he had waged war, designates the termination of hostilities by the emblems of burying the hatchet, and the commencement of amicable relations by planting the tree of peace. In this case, no doubt, the negotiator is led to resort to these terms of pacification, partly by his incompetency to express the abstract ideas of terminating war and commencing a friendly intercourse in simple and plain language, and partly by that unaccountable pleasure which the imagination enjoys in tracing the analogies between moral and physical nature. Passing now from this state of penury in speech, in which our nomenclature is incompetent to the designation of the objects presented to the understanding, we confine our attention solely to figurative language as an ornament, or luxury, in our intellectual and literary life and enjoyment. How far are figures justly regarded as a beauty and advantage in composition, and when do they degenerate into a deformity ?

As language is the vehicle of thought, and figures give form and decoration to that vehicle, in order to a right decision of the aforementioned queries, we must ascertain the principles upon which that vehicle is best constructed, and the degree of embellishment which will recommend it to a highly cultured taste. This similitude between speech and a vehicle of transportation, serves to suggest to us our first rule, in reference to the use of that ornament which is derived from images of fancy, viz. : that they serve more successfully to enforce and recommend the ideas. As the great purpose of a vehicle is to convey passengers, every principle of its construction, every decoration by which it is embellished, ought to be adapted to its convenience and facility of movement ; and those which would tend to impede its progress, or lessen its accommodation to its uses, would become an injury instead of benefit. So is it in the ornaments which are allowed in writing or speaking. When we wish to compliment a statesman, who has distinguished himself in the councils of his country, and we say that he is one of the pillars of the republic, or brightest lights of her senate, certainly we have couched our encomiums in much more striking and impressive phraseology, than if we had gone out in pursuit of plain terms which conveyed the ideas, in the one case, that he distinguished himself in supporting the government, and, in the other, that he was remarkably able in communicating information and instruction to the senate. The fact is, that, independently of the considerations that these metaphors have



abridged our discourse, and delighted the mind by the play of fancy in tracing the resemblance between the statesman and a pillar that supports an edifice, and a bright light illuminating a scene, language, in its very organization, has neglected to supply us with words sufficiently numerous to express moral conceptions, or intellectual archetypes, without a resort to the convenience of figures. Figurative language, during the progress of man in improvement, has become so thoroughly incorporated into the most finished nomenclature, that it could not be dispensed with by any effort or contrivance of art. In testing its propriety or beauty, then, the simple inquiry is, does it recommend and improve the thought, render it more clear when perspicuity is needed, more strong when vigor is demanded, more beautiful when beauty is desirable, or more touching when pathos is required? Let it ever be remembered, the great object of attention and solicitude in good writing, and that without which all other things are trifling, is the thoughts and figures of speech are useful only as they contribute to set these off to advantage. These are to writing what fine features and just proportions are to the human body. And as no superfluity or gaudy decorations in dress would recommend ugly features or a deformed person, so trivial, false, or worthless matter can never be rendered important or interesting to the intelligent part of mankind, by sparkling figures or the most imposing artifices of style. Our really valuable thoughts when unadorned are adorned the most. At all events, simple, chaste, and frugal ornaments in our writing, as in our apparel, are more truly delightful to a correct taste, than all the flounces and furbelows, the embroideries and jewelries, in the world. This maxim of rhetoric, upon which we are now insisting, cannot be too sedulously brought to view, or too vehemently urged upon wielders of the pen, in the present state of polite literature. The rage for decoration is epidemical, and most fatal to the fame of those who constitute the republic of letters. After nations have attained to full perfection in fine writing, there seems to be a natural tendency toward excessive refinement and meretricious ornaments.\* Truth and nature may be regarded as a noble flock furnishing the richest fleece to mankind, but when a series of good writers have exhausted their fleece in weaving the fabrics of genius, their successors are tempted to have recourse to swine for a supply of materials; and we know, beside, that in this attempt, as in the rude dramas called moralities, in the middle ages, there is great cry and little wool; it is also liable to the objection, that no skill in the workmanship or adjustment in machinery can ever give it the beauty and perfection of that raw material which nature has appropriated to the purpose of clothing her favored offspring. Too many writers of the present day, instead of attempting to rival their predecessors in endeavoring to fabricate the genuine fleece derived from this flock of truth and nature into new and more exquisite form, are engaged in shearing the swine. In this labor they can obtain, at best, nothing more than erroneous principles of science, worthless paradoxes, unnatural fictions, tinsel poetry and prose, and unnumbered crudities.

\* Dr. Johnson compares them to a cow yielding a supply of milk, which when mankind find exhausted, they milk the bull.

I have said that figures, to be legitimately used, must be a suitable clothing to our ideas, and give them greater clearness, force, and vivacity. We may discern the purpose they serve, and the intent with which they are introduced into the correspondence of mankind, more distinctly in that rude eloquence and song which prevail among the savage nations, than amidst the greater refinements and more polished intercourse of civilized life. Remark the advantages which flow from this source, in the speech of Logan, a celebrated Indian chief, as referred to by Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes upon Virginia, who, after having been long distinguished as the friend of white men, had been provoked to hostility by the murder of his wife and family. In the gratification of his revenge, says this author, he had signalized himself in the war which ensued. But in a decisive battle the Indians were defeated and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But, lest the sincerity of the treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the speech in which was contained the following expression, which portion only we quote as furnishing an illustration of our present subject: 'Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!' This is an excellent specimen of that rude and simple eloquence, which arises among a savage people, who are unfurnished with a variety of ideas, and among whom the qualities of bravery, magnanimity, and tenderness for their kindred, would be predominant, and become the principal traits of character which would confer distinction. How descriptively, by the use of figures, he exhibits his attachment to white men, the extirpation of his race, his revenge, his intrepidity, his magnanimity, and the desolation of his house? Instead of asserting simply that his countrymen accused him of partiality to the whites, he expresses the same idea with much more force and vivacity: 'My countrymen pointed as they passed, and exclaimed, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' An ordinary sufferer would have been contented with complaining, that all his kindred were destroyed, but he more forcibly describes his loss, by affirming, 'There is not a drop of my blood running in the veins of any living creature.' The descriptions of the mode in which he glutted his revenge, and of his freedom from fear in desiring a peace, 'Logan would not turn on his heel to save his life,' are in a similar strain, and the concluding interrogatory and reply, 'Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!' is more truly pathetic, than would be the most labored exaggeration of his desolate condition, and passionate exclamations of sorrow.

Having thus stated the point at which the employment of figures

becomes really advantageous to language and fine writing, and ascertained it to be discoverable as soon as they render it more clear, forcible, and impressive, I now proceed to give confirmation to the doctrine inculcated by more ample illustrations, derived from the best authorities. No circumstance more infallibly discloses to us nice perceptions of taste in a writer, than his judgment in determining when he should be contented with plain language, and when he should be figurative, and in his judiciously adapting the degree of ornament in his style to the nature of his topic. When rightly managed, figures give exquisite beauty to our productions; but when unskilfully introduced, consummate deformity. The most delicious sweets, used in undue proportions with our food and drink, soon become in a high degree offensive and disgusting. No writer was more abundant in the production of these beauties, than Shakspeare; and by their instrumentality he has embodied all the most virtuous sentiments of human nature, and the finest maxims of practical wisdom. By rendering the most abstract ideas and invisible feelings discernible to the eye, or perceptible to some of the senses through the types and shadows of his imagination, he has enabled the human mind to lay hold upon them, and engraved them in the memory, by indelible characters. What admirable lessons of female delicacy, for example, he inculcates, when in one place, he says,

‘The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:’

And in another :

‘She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin’d in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at Grief.’

These passages not only nurture the female mind with admonitions of the most scrupulous delicacy and feminine virtue, but, also, in their rhetorical import, strongly delineate, by emblems drawn from outward objects, the inward sentiments, and strictly conform, moreover, to the course of nature in those operations to which they have reference. The moon is the more dim of the two great lights that rule the spheres, and even to her beams the modest maiden should not unmask her beauty. Concealed love does feed on the damask cheek, worms in budding flowers do prey upon and destroy them, and pining in thought in deep despair, does tinge the countenance with a green and yellow hue. Thus all the operations of the mental and bodily constitution of man are faithfully depicted. Here our indispensable requisite in fine writing, is suggested to us, that the lineaments of truth and nature must be truly sketched, else our productions are of no value, but partake the character of a sick man’s dreams. On the other hand, what is it but their contrariety to nature, that renders the following conceits from the poets, quoted in the ‘Art of Sinking in Poetry,’ so excessively ridiculous, while minuter faults of the same kind will partake of a similar complexion, in pro-

portion as they make greater or less approaches to them? Speaking of a lion, the poet says :

'He roared so loud, and looked so wondrous grim,  
His very shadow durst not follow him.'

And again of a stag :

'Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,  
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.'

Voltaire mentions, that in his youth he entered into competition for a premium which had been offered for the best piece of poetry upon a given subject, and that the author who obtained the reward by the decision of La Motte, had inserted a line which referred both to a frigid and a burning pole of the earth, and that La Motte, when ridiculed on account of this oversight, alleged in his defence, that he was not responsible for the geography, but only for the rhetorical accuracy of the performance. Upon this plea, any absurdities or follies might pass muster as good writing.

The next doctrine which you have maintained in regard to fine writing is equally sound, and should be well weighed and properly estimated by all authors, and more especially by American; that as we have both agreed, if the employment of figures should commence as soon as they serve to recommend and improve our conceptions, so also it should terminate when that purpose is accomplished. The maxim of Quintilian is here applicable: '*Obstat quicquid non adjuvat*;' and every decoration which is not serviceable, is injurious. In this respect, writers are perpetually doing violence to the principles of correct taste, and find ample scope in this field for the display of pedantry, affectation, puerility, and an excessive voracity for florid images. Butler alleges, as one of the properties of Hudibras, the hero of his poem, that 'his mouth he could not ope, but out there flew a trope,' by which he indulges a fling at the miserable taste prevalent in the time of Cromwell. This is a blemish entirely imperceptible to the vulgar, since that mixed assemblage constituting the public, always entertain an eager propensity to this species of intellectual food; but it is equally disgusting to the scholar, who has habitually contemplated the finest models. Lopez de Vega, the most celebrated of the Spanish poets, apologizes for the imperfection of his pieces, and the wildness and crudity of his drama, and alleges as his excuse, that the public sentiment required him to deviate from those principles of composition which his own judgment approved; and there can be little doubt, that many of the irregularities and blemishes of Shakspeare are attributable to the same cause. Now it is impossible, in any country, however free and enlightened, that the great mass of the community should be correct judges; and he who caters to their literary palate, must continually indulge a style which his better knowledge repudiates, sport in puerilities, chatter in false wit, rave in hyperboles, and glitter with tinsel. High-sounding phraseology, silly conceit, and flowery declamation, are sure to captivate the attention, and awake the rapture of the ignorant and illiterate. They are even more caught with false ornaments than with true, as children are fonder of bad food than good, of glaring colors than of the soft and mild, of bustle and uproar

than of quiet and sweet retirement. Nor is it any disparagement to the great body of mankind, that their perceptions are rude and erroneous in reference to literature and the elegant arts, since, whatsoever may be their native capacity and acquired intelligence in business, they are not allowed time and opportunity to cultivate those faculties which might lead them to an acute discernment in such matters; and nature never bestows it as a gratuity. We might as justly deem it a detraction from their talents and respectability, to assert that they are unskilled in the philosophy of Aristotle, Newton, or Locke, as to regard it any impeachment of their capacity and pretensions to intelligence and superiority, that they are not connoisseurs in the principles of fine writing. But they are inexcusable for such deficiencies and follies, who profess an acquaintance with the art of authorship, and, adventuring upon the career of publication, discover so little comprehension of their task, as to be dealing in prettinesses where they should be dealing in philosophic lessons; and dazzling in figures where they should be illuminating with the pure light of truth. So great is the fondness for this species of display in this country, that, beside the pride of decoration perceptible in our orations, eulogiums, and ephemeral literature in general, we find the same prurient propensity in our scientific lectures, our discussions in Congress, sometimes in our judicial decisions, and our ponderous works; and, as Voltaire remarks of the French in his day, even in practical treatises upon medicine. I have just read two medical works of considerable size, and upon the most dry and didactic departments in that branch of experimental philosophy, in which is discovered as great ambition of ornament, as if the authors were composing a vehement political declamation, or panegyric address. This is as great an incongruity, and as wide a deviation from propriety, in the intercourses of literature, as would be exhibited should the grave philosopher appear in company in the fantastic costume, and with the affected airs of a volatile boy, and in fact converts a writer into a literary *petit-maitre*.

Let us endeavor to arrive, if possible, at some precise and definite conclusions in this department of learning, and establish some maxims which will constitute sure criteria, by which composers may ascertain the correctness and admissibility of the figures which they allow in discourse and writing. When I speak of a keen or piercing judgment, a clear head, a tender heart, of a man who is inflamed with anger, warmed by love, swelled with pride, melted with grief, or chilled with horror, it is evident, that by emblems, or symbols derived from outward objects, I am using a language to express moral properties and operations of the mind, the aptitude of which to their purposes is recognised by every person, and without a recurrence to which, speech would become greatly encumbered with the multiplicity of words. And here, too, it is worthy of observation, that in the very commencement of this symbolical representation of ideas, we must exactly conform to nature, and accurately pursue the analogies between the physical and moral world. What absurdity to speak of a clear heart to denote a good understanding, and a tender head to signify an affectionate disposition, or of a man who is chilled with anger, or love, depressed with pride, or warmed by grief,

and inflamed with horror? Nature, therefore, must be solicitously consulted, in the very outset of this progress of adumbration, and a fine theatre is opened for the display of absurdity or wit, in exhibiting breaches of these analogies. Thus, when referring to a lady drinking the Bath waters, Anon exclaims, with ridiculous absurdity,

'She drinks! she drinks! Behold the matchless dame!  
To her 'tis water, but to us 't is flame!  
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,  
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.'

The same author, in describing water simmering over the fire, says :

'The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,  
Yet the pleased liquor pines, and lessens all the while.'

And another writer :

'The glories of proud London to survey,  
The sun himself shall rise by break of day.'

And if there be necessity to recur to outward objects, to shadow forth the thoughts and emotions of the mind, there is a like necessity, or natural transition, to denote the properties and operations of external nature, by a reference to the qualities and operations of the mind. We speak of a thirsty land, a cruel disaster, a raging fever, and a treacherous disease. Thus far, language advances in its progress under the influence of strict necessity, or that kind of irresistible constraint which arises out of the limited nature of the human powers, or if there be some slight degree of pleasure derived from that play of fancy which traces analogies of the kind just mentioned between the moral and natural world, we are under no temptations to push our enjoyment to excess. But when departing from this point, we soon enter the region of high intellectual satisfaction, and find ourselves surrounded with flowers of every hue and every odor. It is in this field that we have to exercise a wise forbearance and a nice discrimination in our choice of embellishments, and to summon to our aid all the intelligence we possess, keeping constantly in view the maxim, that our thoughts are the materials of our structures, whether they be gold, silver, marble, or brass, and that figures are the mere polish and decorations of art.

To render our views upon this subject as intelligible as possible, let us ask why is the following sentence faulty, which is found in Smollet's History of England? Giving an account of a famous act of the British parliament against irregular marriages, after stating that it underwent a great number of alterations and amendments, which were not effected without violent contest, he proceeds: 'At length, however, it was floated through both houses on the tide of a great majority, and steered into the safe harbor of royal approbation.' There is scarcely any one, whose taste is in any degree improved, who would not perceive that this is puerile beyond endurance, and entirely unsuited to the dignity of historical narration. Why is it so? What are the blemishes discoverable in it? They surely arise out of the use of figurative, instead of simple and plain language. Had he stated, that at length, however, a great majority was obtained in its favor, and it received the royal approbation, no one

could have discovered any deficiency in the recital, and the facts of the case would have been distinctly and fully stated. But there is no obscurity in Dr Smollet's recital. We all understand perfectly the ideas he intended to convey. In what, then, does the fault lie, in the expressions he has used? It must be offensive to a just taste, because the facts would be as distinctly communicated in plain language, and the use of the ornament is unnecessary, and useless decoration is always disgusting — and, moreover, because figures of speech are the language either of imagination or the passions, none of which properties of our nature could be awakened by a detail of such simple facts. There are occasions, in which it might very properly be said, that measures of a deliberative body were floated upon the tide of a great majority, and were wafted into the harbor of royal or executive approbation; but these must be either when we are indulging the ludicrous style, or when the passions or the imagination is excited by the subject. Similar objections lie against that passage of Belthazzar Gratian: 'Our thoughts take their rise in the extensive coasts of memory, embark upon the sea of imagination, are wafted into the port of genius, to be registered in the custom-house of the understanding.' This is as wretched philosophy as rhetoric. For the same reasons, beside others that might be mentioned, that whimsical division of his discourse, by a Scottish clergyman, mentioned by Dr. Witherspoon, is so very ridiculous. 'The Scriptures,' says this divine, 'may be considered as a large and rich garden; the New Testament is the most valuable division of that garden; the Epistle to the Romans is the richest compartment of that division; the eighth chapter is the most delightful border of that compartment; and the twenty-eighth verse the finest flower of that border.' None but the lowest condition of the public taste, could render such preaching tolerable to an audience.

BACON.

## S L E E P .

BY AN ENGLISH POET OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CARE-CHARMER, Sleep! son of the sable Night,  
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:  
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,  
 With dark forgetting of my care return:  
 And let the day be time enough to mourn  
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth.  
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.  
 Cease, Dreams, the images of day desires  
 To model forth the passions of the morrow:  
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,  
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.  
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,  
 And never wake, to feel the day's disdain.

DANIEL.

## QUEEN MARY'S CHRISTENING.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE first wish of Queen Mary's heart  
Is that she may bear a son,  
Who shall inherit in his time  
The Kingdom of Aragon.

She has put up prayers to all the Saints,  
This blessing to accord,  
But chiefly she hath called upon  
The Apostles of our Lord.

The second wish of Queen Mary's heart  
Is to have that son called James,  
Because she thought for a Spanish King  
'Twas the best of all good names.

To give him this name of her own will  
Is what may not be done,  
For, having applied to all the Twelve,  
She may not prefer the one.

By one of their names she hath vowed to call  
Her son, if son it should be;  
But which, is a point whereon she must let  
The Apostles themselves agree.

Already Queen Mary hath to them  
Contracted a fearful debt,  
And from their patronage she hoped  
For these farther blessings yet.

Alas! it was not her hap to be  
As handsome as she was good,  
And that her husband King Pedro thought so,  
She very well understood.

She had lost him from her lawful bed,  
For lack of personal graces,  
And by prayers to them, and a pious deceit,  
She had compass'd his embraces.

But if this hope of a son should fail,  
All hope must fail with it then,  
For she could not expect, by a second device,  
To compass the King again.

Queen Mary hath had her first heart's wish,  
She hath brought forth a beautiful boy;  
And the bells have rung, and masses been sung,  
And bonfires have blazed for joy.

And many 's the cask of the good red wine,  
And many the cask of the white,  
Which was broached for joy that morning,  
And emptied before it was night.

But now for Queen Mary's second heart's wish  
It must be determined now,  
And Bishop Boyl, her confessor,  
Is the person who taught her how.



Twelve waxen tapers he hath had made,  
In size and weight the same,  
And to each of these twelve tapers  
He hath given an Apostle's name.

One holy nun had bleached the wax,  
Another the wicks had spun;  
And the golden candlesticks were blest  
Which they were set upon.

From that which should burn the longest  
The Infant his name must take,  
And the Saint who owned it was to be  
His Patron for his name's sake.

A godlier or a goodlier sight  
Was no where to be seen,  
Methinks, that day in Christendom,  
Than in the chamber of that good Queen.

Twelve little altars have been there  
Erected for the nonce;  
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,  
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest  
You no where could desire;  
At each there stood a minist'ring Priest,  
In his most rich attire.

A high altar hath there been raised,  
Where the Crucifix you see,  
And the sacred Pix, that shines with gold,  
And sparkles with jewelry.

Bishop Boyl, with his precious mitre on,  
Hath taken there his stand,  
In robes which were embroidered  
By the Queen's own royal hand.

In one part of the ante-room  
The ladies of the Queen,  
All with their rosaries in hand,  
Upon their knees were seen.

In the other part of the ante-room,  
The chiefs of the realm you behold,  
Ricos Omes, and Bishops, and Abbots,  
And Knights, and Barons bold.

Queen Mary could behold all this,  
As she lay in her state bed;  
And from the pillow needed not  
To lift her languid head.

One fear she had, though still her heart  
The unwelcome thought eschew'd,  
That haply the unlucky lot  
Might fall upon St. Jude.

But the saints, she trusted, that ill chance  
Would certainly forefend,  
And, moreover, there was a double hope  
Of seeing the wished-for end.

Because there was a double chance  
For the best of all good names,  
If it should not be Santiago himself,  
It might be the lesser St. James.

And now Bishop Boyl hath said the Mass,  
And as soon as the Mass was done,  
The Priests who by the Twelve Tapers stood,  
Each instantly lighted one.

The tapers were short and slender too,  
Yet, to the expectant throng,  
Before they to the socket burnt,  
The time, I trow, seemed long.

The first that went out was St. Peter,  
The second was St. John,  
And now St. Matthias is going,  
And now St. Matthew is gone.

Next there went St. Andrew,  
There goes St. Phillip too !  
And see ! there is an end  
Of St. Bartholomew.

St. Simon is in the snuff,  
But it was a matter of doubt  
Whether he or St. Thomas could be said  
Soonest to have gone out.

There are only three remaining,  
St. Jude and the two St. James ;  
And great was then Queen Mary's hope  
For the best of all good names.

Great was then Queen Mary's hope,  
But greater her fear, I guess,  
When one of the three went out,  
And that was St. James the less.

They are now within less than quarter inch,  
The only remaining two !  
When there came a thief on St. James,  
And it made a gutter too !

Up started Queen Mary,  
Up she sate in her bed ;  
' I never can call him Judas !'  
She claspt her hands and said.

' I never can call him Judas !'  
Again did she exclaim ;  
' Holy Mother preserve us !  
It is not a Christian's name !'

She spread her hands and claspt them again,  
And the Infant in the cradle  
Set up a cry, an angry cry,  
As loud as he was able.

' Holy Mother preserve us !'  
The Queen her prayers renewed ;  
When in came a moth at the window,  
And fluttered about St. Jude.

St. James hath fallen in the socket,  
 But as yet the flame is not out,  
 And St. Jude hath singed the silly moth,  
 That flutters so blindly about.

And before the flame and the molten wax  
 That silly moth could kill,  
 It hath beat out St. Jude with its wings,  
 And St. James is burning still !

Oh that was a joy for Queen Mary's heart,  
 The babe is christened James !  
 The Prince of Aragon hath got  
 The best of all good names !

Glory to Santiago,  
 The mighty one in war !  
 James he is called, and he shall be  
 King James the Conqueror !

Now shall the crescent wane,  
 The Cross be set on high  
 In triumph upon many a mosque —  
 Wo, wo to Mawmetry !

Valencia shall be subdued,  
 Majorca shall be won ;  
 The Moors be routed every where,  
 Joy, joy for Aragon !

Shine brighter now, ye stars that crown  
 Our Lady del Pilar !  
 And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador,  
 Ruy diez de Bivar.

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### THE BLUNDERER.

BEING A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A SHORT-SIGHTED MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ORDINARY MAN.'

OF all the evils to which mankind are subject, there is none more pitiable in its victim than an inordinary limitation of vision. I, alas ! am one of those unfortunate individuals, whose nose is doomed to be 'spectacle bestrid' during my mortal existence, and who can discern no object, unless it be thrust into my very face. This, it may readily be imagined, is at all times disagreeable, but particularly so when the article in question is obnoxious to the senses. O ye bipeds of oculars unimpaired ! — ye all-seeing gentry ! — little do ye know the thousand evils that daily accumulate upon our devoted heads, and sometimes shoulders ! Little do ye ken the numerous *faux pas* that we of the limited vision are almost constantly being pushed into, to the imminent jeopardy of our moral and physical sense, as men of feeling.

My misfortunes commenced from infancy — yea from my veriest infancy — and have continued up to this day, with a frequency and regularity as astonishing as unfortunate. My mother has often told me, that when a baby, I would make a dozen ineffectual attempts to

gain her breast; and my first essays in the art of walking, have been memorialized, by a multiplicity of scars, occasioned by violent contact with chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic usefulness. As a boy, I was still more deserving of commiseration. In fact, my misfortunes seemed to accumulate with my growth. The delicacies of the dinner table were invariably appropriated by my brothers and sisters, before I could be made conscious of their presence; and if I failed to examine closely every particle upon the prong of my fork, or in the concave of my spoon, I might inadvertently swallow a red pepper for a sausage, or masticate a quantity of horse-radish for as much sugar or Sago cheese. My good old aunt, pitying my situation, resolved to better it, and for this purpose purchased me a pair of spectacles, the first I had worn. For a time I got on very well, in the way of eating comfortable dinners; but this fortune was too good to last long. My affectionate brethren and sisters contrived to abstract my glasses. In vain I replaced them. They were continually stolen; and I was every day compelled to partake of what they, in the fulness of their stomachs, thought proper to leave me.

In due season, I was ushered into the solar system of society; but I had not revolved a month upon my own axis, among the planets and sattelites of the *beau ciel*, before they all complained that I passed them in my diurnal transits without a smile or bow of recognition, and unanimously concluded to eject me from their sphere. I deprecatd their displeasure, acknowledged the imperfection of my vision, and was again admitted in their circles. I now resolved to speak to every one I passed; 'and then,' thought I, in the fondness of my imagination, 'there will be no mistake!' I put my resolution at once in practice, and for a while things went swimmingly on; but at length the same result was the consequence.

'What have I done, *now*?' asked I of a friend: 'why am I *again* thrust without the pale of society?'

'The reason is, simply,' said he, gazing about to see that no one observed him speaking to so proscribed a being as I, 'that people are not willing to meet on terms of sociability and equality a man who claims the acquaintance of every loafer, male or female, he may chance to meet. At Trinity Church, last Sunday, you offered your arm to a chamber-maid; and you were yesterday observed by a party of ladies in the act of making a profound bow to three of the most notorious courtézans in town.'

'Good God!' exclaimed I, 'is it possible?'

These were not the only bad effects of my politeness. A great six-foot whiskerando charged me with the heinous crime of insulting his sister, by speaking to her without the previous formality of an introduction; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the fellow to refrain from horse-whipping me—a thing which he had fully resolved upon, and which nothing but my humble apologies, and labored explanations, joined to the entreaties of one or two of my personal friends, deterred him from putting into practice.

'Happier,' thought I, 'far happier, had I been born blind, for then I should at least have avoided the tissue of blunders into which I hourly stumbled. My life has been one continued series of getting into scrapes in the worst way, and getting out of them the best way I

could. Why am I coupled with such a destiny ? I am one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of mankind, and yet the sulkiest blackguard about town encounters not half the difficulties which fall to my lot.'

Such were my musings, as I passed down Broadway — such my reflections — when my dog — as I thought, but alas ! it was another — rushed between my legs, and nearly tripped me up. Although naturally, or rather commonly, a good-natured man, I was not at that precise moment, as the reader may imagine, in my smoothest mood. The current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath, I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

'Sare,' said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, ferocious-looking personage, bowing until his mustaches brushed my nose, 'You av', by H — ll ! kick my dog ! What for you 'av' done dis for, eh ?'

'My dear Sir,' exclaimed I, terribly discomposed, 'I beg ten thousand pardons. I really thought it was my own dog.'

'Ah, you t'ought it was *your* dog, eh ? No, sare, it is *my* leetle dog dat you 'av' kick !'

'Sir, I am exceedingly sorry ; I mistook him for my own dog. I assure you, I thought it was my own dog, at the time.'

'By Gar, Sare, dey is not *resemblance* dere ; de one dog is of de white, and de oder dog is of de black color. Beside, Sare, de one 'av' got de ear ver' wide, and de oder ver' short ; de one 'av' got de tail ver' much, and de oder 'av' *lose* he tail ver' much !'

'But, Sir, I am near-sighted ; my eyes are impaired ; I could not distinguish between the dogs.'

The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment ; but perceiving nothing there but truth, his countenance became calm, and comparatively pleasant.

'You 'av', den, Monsieur, de vision not very far, eh ?'

I assented.

'Ah ! den dat is all de apology which I demand :' and, with a graceful adieu, he passed on.

'How fortunate for me,' soliloquized I, 'that he was a Frenchman ! Had he been one of my own countrymen, I should no doubt have figured in the gutter.' Strange, strange people, these Americans ! They punish an offence first, and inquire into its causes and effects afterward. My apology would have been laughed at by a Yankee. They have generally so much in view themselves, that they cannot appreciate the difficulties of one whose vision is not as extensive as their own. 'Alas !' sighed I, pausing, and wiping the glasses of my spectacles, 'who ever pitied a near-sighted man ?'

It was nearly sunset. The benches and avenues of the Battery were thronged with human beings. The rich, the poor, the young, the old, the gay, the dignified, the ungainly and the beautiful — the merchant, the artizan, the statesman and the philosopher — the near-sighted and the far-sighted — all recreated themselves here, promenading or sitting, thinking or talking, as their several inclinations prompted ; for no matter how different the tastes and pursuits of men may be, they all coincide in the admiration of nature.

'How glorious! how magnificent!' ejaculated a pale, middle-aged man, extending his right hand toward the Jersey shore. 'Yon purple cloud, so chastely tipped with glowing silver, sails slowly and gracefully along; and lo! the topmost leaves of all yonder forest seem gilded and burnished o'er, a thousand times.'

'That 'ere chap is eyther crazy, or he's a poet,' said a loafer to a very disreputable-looking individual, who accompanied him.

'I guess he's a poet, Sam,' said the other, in reply: 'them 'ere fellers is always crazy.'

'The bay,' resumed the pale, middle-aged man, 'looks like a purple mirror, and yon fairy islands so many emerald spots upon its surface. The monuments of man's industry, too, serve to glorify the scene; and Nature and Art stand hand-in-hand, smiling complacently upon their splendid representatives.'

Interested by the poetry of this description, I looked forth upon all this space of beauty, but saw nothing, except a dim conglomeration of hazy coloring. Never before had I experienced so painful a sense of my misfortune. I grew dizzy and sick at heart, and wheeling about, sought my way homeward, full of the bitterest reflections. An omnibus was just on the eve of departure; and mistaking the inscription of 'Bowery and the Battery' for 'Broadway and Bleecker-Street,' I jumped in, and was whirled some two miles and a half out of my proper way, before I was made acquainted with my error.

I now resolved to adopt a new course. 'Am I not,' asked I of myself, 'the author of many of my own misfortunes? Surely, my errors are chiefly caused by my impatience and impetuosity. I am too hasty. I will endeavor to be more moderate. I will examine before I proceed, and remove the difficulties that may occur in my way. In a word, I will be more discreet in all things.'

On the following day, I dined with a friend at one of the most fashionable hotels of the city, and was for a while, as I thought, extremely lucky, having as yet made but one *faux pas*, which was merely the drinking of a glass of brandy for as much wine — a mistake, by the way, which might have occurred to almost any one. A tremendously-stout gentleman from Mississippi was seated on my left. This individual had just cleared his plate of a large quantity of roast beef, and was engaged in gazing ominously at a lobster, his shut right hand, in the mean time, resting upon the table. Unfortunately for myself, at this particular juncture, I happened to stand in need of a piece of bread; and raising my eyes in search of the necessary article, I mistook his clenched fist for a loaf. Taking up my fork very deliberately, I hitched up the sleeve of my coat, and plunged the sharp steel instrument into the fleshy part of the man's hand. With a noise between a roar and a growl, the victim jumped upon his feet, knocking down the gentleman who sat next him, and upsetting a waiter who was hurrying along with a large supply of custards. I, of course, jumped up too, frightened, as may well be supposed, almost to death, and attempted to explain matters; but scarcely had I opened my mouth for the purpose, when I was floored by a tremendous blow from the wounded limb, directly in my face. No sooner had the avenger knocked me down, than he unsheathed a huge glittering Bowie knife, and advanced to annihilate me altogether.

Words cannot portray the horror of my emotions. I had seen the fellow carve a pig a few moments before, and had myself admired his dexterity in the proceeding.

The company, however, interfered between the Mississippian and my destruction. My friends made known the imperfection of my vision, and the man of the far west became satisfied. I was borne to bed, nearly senseless, and have not yet recovered from the effects of that adventure, although my physician is one of the most learned and efficient in the city. He is an Englishman; and when I related to him the occurrence, he shook his head, saying :

'Terrible chaps, those fellows from Mississippi; 'orrible beings! Wonder he did'nt cut your 'ed off, haltogether!'

B.

#### A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

In olden time, when Greece had lost her sway,  
And Rome was peerless mistress of the world —  
In a lone spot, in fair Italia's clime,  
Upon a beetling cliff's projecting point,  
That high o'erhung a slumbering vale beneath,  
A Sibyl sat! Wan Grief had marked her brow,  
And Care had left his lengthened furrows deep:  
Disheveled was her hair, and her light robe,  
In careless fold, her sinking form concealed;  
Her eye was restless, and her wasted hand  
Swept wildly o'er a lyre, beside her placed,  
And thus she sung :

'Life! 't is a cheat!  
For fair is the light of its morning skies,  
And bright are the hues of its varying dyes,  
But its splendor is fleet;  
And the promising glory too speedily flies —  
Life! 't is a cheat!

'Hope! thou art vain!  
For fond is thy promise in young life's hour,  
And joyous thy song in its sun-lit bower;  
But sorrow and pain  
Soon sway the lorn heart with resistless power —  
Hope! thou art vain!

'Love! what art thou?  
Though ardent awhile thy consuming flame,  
And thy maddening frenzy none can tame,  
Yet the altered brow,  
And the eye, and the mien, do all proclaim,  
Love! 'what art thou!'

'Friendship deceives!  
For sweet is its flattering vow of esteem  
To the youthful heart, as the joys of a dream;  
And while it believes,  
And the promising pleasures realities seem,  
Friendship deceives!

'Death! thou art blest!  
For thou freest the soul from its shackles of blight,  
And the shades of the good, clad in garments of light,  
Do joyfully rest,  
Or rove the elysian fields of delight —  
Death! thou art blest!

## WILSON CONWORTH.

## CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE entering upon my college life, it is necessary to despatch all my childish education, the more easily to trace the causes of future character.

To a kind and sympathetic heart, the feeling of love — sexual love — comes early. A mind of ordinary tenderness must always love something ; the object is indefinite, for the sentiment is vague. The natural affinity of the sexes is in the bud, and the love of which I speak is a natural impulse. It is a rare occurrence that we find little boys misusing little girls. Nature teaches the male that the female is under his protection. We call this instinct in animals, and why is it not instinct in ourselves ?

This early fondness is a modification of the same passion which governs men. That only is called love, which ends in matrimony or madness, though it is quite clear that any man might have married quite differently from what he has, and yet felt that his destiny was fulfilled. Love is of all passions the least understood ; and there is more faith in it than in any thing else. We believe in miracles in love, though not in religion. We let run the whole length of our imaginations upon the subject, and think we are mighty reasonable all the time. Every man, to the lookers-on, appears very silly ; he commits extravagancies with all the sincerity in the world ; he laughs at others, too, in the same situation with himself, and prides himself upon his consistency. It is lucky, after all that is said in favor of self-knowledge, that we cannot see ourselves as others see us : if we could, I fear the whole wheel of human society would stop ; we should move so timidly, as hardly to move at all ; or else we should become perfect at once, and this planet no longer be earth, but heaven ; which, by the by, would turn very many great projects and projectors topsy-turvy. Mr. Owen would no longer esteem himself a martyr, nor Mrs. Fry a philanthropist.

But whatever may be the foundation of the passion of love, it seems not altogether to arise from our physical nature, for we feel it very young. Perhaps the strongest passion I ever felt was for a pretty little girl of my own age — about seven. Our parents lived neighbors and friends, and were accustomed to meet and walk much together in the public resorts. The idea of a little wife was given to me, and I was made to take this little Miss by the hand, and taught to show her trifling attentions. I have since thought that our parents had some idea of having the wealth of the families united in our persons. We know such contrivances do take place every day ; and it is quite amusing to observe the plans of poor but aspiring mothers to bring their children into notice with the children of the rich ; to get them to forming little intimacies and friendships, and sometimes plighting troths unbeknown to the wealthy parents. Such plans, too, are sometimes successful ; and as in this country a young man may marry any woman, and if he be rich, her pedigree is never inquired into, the only evil resulting from them is, that it brings many vulgarly-educated women into an influence in society, which they are apt to misuse.



I loved my little embryo wife, very much. Nothing gave me so much pleasure as to walk with her, hand-in-hand, behind our parents. My passion had all the coyness which is said to characterize the true passion. I never dared to go and see her, at her father's, alone; I would have died first. When her name was mentioned, a blush suffused my cheek. I never offered her any familiarity; to touch her hand, was ecstasy. To have kissed her, in boyish sport, would have dissolved the charm — we should immediately have become playing children, and have romped together. But as it was, we were 'bona fide' under the spell of Cupid. I as much believed she would be my wife in a few years, as I now believe she is not, and our parents kept up this impression, by placing us next to each other in riding, or at the theatre, where children were accustomed to be taken once or twice in a season. During the day, I rarely saw her, but in summer, we met, as lovers always meet, by twilight. We ran to each other as soon as it was brown enough to hide our burning cheeks — we clasped hands, and in silence proceeded. We rarely spoke — we were as happy as our hearts could bear.

I have felt much of what is called love, and which I believed to be so myself, but never have I felt happiness like to those evening walks. The charm has never faded entirely. She still lives, and is a happy wife and mother. She has forgotten the blushing boy that gave her choice flowers, after he became too old to play the child longer. She has forgotten our twilight walks, our throbbing partings. She has forgotten all, but never can I forget her. I now meet her with more interest than any woman. I see her, when she recognises me not. I have loved many — had violent and strong attachments — but it seems to me now that I wish we were friends, and I could clasp her hand and walk with her once more. I mention this, to show the enduring nature of early impressions upon the mind.

Once some coldness took place between us. We maintained for weeks a cold distance. She, in maiden coquetry, walked with other boys. I was in an agony of jealousy. My sufferings at this time were indescribable. It seemed that my heart would break. After some time spent in mutual suffering — for so she confessed to me — I happened to get possession of a beautiful damask rose. It was evening, and I saw her standing at her father's door. I walked slowly toward her, and put the rose into her hands. She blushed and gave me her hand — said she was sorry we had been estranged; and that evening we walked together. This little affair continued for four years, and the reader will allow some credit to our constancy.

My intimacy with this young lady continued until I was ten years of age, when I left my home for Mr. Surface's school. This love affair gave me the habit of loving. I have always been in love, since, with some one; not a day of my existence has passed, without a pang or an ecstasy of love.

We rarely meet with people who have not strong preferences. A warm heart must have them. An eye that loves the beautiful, must love some female. We only call that love which assumes the outward form of it. Could we but fathom the hearts about us, what violent and enduring passions should we discover? There is a necessity in our nature for loving. Every man and every woman loves

some one — yes! would be willing to sacrifice very much for some one. According as the sensibilities and the generous emotions are awakened in childhood, is the extent of this.

Children, who have had kind mothers and sisters, whom they loved, are already, from an early habit of bestowing their affections, more prone to form strong attachments than others. Such persons bring upon themselves the character of fickle, because, wherever they are, they have some peculiar object of interest. The disposition exists in the heart, not in the attractions of the objects around them. Some are called sure and firm, because they love so few, or are so indifferent to all, that they escape the charge of inconsistency, by loving chiefly themselves.

But society makes a choice necessary. We generally choose the woman for a wife, who happens to fill the eye at the time we are ready to enter into matrimony. We think, full surely, good easy men, that our greatness has ripened; we feel that our hopes of happiness are fulfilled. Intercourse and habit cement the bond of chance, and we, in time, get to regard that as the strongest and only love we ever felt, because it has ended according to the laws of nature, and conformably to the usages of society.

Byron says:

Few — none — find what they love or could have loved,  
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
Necessity of loving, have removed  
Antipathies — but to recur, ere long,  
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong;  
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
And miscreator, makes and helps along  
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
Whose touch turns Hope to Dust — the Dust we all have trod.

He was too cynical by half: his own domestic misfortunes had embittered his life, and filled his mind with prejudices toward women and matrimony. He wrote the above sentiment for poetry's sake; though, as is always the case with him, he mixes much truth with falsity. He gives enough of truth to attract the attention; gives you the shell of a feeling or circumstance, and then fills up the body of it with the bitter mixtures of his own unhappy mind.

#### CHAPTER V.

AT school, every boy looks to his college life — to getting admitted to college — as the ultimatum of his wishes. To the poor shut-up being, who has no will of his own, who is tasked and whipped, scolded and cuffed about, as if he had no right to have an opinion, the wild freedom of collegians, as they dash past the dull school house in gigs, on horseback, or in coaches — their city, rakish air, (in my day,) their gallantry, their long-tailed coats, with ornamented sleeves, present a contrast with his situation, which makes him long to be any thing but what he is.

On Saturdays might be seen, any where in the streets of C —, groups of them, all dressed with the utmost precision and neatness, as they met from the perambulations, which were their usual pastime

on that occasion. To look at the ladies, and to be seen by them; to meet with dear young friends of the other sex, some of whom had no doubt pledged their first and pure love to the embryo divine or lawyer, risking all the chances of an unformed character, amid the seductions of a college, willing to take for granted, that that which they loved must be good; some to play at billiards; and some to patronise milliner's shops and the confectioners, filled up this day of recreation.

Early engagements with collegians is a very common thing in our country. And certainly it is very natural that a young man, who has read of Dido and Æneas, and Ovid's *Art of Love*, should wish to know something practically of the passion. Such connections sometimes turn out well for the female; but woe be to the young man who thus early shackles himself with a passion to clog his mind, disturb his peace, and create anxiety and restlessness at the time when he needs every energy he can summon to mould and create his character! And woe may be, too, to the fair young girl, that thus leans upon a reed, that may be strong enough to support her slight form for an hour of dalliance and love, in the time of youthful ardor and the vigor of hope, but which she has never tested in sickness, in distress, or in sorrow! If unfortunate in this long protracted engagement; if her lover look with new eyes upon himself, and the world, and her, as in ninety-nine times in a hundred he will, the freshness of her youth is gone; her affections find no answer; all her darling imaginations are dispelled, and she becomes a hackneyed flirt, or a heartless coquette — an unhappy old maid, or, worst of all, a dissatisfied wife.

I beg the reader's pardon for being so discursive; but my story is a picture of my mind, and if he does not gather good from the history itself, he may find a lesson in the execution of it.

I believe I was describing the idea boys have of college. Well — I considered it as a place of perfect freedom, where I should at once be a man, govern my own hours, and do just as I pleased, in all respects. The chief happiness I anticipated, was in getting rid of lessons, for I never thought of any inducements to study, except fear of flogging; and I had understood they did not whip at college. So absolutely destitute was my character, at that time, of all high and elevated notions of learning. At school we knew of few books, beside our task-books: juvenile literature had not been born. It was the age of rocking-horses and puppet-shows — of cup and ball, top and marbles. We had, to be sure, *Baron Trenck*, and *Baron Munchausen*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Peregrine Pickle*, which we thought very funny. The only useful book I had ever read, before I went to college, was '*Instinct Displayed*;' and I wish I could find it now. Peter Parley was a young man in his travels, and the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge* was not accumulated.

I loved to ride a swift horse better than any thing, and to skate. I was fond of music, and walks in the woods, in summer time. I was fond of females, because they rather caressed me; but we had no leading minds at our school. Most of us had been at *Sidney Place* for many years, and the few new comers soon assimilated to our useless habits. There was no inspiration in our teacher. He was a

money-catcher, and kept school on speculation. When I was entered at college, I was fourteen years of age, and perfectly ignorant of the world. I knew not of its vices, its miseries, the hard gripings of poverty, or the anxious cares of wealth. Of money, too, I was ignorant — of its value, the means of acquiring it, or the economy of spending it. My wants were all supplied, and that was sufficient. I supposed they always would be, for I had received no lessons, beside those to fit me for college. Every body I saw seemed to be employed for pleasure's sake. I envied our milkman, because he was always driving about a cart; and stage-drivers, and coachmen seemed upon the pinnacle of felicity. I had no refined tastes, no lofty hopes, no aspirations after the beautiful and true. My mind was a barren waste. What wonder, then, that when I began my collegiate course, I should soon feel degraded!

Every year are sent to L — College, the flower of the youth of our country — the sons of the opulent — the children of good country clergymen, (pure, excellent young men,) and the favorites of the village over all the land.

I found myself surrounded by those altogether my superiors in scholarship, in taste, in habits of study — by those who came to acquire knowledge, while I only thought of the credit of being in college.

My father had furnished my room very handsomely, and seemed sorry he could not expend more money for my outfit. He attended to the arrangement of the room, and was anxious that nothing should be wanting for my comfort, and to put me upon an equality with the best, as far as externals could go. My chum was a very clever, dull fellow, one of my school-mates, much my senior, who cared more for himself than any thing else, and would not have raised his hand to save my life, if it would cost him any trouble. He was thoroughly a selfish character, and really took pleasure in the troubles with which I was soon surrounded. This young man was under no obligation to save me, beyond a general moral interest we owe to all our fellow creatures, but he might have assisted me, and cautioned me when I took my first steps in error — in errors that have destroyed my usefulness, and made me an unhappy man.

The first week I acquitted myself pretty well, in Latin; at least, I thought so. The next week came Greek. I knew nothing of the Grammar — I took *dead set* after *dead set*, that is, I was set down. For the first time in my life, my cheek burned with shame for not knowing a lesson. I retired to my room to weep. I was mortified to appear ignorant, where every body thought so much of learning. My pride was hurt, for the appearance, not for the fact. Sections of the class alternated each week in Latin and Greek. The Greek week was my abhorrence. I used to sit up night after night till two o'clock, to try to master my lesson. My chum would not assist me, and I was too proud to ask assistance of strangers. I knew not how to go to work. I laid my head upon my book and wept. Disgrace followed disgrace, but I soon found I had fellows in company, and part of my mortification subsided.

I wished to be considered as a man, as a gentleman: and here in the outset I found all my furniture and regard to dress could not save

me from sinking in the estimation of my classmates. When I visited home, to my father's inquiries how I liked college, my answers were only tears. He could not understand my case: he was not enough of a scholar to penetrate my mind. I was considered a lively, smart boy, and he could see no difficulty in my way, and thought his eldest son must, of course, do well.

This scene of tears, at home, was often repeated, till at last it ceased—for I had become hardened. I found I could not excel as a scholar, and I took another path. I begged my lessons out, as at school; my classmates prompted me; I boasted of more studying, and this saved my reputation for talents. I missed as often as I could with impunity. I bought translations—I framed excuses—in short, I rubbed along one term, without being suspended for idleness.

Mine was the case of very many young men who enter college, particularly from the South, with more pride than learning. They are lively, intelligent young men, and in society, rank high—much before the patient, drudging students, who are laying up rich stores for the future. Accustomed to lead, they do not relish the inferiority they are made to feel in the recitation room; so they ridicule 'digging,' and try to shine as geniuses—men who can recite tolerably well from mother wit.

But where was my mind at this time? What was my advancement? Where were my father's golden hopes? All about to be buried! Next to my room, there lived Tom Reine. He is dead now—God save him! He came to college, eighteen years of age. He had been through the whole field of vices, long before that time. He was a good fellow, in common acceptance, vicious from habit, generous from carelessness, and selfish, too, sometimes, from an utter want of any fixed principle. Pleasure was his employment. To attain a favorite object, he would betray his best friend; and to avoid trouble, he would do a favor to his worst enemy. His mind was premature. He wrote good poetry, talked elegantly and easily upon all subjects, and always appeared well at recitation; sometimes, for effect, very splendidly. Every body said he might be the first scholar in the class, if he pleased; and this kind of reputation was just what satisfied him.

I suppose he discovered a spice of the devil in me, and so he took me into his keeping. We were inseparable—spent our time in singing, smoking, and sometimes we drank of a night large draughts of wine. This last was an excess I seldom ventured upon, for I woke in the morning after a debauch as crazy as I went to bed. Smoking was our favorite stimulant, which, while it intoxicates the mind, does not, for the time, much affect the body. A young man may keep himself excited by tobacco for years, and yet be *called* temperate, though (I speak from experience,) it as much clouds the sense, and ruins the mind, as wine.

Tom laughed me out of my sensitiveness, and said it was beneath a man of spirit to care a d—n about scholarship. His words soothed my feelings, and I very soon became as idle and indifferent as himself. Still I was, in my own estimation, degraded. I had, as yet, not gone far in dissipation. The early instructions of my mother still,

at times, had an influence over me; and when I compared myself with what I began to find out I ought to be, I was very unhappy. I was disappointed at finding that, at college, to be respectable, more labor was to be undergone than at school, and that those of the wild and dissipated only were admitted to clubs, who softened their faults by attention, generally, to their studies.

I had no such offset. I was nothing. I began to see the errors of my own education, and to regret them. With the strongest wish to be distinguished, I had not the power. Sisyphus like, I never could bring my resolutions to the sticking place, and every broken vow only weakened the force of my character.

In the same entry with myself, there were two young men, who made their books their pleasure. They had entered with a high standing, for they came from a school remarkable for the good habits of study of its pupils. They always came honorably prepared. They knew enough to make them wish to know more.

These young men were of infinite service to me, or wished to be. They were nearly of my own age, and saw the difficulty I had to contend with. They voluntarily assisted me in the most delicate manner, and endeavored to withdraw me from the influence of Tom Reine. I was in their room often, and they cautioned me of my danger. Would to heaven I had followed their advice!

I know them now. They are of moderate talents, but both rising fast in the world by the force of mere industry. One of them, more particularly my friend, is the most remarkable person I ever knew, for the strong determination of his character. I believe these young men studied fourteen hours a day, during the freshman year. Such labor, even upon Latin and Greek, will lay the foundation, in any good mind, for incalculable usefulness. A mind thus disciplined in its infancy, will never shrink from that toil, which, more than any thing else, makes men great at the bar.

Though I appreciated the character of these young men, and wished to imitate them, my acquaintance with them did little else than put off for a short time the result of my idleness. I was so indurated in sloth and frivolity, that from the most bitter reflections upon my own conduct, I could turn, upon the slightest temptation, with the most thoughtless inconsistency to my usual pastimes.

I have not here to describe many scenes of gross debauchery. L — is not the place for such. Drinking at taverns and shops is not the vice of L — students; and it is too much trouble, and comes too unhandy, and youth is generally too indifferent to wine, to have it brought often enough to the rooms to create a habit. The old L — tavern tells a whole chapter upon the sobriety of the students. It is and ever has been, since I could recollect, a dirty place, the resort of horse-jockeys and grog-drinkers. A student is never seen there in the day time, and only at night, for the sake of a beef-steak or a broiled chicken. What few scenes of dissipation I can recollect, then, were managed in our rooms. Tobacco is the vice of students. To that, and the recklessness of youth, they are indebted for their wild spirits. Our nerves get shattered at college by the use of this weed and late hours; and after we get more broadly into the world, we are fit subjects for the inroad of grosser habits. But

as to eating, I think I have witnessed wonderful feats in that line of indulgence. We had suppers sometimes — a pair of chickens to a man. Who could study or think of books under such a regimen?

How differently heaven dispenses the powers of gormandizing! One man eats his fill, without any inconvenience; another trembles for the consequences as he passes his spare diet to his mouth. The gastric juice of some men will corrode even iron, for they eat with impunity any thing, from a tough beef-steak to cold roast pork and hard boiled eggs, and these in any quantity; while the fancied dyspeptic dabbles with his dry toast and tea, cuts his meat into shreds, and then is half killed with the horrors of digestion. Such men must go to their meals as the thief to the gallows — only the last has the advantage, in having to suffer but once.

If you would choose a man of feats in eating, go to the walls of a college — look for a spare, tall young man, whose large bones hang together as if by wires. Let him have a hatchet-face, a long nose, skinny hands, large feet, very unusually long legs, which have supported him for about eighteen years. Set him down to a table of any thing, keep him in good humor, and 'make believe' to eat yourself. You shall see miracles! And then the best of the joke is, to see his ease of deportment after the mass is stowed. He is as thin as before. He grins in horrible delight, as his memory runs over his late feast. You may perhaps have some fears for your own bread and steaks: the passion is up; soothe him with a cigar, but do not be alone long, with such a man. Well — go to tea with him — a college tea, of hot cakes and cold ham or beef, and you will see that the reservoir is empty, ready to be filled. But what is most remarkable, is, that this very Ajax will go to his room, and study six hours at a sitting, upon Greek or mathematics, after such feeding, and be up in the morning, going smiling to prayers.

Different from him, is the little gentleman who comes to college with a taste adulterated at home, by sweet-meats and cakes, from his infancy. He cannot think of boarding in commons; he eats at a private table, but lives mostly in his room, upon oranges, candy, and gingerbread. Such little men are excellent at a supper of ducks. Chicken is too cheap and vulgar. To eat with appetite, they must be sure the dish is genteel.

But if you would see good sport, go to the room of some young freshman, who is more bent upon fun than style. He is preparing for a feast at ten o'clock at night. He is roasting his potatoes by a blazing fire, and a group of six or eight are watching the process, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. By and by the table is set — his study table — the butter is unrolled from a sheet of paper — it was hooked from commons; perhaps the potatoes were hooked too. The salt is produced from his waistcoat pocket, and an old knife or two is found. Some eat with their fingers, and the knife passes round for the butter: the salt is used with less ceremony.

'How devilish hot this is!' says one, who runs about the room, as if it would stop the pain.

'Ha — ha — ha!' roar out the whole club of little potato eaters. They are all so happy, they can laugh at any thing.

'Fellows,' issues from the stuffed mouth of another, 'I shan't be taken up to-morrow, I guess; they say the lesson is as hard as the d—l.'

Some decide upon a 'miss,' some upon 'tick;' the lesson is soon forgotten, and the potatoes rapidly disappear.

Some one raps! All are pale as death. *Suspensions, publics, privates*, stare them in the face.

'Clear the table! — there, in that closet! — hush!' Some creep under the bed, and the room is still as a mouse, in a moment. The rap grows louder. 'Who's there?' 'It's me.' 'Who's me?' I've got the porter.'

The door is opened, the emissary for porter appears, loaded with two bottles of beer. The company emerge from their hiding places, joking each other for being afraid. By taking turns, they finish the liquor, all drinking out of one glass. Now the cigars are introduced, and here comes the tug of war. All would be smokers, but few knew how. It is got through with, with difficulty — to some by the loss of their supper; some retching and coughing. And thus ends the first attempt of a freshman, who would imitate the higher classes, in what, in college, is called a '*blow-out*.'

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CHAPTER VI.

Il n'y a que d'une sorte d'amour, mais il y'en a mille diferentes copies.

LA ROCHEFAUCAULT

THE first term being ended, I returned home to a long vacation of seven weeks. My books were thrown aside, and I was glad to avoid the sight of them. It was the gayest part of the year in the city. I was received by all my father's acquaintance as a gentleman — a man — though a mere boy, then. I was invited to parties with my mother and sister, and treated with all the respect shown to any one. I drank wine with gentlemen, after dinner; frequented the theatre; had the command of my father's horses; made calls, and wore a starched shirt collar.

I was, however, in a measure charmed away from the enticements of a city life to a raw youth, by a fondness for music and an affection for my cousin. My sister kept me out of harm's way, frequently, by promising, if I would remain at home, to play for me as long as I wished her to; and my dear cousin sat by, and looked so much like an angel, that I was enticed by music and beauty away from folly and vice.

This cousin was really a beautiful girl; and though very much my senior, I felt for her the strongest attachment or reverence. She was twenty, and I a little more than fourteen. She was tall and well formed. She had a large dark eye, full of tenderness and sweetness — it was a majestic eye, too. She must have seen that I admired her. I was not conscious then that I evinced any extraordinary preference, but as memory carries me back, I can look upon myself as a fervent lover. My love was not expressed in words and gestures, but in looks and blushes. If I happened to touch her hand, it



thrilled through me; if I found any thing belonging to her, I took deep delight in looking at it, and kissing it. I was unconscious of time, in her presence. I do not believe, though I was familiar at that time with all the vices of young men, by hearsay, that I ever coupled a sensual thought with my admiration for my cousin. She seemed the purest, the most perfect being, in the world, partaking more of a heavenly than an earthly nature.

It is difficult, in all cases, for a young man to reconcile the ideas he entertains of his mistress with the grossness of our natural passions: so we young men, (and it is very lucky, for the good of society and the institutions of domestic life,) help ourselves along in the delusion, that what *we* love, is not so much of earth as heaven. We never look at the subject in its true light, but follow the blind meteors of the fancy. If men had been metaphysical in love, knight-errantry never would have existed: we should have lost on this account some of the finest creations of the poet; and, indeed, if every thing were to be viewed in its true colors, we should become so matter-of-fact, that machinery would be the only object of interest.

My cousin was Catholic. I attended her to church, and as we knelt before the imposing ceremonies of the service, I would sometimes steal a glance at her face. She was a devout believer in her religion, and gave up herself to its passionate idolatry. Good God! what emotions possessed me, as I caught the inspiration of her countenance! I could have knelt at her feet, and worshipped her. The organ, with its hollow thunders, swept over the soul, and lifted it to rapturous emotions. Oh, what would I give for the feelings of those hours back again! I know I was a fool, but I felt in the sincerity of childhood. I was bending in the adoration of the fanatic. I was only physically excited by love, and music, and grand ceremonies — but it was bliss. Now, as I review these scenes, and look about upon the emptiness of this earth to me, I seem to have descended from heaven to hell — to have lost and not gained by the comings of experience.

In the whole course of my life, visions or glimpses of what is good have constantly been presented to my mind, only to make me feel how far I am from what I should be. I have the double misery, too, of knowing all the causes which conspired to give uneasiness to my mind, and instability to my conduct. I had no strong anchors; I had no processes of thought in my mind; I was left open to impressions, but I could not seize upon them, to any good purpose. Every thing was vague and unsettled. Religion, love, music, fame, all passions, came and went, and left no trace. Each for the moment filled my attention to the utmost stretch; the fancy of the moment vanished, and left me vacant and empty.

It is not so with the young man who has been trained to think and understand his work. A science is to him a castle — a fortification to the citadel of the intellect. It retains good stores for a siege; it keeps back invaders; it systematizes what comes new into the head, and causes it to partake of the general order and arrangement the head is under. It gives a tone and character to our cogitations; for we then have something to compare our thoughts with — to refer them to, as a test.

But who can have a science without a taste for it? And who can have a taste for that which he does not understand, in abstruse studies? The mind of an undisciplined youth, who is open to good impressions from the circumstances of his birth, his situation, is like a rich, uncultivated field, surrounded by gardens; the winds of heaven scatter the seeds of good fruits over it, as society gives impressions; the showers place them in the earth, as our senses receive ideas. They come up in beauty to the light, but being neglected, and choked, and trodden down, by grosser feelings, as the brute tramples over the flower-bed, we lose what, with proper care, might have been made so useful and so beautiful.

Thompson told us a truth, years ago, in education, when he said, 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.' We acknowledge it in theory, but we neglect it in practice. Every one, who thinks at all upon the subject of education, who understands the origin of character, and feels the effect of circumstances upon himself, knows that we too much overlook this truth in the education of the young. It is impossible to regulate entirely the impressions of children, for thousands occur whose influence is felt, though we receive them unconsciously; but strong and overpowering habits of thought should be inculcated, to do away the wrong notions we are necessarily exposed to imbibe.

I can point to thousands of my countrymen, born to the highest earthly hopes, whose lives have been wasted, whose health has been destroyed, who, while they lasted, spent bitter, bitter hours, and died young; whose *bent* was given in infancy; whose blood was stagnated by hot-house culture and indulgence, and who have seen and felt, as the lamp of life was going out, that with the highest capacity for doing good, they have done wrong by a kind of fatalism.

What mind can suffer more than such minds suffer? The prisoner chained to the wheel, is happy in comparison with that man who is chained to habits of vicious indulgence; who is constantly looking down the dizzy height over which he is about to be plunged, in hopeless ruin, for time and eternity.

During this vacation, an incident occurred which has been very influential upon my life. My father married a second wife. The cruelty and injustice of step-mothers is an old story to childhood. Mothers themselves, as if for self-protection, and with the jealousy of woman's heart, implant the hate of step-mothers in the hearts of their children; not often intentionally, and as a regular lesson, for people rarely expect to die and leave their children; but this sentiment falls in occasional remarks about their neighbors; in gossip parties, where ladies meet to canvass the claims of some unfortunate woman who has settled herself, and escaped an irrevocable old maidism, by accepting the station of wife to an old widower, with a large family of children. It is one of those involuntary feelings, which show themselves unawares to ourselves: at any rate, I record the fact, which is common enough, that children are prepared to dislike step-mothers. No matter how pure the substitute may be — no matter how affectionate and kind — children cannot help viewing her as intruding upon their rights. If property is at stake, she lessens their share; if they loved their mothers much, if their memories be sacred in the heart,

children view the step-mother as the seducer of their father. To the chivalrous feeling of youth about love and constancy, it appears like a prostitution of the affections. While the child remembers the mother that 'watched o'er his childhood,' and finds her place filled by another, who demands her services, and assumes her name, he feels that there is an inconsistency, but he cannot explain it to himself; his heart is hardened in rebellion. The father, too, is all the time watching lest his wife meet with slight from his children, and every accidental neglect is construed by him into intentional insult. Difficulties occur in the family circle; mistrust and suspicion on one side, wounded affections on the other, and the stubborn sense of wrong; the father loses the regard of his offspring; his authority is defied, and his house abandoned.

Who can calculate the extent of such a state of domestic affairs upon the pliant character of youth? Possessed of a hasty and impetuous spirit, after the charm of novelty had worn off — after the wedding cake was eaten, and the congratulations over — after the temporary importance, any change, whether of death, birth, or marriage, gives its members — after all these excitements had subsided, by the law of moral gravitation, I began to hate my mother. Why, I cannot tell. I knew her in after years as the pattern of excellence, as the most patient, the most devoted of mothers to us all. She was by nature a mild woman, with highly cultivated tastes, and an unruffled sweetness of temper; but she was not suited to take charge of a young tiger or wild-cat. We were a large family, and my brothers were perfect torments: they were counterparts of myself; though heaven be praised, they have had better training. She succeeded in gaining their affections, for they were too young, at the time she entered our family, to have fixed prejudices. She moulded their characters after the pattern of her own, tamed the wild luxuriance of their minds, grafted upon them the love of knowledge and the love of virtue, gave them principles, and excited in them pure tastes. They are, I believe, fine fellows; but I have not seen them for twenty years.

I now look back with admiration at the patience and endurance with which she suffered all our slights and impudence. Never do I recollect of her having complained to our father. She suffered in secret. I have often seen her in tears. What misery she must have endured! Had she been a very fashionable, party-giving, shopping, journeying, hysterical, heartless woman, how different would have been the lot of my brothers! My father was a man of violent passions. A cunning woman might have gained the whole ground to herself, and turned us all out of doors; for my father was easily influenced by those he loved.

The difficulties were so frequent on my account, that since, soon after my father's marriage, I have never had a permanent home in my father's house. College vacations were planned to be spent abroad; and though for months, sometimes, I staid at home, yet never with the feeling that I was other than a visitor, whose presence could well be dispensed with.

Who does not know the sanctifying influence of the domestic hearth? Take from a young man his love for home — deprive him

of domestic habits and domestic affections—and the road is clear for base passions to enter. The young and enthusiastic mind must have something to cling to. Like the ivy, it will reach out its tendrils far to seek support, but finding nothing around which it may wind, it sinks to earth, and grapples with the base soil. I pity the orphan; I pity the stranger in a strange land; but, Oh! I pity most of all the desolate youth, who by his own vices, his own obstinacy, his own pride, has closed the hearts of his family to his welcome. Think of the misery that mind must endure, which, with the knowledge of what is good and refined, finds itself deprived of these legitimate privileges of its nature, and is driven by turns with despair and indignation to seek alleviation for the bitterness of its lot, in what looks to the inexperienced like pleasure. The youth without a home is like a mariner without a compass, in a boundless sea: he has no point from which or to which to direct his course, but is driven, here and there, upon a tumultuous ocean, unknowing and unknown. At a time when so much is said in the cause of education, and when so many plans are offered for its improvement, I am surprised that the influence of home is so much disregarded.

Parents! do not send your sons and daughters from home. Do not destroy the love for your fireside, and the objects about home. Let their eyes rest upon the same furniture, and the same prospects; let their slumbers be, where they slept when very young. There are valuable associations there. Keep them under the shadow of your wings. They were given to you; who can watch over them like you? Who can pray with them like you? Who can love them like you? Do not sever the bonds of home! Home binds the heart to virtue. Home is pure. Who would defile his father's house? Who dreams of vice in the presence of his younger brothers and sisters? How healing to the sick and worn out spirit is the society of those young prattlers, whose blood, we feel in our hearts, is derived from the same source as our own?

Mistrust not the warning of one, who records deeds of folly and years of uselessness—the confessions of penitence—produced directly by exile from home—by having no home but a world full of vice; no friends, but the chance companions of pleasure. But do mistrust, I warn you to mistrust, the pretensions of schools, 'where every attention is paid to the morals of the pupils.' Their air is moral death. They deaden that fine sensibility which keeps us children of God, before we are under the influence of higher principles. Beside, children are always unhappy away from home, when they cease from their sports, and have time to think. How many blessed seasons of sorrow and contrition for faults are lost by this separation! A child will not open its heart to a stranger, or one he esteems as a governor. Were your child with you, how you might, in such seasons, rivet the principle of love and gratitude to you, and fix a strong impression upon some point of conduct! When every hour is training your child for some character, can you trust him in his ductile years to be absent from your hearths for months? When he shall return, you will not know him. He has become a different being from what he was when he left you. You do not *now* know the avenues to his heart, consequently you have lost your influence

over him. Still, he is bound to you by the idea, that we must love our parents. He will say that he loves you, and will resent your wrongs, and be happy in your successes, but you will see that he does this more from childish habit, than from any really hearty feeling between you. He will never seek you in child-like confidence, silently to ask your sympathy, or turn his face, full of the overflowings of a loving heart, to yours to speak his affection. He will never seem pleased in your society, but consider it as a restraint he would gladly be rid of. He will come to you for money, but he will ask it more as a favor due to his wants, than a gift paid for in love for you. He will ask your concurrence in his views, more from a wish to avoid your opposition, than to strengthen the dictates of his own judgment. If you endeavor to control him, in the dangerous passage from boy to man, he will view your authority as assumption, and escape from it as tyranny. But this boarding-school education is the education nine-tenths of the sons of rich men receive, in our country.

If it be asked how this result is to be avoided, we answer, by keeping our children with us; by studying their dispositions; making them our friends; getting their confidence, and in this way searching their hearts. What a chance does a young man run now! He is thrown boldly into the world to sink or swim. It is a trial by fire — by the fire of the passions, untempered by age, unregulated by experience. But the reader is looking for incident, and is weary of my youth. I set out with the intention of writing a 'plain unvarnished tale,' and 'a history of my mind.' The reader must know causes. I ask his patience, and if necessary, his pardon.

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#### ADVICE TO A LOVER.

FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK OF A BACHELOR BOOK-WORM.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithee why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't?  
 Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her —  
 The devil take her!

## SUPERSTITIONS OF BURIAL.

It is said of Diogenes, that when his friends asked him, toward the close of his life, how he would be buried, he replied that he 'did not desire them to bury him at all, but to throw him into the field.' That, they told him, was the way to be devoured by the birds and beasts. 'No,' says he, 'you may put a cudgel by my side.' 'A cudgel! How should you make use of it, when you have neither sense nor feeling?' 'T is there,' said he, 'that I wanted you. What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling?' The satirical reasoning of Diogenes, on the subject of disposing of his body after death, seems *strictly* rational: for what is the corporeal mass, when the spirit which ennobled it has taken its flight, but inert matter, as insensible and worthless as the clods beneath our feet? Nay, we are not taught by nature or religion to think it otherwise. The angel of death may ride upon the storm, and doom thousands to wait their judgment in the caverns of the great deep; he may career amid the thunders and lightnings of battle, till myriads of corpses fatten the field of conflict, and the living be not able to bury the dead; he may will that the earth open and entomb a nation in undistinguished burial; he may ordain that fire shall consume the body, the elements waste it, or some violent accident or convulsion scatter it; and yet, we are assured, nothing which can happen to the body can affect our immortal destiny.

With this settled conviction upon our minds, the question may naturally arise, why in this enlightened age is there so much anxiety in regard to the mere body, when nothing can preserve it from corruption and the worm?

A friend dies — we arrange the mournful ceremonials of his interment — we give a tearful tribute to sorrow for his loss, and the memory of his virtues. His spiritual essence is released from its bonds of clay, and all that lies before us is dust, soon to be consigned to its original dust. But do our minds stop here? We follow him to the grave. We look down into his narrow tenement, upon the frail receptacle which hides the progress of decay. A moment more, and the clods are heaped up to the common level of the soil, and the face of nature seems to say, 'All is earth — undistinguishable and common.' Do our minds stop here? We mark the spot with some slight memorial; a tablet soon appears, to distinguish and preserve the hallowed ground. We visit it, and our feelings are stirred as we read the name once familiar to our lips and our ears, and associate it with virtues and endearments which once lived in the form that sleeps below. Though that form may have mouldered, we think not of this. Though the reptile may, even at the moment, be rioting upon all that once shone in beauty and grace, yet we think not of this. Our thoughts are not of earth nor of corruption. If our friend is before us, he appears as we once knew him; and if our thoughts extend to the future, we invest him with new attributes of dignity and beauty, and think not of the time when we too shall moulder, but when we shall put off all that is perishable, and rise to a new and refined existence.

I find that, in considering this subject, I have imperceptibly run into

sentiment, though at the same time I have perhaps given the chief reasons for the reverence paid to the bodies of the dead in Christian countries. With the dead is inseparably associated the memory of their lives; and it is unfeeling and futile presumption, to speak of philosophy—of dust and forgetfulness—among assembled mourners, who recognise in the passive clay the remains of a friend, a husband, or a father. Nay, reverence for our own deceased relatives teaches us respect for the breathless human form, under whatever circumstances of desolation or destitution it may come before us. The unknown and shipwrecked mariner, on a Christian shore, finds a Christian grave. Particular spots are consecrated to this duty, and the dead are carefully watched and guarded, till they are conveyed to their appointed resting-place, and hidden from human eyes for ever.

There is no doubt a strong feeling, somewhat bordering upon superstition, in regard to the dead. How strongly soever Reason may argue, and however ready men may be to submit to the accidental circumstances which deprive their friends of burial, yet the violation of the grave is regarded with the greatest abhorrence. Science, assisted by reason, may appeal to the understanding for liberality, and yet the reclaiming of poor discarded matter from corruption, to assist the knowledge of man, is regarded by many with the utmost abhorrence. It is not my purpose to inquire into the secret causes of this feeling, least of all to blame it.

There are few nations, either civilized or barbarous, that do not venerate the ashes of the dead; and the most barbarous have always been noted as the most irreverent to the bones of their ancestors. In the ancient and modern civilized nations, monuments have been erected to stir up future emulation for the virtues of the individuals they celebrated, and appeals to the memory of their ancestors have always been found inspiring a people of character and honor. A religious veneration for the tombs and traditions of their ancestors, was a striking characteristic of the naturally-gifted aborigines of this country; and all history shows us, that where this feeling is implanted, it is generally attended with virtues and qualities of a high order of moral dignity.

I have thus far been considering only the feelings and sentiments of the living in regard to the dead. Let me now make a few remarks upon some of the opinions, or rather notions of men, in regard to the disposal of their bodies after death.

Instances have not been unfrequent, of men who seemed to attach some fearful superstition to the situation of their bodies after death, and who have therefore given particular directions to their friends in reference to them. This is not extraordinary, where some religious tenet affords the inducement, as in the desire of burial in consecrated ground; but when we hear of bodies transported beyond seas, in order to be laid in a particular church-yard or family-vault—of the anxiety at times manifested to be laid beside some friend or object of affection—of the pang, which adds keenness to death, of breathing one's last in a foreign land—and of the numberless cares and anxieties which poor frail mortals give themselves, on the confines of eternity, for that, which, whatever is done with it, can have neither sense nor

feeling, nor sympathy nor emotion — it is sufficient to excite philosophic inquiry, if not surprise and wonder.

Few of those who express a desire to be buried beside a friend, or in some particular spot, if asked the reason of their request, would answer that they believed they might have either communion with the loved departed, or the visible works of nature ; and yet the feeling is strong ; it is undefinable. It will not admit of subtle inquiry, what it is which induces them to wish when dead, to be among objects loved while living. It may be — it undoubtedly is — a kind of superstition, which occasions the desire, but it is a superstition so closely interwoven with the finest feelings of the human heart, that to tear it away, would injure the whole delicate texture of human sensibility. The philosophy of Diogenes is undoubtedly correct, and yet how few are there, who, while they acknowledge its truth, would be willing to say with him, ' What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling ?'

Every nation has its peculiar customs in regard to burial, and all of them are more or less imbued with superstition. The grave, however, is the link which seems to connect this world with the next, and with the important but shadowy concerns of the future. These concerns are universally allowed to be beyond the reach of cold philosophy. It is then perhaps best, that in our investigations, we pause upon the borders of the grave, and while some of us may say, in relation to our frail bodies, ' What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling ?' yet let us at the same time have that charity for the minds of others, which will enforce a reverence and respect for those mysterious thoughts which follow them to their last sleep, and which seem to surround the tomb with a continual and living interest.

P.

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WINTER LIGHTNING.

THE flash at midnight ! 't was a light  
That gave the blind a moment's sight,  
Then sunk in tenfold gloom ;  
Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,  
The deaf ear instantly awoke,  
Then closed as in the tomb :  
An angel might have passed my bed,  
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears : a sudden birth,  
A glance revealing heaven and earth,  
It *is* and it is *not* !  
So fame the poet's hope deceives,  
Who sings for after times, and leaves  
A name — to be forgot :  
Life is a lightning-flash of breath,  
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



## MASSANIELLO.\*

## CHAPTER I.

## OPPRESSION.

'BE not alarmed, fair matron — most divine! Was a Di Doria ever ungenerous?'

'Unhand me, proud noble! You know not what you do; I am the wife of Massaniello.'

'Massaniello? — a fisherman, I suppose. And what is your fisherman, Massaniello, to the mightiest noble in all Naples? By our Lady, madam, you were fit to grace the halls of the mightiest! Am I not right, Morelli? Speak, knave!'

'Di Doria, if such you be, again I say, unhand me! I can rouse friends by my own cottage.'

'Humph, and what then? The times are too unquiet, methinks, for rank to wander thus far unattended. You see my retinue?'

'And mark it well. I beseech you release me!'

'It promises well, when threats turn thus quickly into prayers. Nay, fair lady — wedded you may be — it's all one to me. What say you, Morelli, is 't fair to plunder thus in open day?'

But ere the inebriated noble could obtain reply to his appeal, the matron, whom he detained by the wrist, made one violent effort, and succeeded in releasing herself from his grasp. As she turned to take advantage of her escape in flight, he whose wife she had acknowledged herself, stood before her, gazing with all the indignation of an injured man, at the wretch who thus invaded his fireside rights. She sprang to his side with an exclamation of joy, as at deliverance from a mighty danger, and as if his single arm were to protect her against the armed retinue of the noble. Massaniello comprehended the whole scene at a glance, and the look he bestowed upon Di Doria might have awed any but the senseless inebriate. But this head of one of the most powerful houses in Naples was not inclined to yield his prey thus readily, and he hardly seemed aware of the presence of the fisherman, as he again advanced to the trembling wife. Massaniello placed himself before her, and calmly folded his arms, as he confronted the staggering noble. Quick as thought, the drunkard struck his opponent across the face, but ere the blow was half spent, their eyes met, and, as if awe-stricken, he sallied back between his advancing men, ere the fisherman could raise his hand to parry the assault, or return the blow. He was wholly unarmed, but the flash of his proud eye might well strike terror into the mercenary attendants of the noble. Resistance in him would have been futile and dangerous; but there gathered on his countenance an expression of settled revenge, as, through his clenched teeth, he muttered, in tones of deadly resolution:

'Di Doria, proud as you are, that blow shall be avenged, or I forfeit the last drop of blood that runs in my veins!'

Nobles were not wont at this time to brook defeat in their mad

\* MANY theatre-goers, in the Atlantic cities, will recognise in this story the incidents of the fine opera which bears its name. It will be new, however, to a large portion of our readers.

schemes, trivial or important ; but now, Di Doria, besotted as he was, could not but notice the threatening looks of the crowd which was every instant increasing about him, and he was constrained to forego the purposes which had been gathering in his heated brain. Slowly, with his train, he moved along toward the adjacent city, while the indignant fisherman, gazing a moment in silence, turned, and with his wife, entered his humble cottage.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CONSPIRATORS.

‘GIOVANNI !’

‘Massaniello !’

‘Are our friends convened ?’

‘Ay, and as raging as the crater of yon Vesuvius. They wait but the word, and every sword starts to revenge their wrongs upon the oppressors.’

‘’Tis well. They shall not much longer wait for opportunity to display their love for Naples. Know they of this new increase in the taxes ?’

‘In good truth, has it been proclaimed four hours, and not all Naples know it ?’

‘And how is it received ?’

‘As becomes freemen. The very mountains echo their indignant mutterings. All the city groans under the new oppression, and is ready to burst into a flame, were but the match applied.’

‘Just the time has arrived then, Giovanni, for our enterprise ; and to-morrow, Neapolitans shall wade through blood to their freedom.’

‘The blood of the oppressors be on their own head !’

‘Our friends are here ! Welcome, brethren — welcome, Manfrone, Guiseppe, Pietro — Joachim, welcome ! Say, has freedom dawned on Naples, or do I mistake the signs ?’

‘Heaven grant it deliverance from its blood-thirsty tyrants !’ replied they all.

‘And are you, from your souls, resolved on that deliverance ?’

‘We wait but for the signal from our leader.’

‘And was he ever found wanting in his duty ? Was Massaniello ever backward in the execution of any plan to advance the freedom of his native land ? Manfrone, I have personal wrongs to avenge as well as you. My friends, to-day, the hell-kite, Di Doria, invaded my very cottage door, and grossly insulted the wife of my bosom. God knows what he might have done, had I not arrived in time ; you know his temper. But, ’fore God ! he struck me ; ay, even on this cheek, that now burns as fire with the insult. By heaven ! ere another week has passed, he shall repent that blow, or my heart’s blood shall stain the streets of Naples. My friends, to-morrow’s sun sets on Naples disenthralled !’

‘Amen ! and God be with us.’

‘Repair you at market time, to-morrow morning, to the western entrance of the city, with every friend that can be raised. Giovanni has all the directions for your conduct, but this : when I call for

help, be ready, and make no hesitation with your assistance. Be prompt, and we will surprise the sluggard despots with an energetic overthrow of their power. Let there be no faltering, and triumph shall be ours.'

'Welcome the combat! — down with the oppressors!'

'Adieu, my friends! When next we meet, it shall be to show the world what degraded Naples can do, if she will but try. Adieu, Giovanni, Pietro — all.'

The conspirators departed, looks of determination mingling with those of ardent hopes. Thus plotted a dozen daring souls the overthrow of one of the best established governments in the south of Europe! Their success shall be made apparent.

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CHAPTER III.

POPULAR MURMURS.

It was a bright morning in 1647. The sun shone in unclouded splendor upon Naples. The hum of busy life filled the active city. All Naples seemed abroad, and the streets were early thronged with crowds hurrying to and fro on errands of profit or pleasure — or perchance on others more unusual and important. Nobles swept along, with their armed retinues clad in their gayest liveries, and overawing the lowly by their appearance of splendor and power. Yet all was not usually quiet within that city. The working classes of all descriptions were also abroad, and congregating together, choked many of the most frequented avenues. Shops were closed, and the owners mingled with the murmuring crowds which swept to and fro through the streets and squares, like the surging of mighty billows.

Among the extensive masses of human beings, might be seen hurrying about a class of persons, distinguished by small badges, their numbers every moment increasing, and nodding recognition as they approached each other, in edging through the dense assemblage. Silently, yet swiftly, they pursued their busy occupation, distributing their ensigns, and whispering charges to the new recipients. The disquietude seemed to increase with the swift lapse of time, and audible murmurs rose upon the air. The nobles were eyed with increased distrust, their paths obstructed by the congregated thousands, and not unfrequently they were exposed to the taunts and revilings of the mob, accompanied with half-suppressed threats of vengeance upon the well known oppressors of the people. Particularly zealous seemed the wearers of the badge, as if it were promoting their own ends, in fomenting this discord between the mob and the nobility. Those of the latter class, most active in suppressing the rights of the people, were greeted as they passed with the most opprobrious epithets, and but for the strength of their well-appointed followers, might have been exposed to still more humiliating treatment. They noted well the indications of popular ferment; and as the huge mass of people grew larger, they gradually and silently disappeared from the streets.

The sun advanced to its meridian, and the popular excitement

was far from being allayed. A proclamation from the viceroy seemed to serve only as a new incentive, and but added numbers to the vast assemblages of enraged citizens. In the western quarter of the city, the crowds congregated more densely, and it might have been observed that a greater portion bore the trifling badge which had been so sedulously distributed through the multitude. Occasional shouts escaped from different parts, and placards were thrown about at random, bearing talismanic devices, peculiarly dear to Neapolitans. No violence had as yet been attempted or proposed; but it needed not a second glance along the streets, to assure one that there had arisen a popular tumult, which was not to be easily quelled. The viceroy seemed aware of the danger, and after the preparatory proclamation had failed in its purpose, considerable bodies of armed troops made their way to different points of defence along the streets, and collected in the public squares. They encountered threatening looks, but as yet no blood was shed, for the multitude was not prepared. A single spark soon ignited the train, and wrapped the whole city in the flames of a revolution.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE REVOLUTION.

FIRST among the neighboring peasantry, who advanced along the principal street on the western side of the city, was Massaniello, his basket well stored with the earliest fruits of the season, and passing in the direction of the collector's office, as if unaware of the popular feeling that was raging in Naples. Despite the indications of tumult, the collectors, emboldened by a portion of the military, proceeded to collect the duty which had been established upon fruit. Massaniello offered the customary duty, and was about to depart, when the collector restrained him.

'How now, peasant, here is but half the duty.'

'But half?' inquired the fruit-dealer, in well-feigned surprise.

'Truly but half, my man. Heard you not the proclamation of the viceroy, doubling all the taxes and duties in the city? Advance the rest.'

'T is foul oppression,' replied Massaniello, 'and not a whit more of tax shall the Viceroy of Naples ever collect of me.'

As he attempted to proceed, the collectors confronted him, one seizing the daring fruit-seller by the shoulder, while another made sure of his basket of fruit. Massaniello was resolute and powerful, and a single well-aimed blow levelled his main assailant with the earth. He dashed aside others who had interfered, and sprang beyond their reach.

'Citizens of Naples!' cried he to the dense crowd, which had drawn nearer and nearer, during the preceding occurrence: 'Citizens of Naples! I claim your protection! Rescue your dearly prized rights from the grasp of a despot!'

His boldness and love of freedom had rendered him beloved, and a thousand hands were raised in his aid. The military advanced to the aid of the collectors, and a violent affray ensued, ere one half of

the combattants knew the cause. The troops were driven from the ground, and a loud shout proclaimed the victory of the people. Wild tumult might have succeeded to this auspicious commencement of their struggle for liberty, had not Massaniello mounted a stand, and demanded a hearing. He had not calculated amiss upon his popularity and power, and the raging was hushed, as his commanding form became visible to the dense assemblage. His eloquence had been before tested, and he failed not now in his endeavors to sway the feelings of his vast audience. He alluded to their recent triumph, and painted in the most vivid colors a lively imagination could command, the unparalleled oppression at which their government had aimed and arrived. He spoke of Naples in her palmy days of prosperity, and contrasted them strongly with her present degradation. He aroused their latent pride, and made their countenances wear the expression of deep and heart-felt indignation. He exhorted them to persevere in their attempts to achieve their liberties, and to leave no stone unturned which might obstruct the path to such a consummation. He unrolled the banner of Naples, in her prouder times, and conjured them by the memory of their sires, not to leave unimproved so glorious an opportunity for the establishment of their rightful freedom.

Loud shouts gave applause to the sentiments of patriotism which he uttered, and as he closed, waving aloft the sacred banner which he held, one long continued peal bespoke the deep determination of thousands of manly hearts. His faithful friends had not been idle while he addressed the throng. Arms were freely distributed to such as had them not, and every one conspicuously displayed the animating badge of Neapolitan freemen. Loud call was made for a leader to head them in the coming contest, and the name of Massaniello proceeded from every open mouth. Hesitation were a crime, and he promptly assumed the command which had been the spontaneous gift of the people. The crowd had now become vast, beyond expectation, extending on either hand through the broad street as far as the eye could reach; and from the utmost bounds came the universal murmur of approbation.

Meantime, the Viceroy of Naples had not been inactive in so momentous a crisis. The situation of the insurgents protected them from the guns of the castle, and they had proceeded thus far without interruption from the acting authorities of the city. The soldiery were now concentrated and prepared for effective operations against the disturbers of the peace. But what force could withstand the impetuous onset of those thousands, moving with a remarkable degree of unanimity and discipline, and led with the most consummate ability? Battle after battle, until the streets ran deep with blood, resulted in favor of the insurgents: castles and strong holds, in quick succession, yielded before the assaults of the victorious multitudes. The revolutionists at every hour increased, and their cause brightened at every onward step. The oppressors had spurned reconciliation and compromise, until it was too late to check the progress of the insurrection. In a space of time incredibly short, every vestige of regal authority had been banished from the city.

That night and another, Naples was abandoned to the fury of the

uncontrollable mob. The nobles, who in those times of feudal grandeur had usurped almost every particle of authority, became the objects of its dire vengeance. Palaces smoked in ruins, their contents untouched by the hand of plunder; and many a proud head, that but a few hours before had tossed in contempt of the ignoble vulgar, was now laid low in death. Slowly, yet surely, came the heavy tramp of the mob, and nothing could resist its infuriated charge. Every thing obnoxious fled or fell beneath its power, and a second day's sun burst upon the city, a scene of devastation and ruin. Massaniello and his compeers had striven to restore some degree of order, and reduce the effective efforts at vengeance upon the fallen oppressors to something like systematic arrangement. As the thirst for blood had in some degree become quenched, and objects upon which to wreak its fury were grown scarce, the mob complied, and something like a provisional government was established. The leader of the victorious mob received the supreme command, with the title of governor, and with a faithful council maintained his command over the city. The work of extermination was not yet finished, and he proceeded with a most terrible celerity, equalled alone by the certainty, to abolish whatever vestiges of despotism remained in the environs.

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CHAPTER V.

## RETRIBUTION.

MASSANIELLO sat in the chair of state in Naples, to pass sentence upon the prisoners that were brought before him. His council was about him, and the advice of his members was his implicit rule of action. Prisoner after prisoner received his sentence, and blood flowed freely in front of the council house, from execution of the stern mandates of the rulers of Naples. The long list was nearly disposed of, and the last prisoner placed at the bar to learn his fate. The open brow of the governor was clouded, as he observed the man, and his countenance assumed an unwonted severity of expression. His voice betokened emotion, as he addressed the prisoner.

'Baron Di Doria,' said he, 'the government has no need of farther proof of the guilt which they deem deserving of summary punishment. The axe awaits another victim. Are you prepared to meet it?'

'I am,' replied the baron, calmly.

'And have you nought to say, why such should not be your fate?'

'I know not,' returned Di Doria, 'why this question has been extended to me, in preference to others who have gone before me from this bloody tribunal, unless it be to taunt one whom you feel to be the chiefest victim of this unnatural rebellion.'

'Have you aught else to say?' inquired the governor.

'Ay, proud plebeian, I have a word to say, ere I pass to the scaffold. With my dying breath I warn you to forsake your bloody path, ere tenfold retribution fall on your guilty head.'

'The Council of Naples,' said Massaniello, 'has little occasion or desire to listen to the frantic forebodings of one of its prisoners.'

'Perhaps then,' added the noble, with an air of bitterness, 'it may better suit them to learn that an imperial fleet will this day be in the Bay of Naples, ready to open its artillery upon this devoted city.'

'Perhaps,' returned the governor, 'it may afford some consolation in your dying moments, to know that the imperial fleet has already cast anchor in the Bay of Naples.'

'Plebeian,' said Di Doria, disappointed at the result of his announcement, 'though you may now have power over one who never injured you —'

'Never injured me!' cried Massaniello, starting to his feet — 'never injured me! Your oppressions of plebeians may have been so numerous as to make you forget them all: but think you *I* have forgotten that you invaded my domestic rights? Think you *I* ever *can* forget the blow you gave me! Cruel noble! — my cheek burns now with a stain which nothing but your very life's blood can wash out. You once heard my oath of vengeance, but did not heed it from the despised fisherman. I pledged my life upon it, ere I undertook the task of revolutionizing Naples, and it has not been the least among my aims. I have it now, Di Doria — I have it now, here, within my reach, and, craving as it is, it shall be satiated to the fill. You die, monster! — and may your last thought be, that your death-warrant came from the hand of the spurned fisherman!'

Massaniello waved his hand, and sank down, overpowered by the violence of his own conflicting emotions. Di Doria passed to his death, while his unrelenting judge lay insensible to the scenes that were passing around him.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE ABDICATION.

A WEEK passed, and the revolutionary government of Naples still maintained its authority, despite the increasing dangers which surrounded it. The imperial fleet which the emperor had despatched to quell the insurrection, found its force unequal to the task. Treaty had been resorted to, but with no better success in restoring the royal authority. Intestine foes there were none; and the energetic measures of the governor, promptly seconded by the enthusiasm of the citizens, were ample security against any external force which might soon be expected. But at length, satiety begat its usual palling effect, and with the prospect of a long and bloody struggle for the establishment of their freedom before them, the people began to think of capitulation and compromise. The deposed viceroy was no ways unwilling to embrace the opportunity for return to his authority, and readily granted the demands of the provisional government. A general pardon was stipulated; the duties on fruit, with other odious and oppressive taxes, were abolished, and the ancient liberties of the citizens fully restored.

The huge bell which was wont to summon the citizens of Naples to assemble in the public square, sent its hoarse notes through

the city. The people promptly responded to the call, and a vast congregation was assembled to listen to a communication from the newly-elected governor of the city. Attentive silence reigned through the wide field, closely filled with citizens, as Massaniello ascended the platform and addressed them. Article by article he rehearsed the guarantee of their rights, and besought them to renew their vows of allegiance to a government which bound itself so strongly to protect them in peaceful possession of their ancient liberties.

'Citizens of Naples!' he concluded, 'nine days since you honored me with the supreme command, in the energetic attempts then to be made for effecting an entire revolution in the form of government. That revolution has been accomplished, and the grievances, of which you then uttered so loud complaint, have been removed. Your multiplied wrongs have been manfully avenged, and your proud oppressors sleep a sleep from which they may never awake. Your taxes are no longer burdensome, and the ancient freedom for which you have so nobly fought, is amply secured to you. Citizens of Naples! the end for which I was elected has been attained, and I now resign the trust as cheerfully as I received it. I shall set you an example of obedience to the laws, and beseech you return to your allegiance, as you value the peace and well being of the city.'

Shouts of applause, and of ratification of the treaty, followed his descent. Slowly and quietly the vast concourse was dissolved, and each returned to his proper calling, confiding in the promises of their common idol, that the freedom of their native city was permanently secured. Resigning a power supreme, and which he might easily have rendered lasting, Massaniello, contented with having restored her rights to his country, peaceably returned to his humble occupation, and the stern and active governor and judge resumed his humble habiliments, with his quiet employment as fisherman and dealer in fruits.

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#### CHAPTER VII.

#### CONCLUSION.

A PLEA of urgent business, intimately connected with the welfare of the city, accompanied a pressing invitation from the reinstated viceroy to Massaniello, to wait upon him at his palace. Ever ready to devote himself to the interests of the land of his nativity, and unsuspecting of danger, he obeyed the call. Cordial was his reception, and pressing the offers of refreshment. Wine was proffered, and Massaniello's fondness led him to drink deep of the refreshing beverage. In an instant his brain seemed on fire — his eyes as if they would start from their sockets — his tongue dried to the roof of his mouth — a raging fire appeared preying upon his very vitals. A delirium overpowered his senses, and his brain whirled in dizziness. The fury of a demon glared in his eyes, and the maddening froth flowed through his clenched teeth. The guilty viceroy called aloud for his guards to secure the maniac; but too late: the reckless sword of the infuriated fisherman found its way to his vitals, and he fell, the first victim of his own infernal machinations.



Massaniello rushed blindly into the street, his sword drawn, and raging in perfect madness. Manfrone, his bosom friend, fell by that sword, and Giovanni fled from him as from a fiend. Others of his friends, unconscious of danger, as they chanced in his way, were slain with the same ruthless weapon, until the cry went before him, and the streets were deserted as he hurried on his blind course. The cry of danger was loudly raised, and he who had but now led the mob through a successful revolution, fled before the exasperated crowds that followed against him; he who had been the idol of an ardent people, was shouted at as a new oppressor, and in danger of falling before their wrath. The doors of a Carmelite convent stood open by his path, and the maniac sought shelter within its sanctuary; but even this was denied him. He fell dead before the self-defending efforts of his own friends; and the body of him who but a short day before had been called by the unanimous voice of a whole people to preside over their councils, in the most critical period of their political existence, was now, by that same people, torn in pieces, and cast upon a dung-hill!

The citizens of Naples returned to their former bondage. The new viceroy was bound by no vows of his predecessor, and scourged with renewed severity the insurgent citizens. Commotions there were, but no capable leader could be found to encourage and direct the popular energies. The name of Massaniello — oh! the mutability of popular feeling! — was invoked as that of a saint; but his presence alone could have restored to Naples her lost freedom.

W. A. B.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh breathe no more that simple air —  
 Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,  
 To me the only tale they tell  
     Is cold despair!  
 I heard it once from lips as fair,  
 I heard it in as sweet a tone —  
 Now I am left on earth alone,  
     And she is — where?

How have those well known sounds renewed  
 The dreams of earlier, happier hours,  
 When life — a desert now — was strewed  
     With fairy flowers!  
 Then all was bright, and fond, and fair —  
 Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,  
 And heart and hope are with the dead,  
     For she is — where?

Can I then love the air she loved?  
 Can I then hear the melting strain,  
 Which brings her to my soul again  
     Calm and unmoved?  
 And thou to blame my tears, forbear,  
 For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,  
 Remembrance whispers, 'Such was she!'  
     And she is — where?

T. D.

## NAPOLÉON MUSING AT ST. HELENA.

There is in the possession of a friend of the writer's, a beautiful and sublime engraving, entitled, 'Napoleon musing at the Isle of St. Helena.' It represents the exiled monarch standing upon a rock, on the margin of the ocean, with folded arms, looking off upon the waters. The time, apparently, is twilight. The ocean is black and boisterous. A few sails may be faintly traced on the horizon, and over the emperor's head fly some wild fowl, roused by the coming storm. The whole scene is singularly wild and impressive. It gave rise to the following lines.

DARK rolling sea ! thy fickle wave  
Is waking 'neath the tempest's wrath,  
As o'er thy blackened bosom rave  
The wild winds, in their viewless path.

Fast from the heavens fades the light,  
The fire-fraught clouds are curt'ning thee,  
And onward, upward in their might,  
Thy surges rise, dark rolling sea !

Dread emblem of the power divine !  
Dark picture of that darker fate,  
Which made this sea-girt prison mine,  
And left my country desolate !

I am thy prisoner. I have heard  
And learned thy billows' language well ;  
All day they 've murmured of that word,  
And louder now their voices swell.

I am thy prisoner, Ocean ! thine ;  
Strict is the guard thou keep'st on me,  
Yet would I have no gaoler mine,  
Less stern than thou, dark rolling sea !

Higher thy blackened billows rise,  
Lit by the lightning's frequent flash ;  
And o'er thee now the lurid skies  
Are trembling with the thunder's crash.

Sweep on, sweep on, ye raving winds !  
While thunderbolts divide th' abyss ;  
From its own storms my bosom finds  
Calm refuge in a scene like this.

Yet, Ocean ! would I have thee bear  
To that proud land whose rulers claim  
That thy wide waves her vassals are,  
And ministers unto her fame,

Thanks from a man whose name was fraught  
With terror, when his hands were free,  
Thanks for this last bright lesson taught,  
Of England's boasted chivalry !

And when the storm has left thy brow,  
And sunbeams o'er thy bosom dance,  
When in thy mirrored caverns thou  
Reflect'st the sunny shores of France ;

Tell her Napoleon's soul is free,  
Nor needs the tribute of her tears ;  
Tell her the Emp'ror soon will be  
Beyond her hopes and England's fears.

F. H. M.

## LEAVES FROM THE SOUTH-WEST AND CUBA:

OR A FEW FAMILIAR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

## NUMBER TWO.

HAVANA, MARCH 15, '36. — The martial array presented here by the numerous troops and sentinels constantly on duty, strikes a humble denizen of these unmilitary United States very forcibly. 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,' is a constant lesson with him. The Spaniards are very jealous of the curious eyes of their British or American friends, in examining their fortifications and military strength. Every public place is guarded, and the peremptory challenge of the sentinel, or the no less peremptory 'Hist!' so common here, brings the unobservant straggler to a sense of his whereabouts.

Yesterday I took a stroll with P — along the walls. We were about to pass the outside of one of the bastions, where the *corps de guard* are stationed, when the 'hist!' from the sentinel, accompanied by an expressive movement of his musket, warned us to seek some other amusement. We endeavored to gain admittance to the *Cabana* — an immense fortification, which crowns the eminence on the opposite side of the harbor — but to obtain permission, is attended with so much difficulty, for the reason above stated, that we contented ourselves with looking at the exterior. Its position is picturesque, commanding a fine view of the city, and the entrance to the harbor. It is sufficiently powerful to sink any fleet that may attempt to enter, and is said to have cost one hundred millions. It is added, farther, that when the statement of the expense was laid before the King of Spain, he took his spy-glass and looked for some time in the direction of the West Indies, remarking to his attendants that he supposed, from its enormous cost, that it must be so large as to be visible from any part of the globe!

Previous to my leaving home, the kindness of some of my friends had supplied me with one or two convenient articles of self-defence, so common (and, I am sorry to say, so generally necessary to one's safety) in some of our Southern states. Supposing that more than any where else I should require them here, I was preparing to carry them about my person, when to my surprise I was informed that they were not only unnecessary, but that it was a criminal offence, subject to severe punishment, to carry concealed weapons, of any description. I was told of a young nobleman, the other day, who was complained of for carrying a sword-cane, in wilful violation of the laws, and on conviction, was sentenced to receive forty lashes for the offence.

One of the peculiar characteristics of the administration of the present governor, is the impartiality with which the laws are enforced. High and low, noble and ignoble, alike pay the penalty of disobedience. I have heard many anecdotes illustrative of this feature in the character of the executive, and of his readiness at all times to listen to, and redress, the grievances of the humblest of his people. I think this circumstance furnishes a clue to the success with which he governs, and the popularity which he has acquired at

home and abroad. He is building a very extensive market, and a prison, outside the walls, the labor of which is performed by the convicts. These structures are built of coral reef, an excellent building material. They are but one story, yet are very neat in appearance, and suitable to this climate.

The ceremony of consecrating and distributing the palm leaves, in the church of San Domingo, on Palm Sunday, was one from which I would not willingly have been absent. But even more gorgeous and imposing, were the rites of Good Friday, and the military mass, performed in the Cathedral. Descriptions of these scenes have so often been given, that I shall not essay the task. Wearied with the religious and military processions and spectacles of the Catholic Church, I walked with my friend to the Catholic Burying Ground, about a mile from the city. It is securely enclosed, simple and neat in its arrangements, and kept under a constant guard. The entrance is ornamented with delicious shrubbery and flowers. Passing through the massive arched gateway, a small neat chapel, of tasteful architecture, meets the eye, standing on the opposite end of the enclosure in which the last funeral rites are performed, before consigning 'ashes to ashes and dust to dust.'

Returning, we stopped at the Lunatic Asylum. It was the hour of vespers, and as we entered, a scene met our view, of the most interesting description. The inmates were all ranged on seats around the inner court, under the galleries. The priest—himself a lunatic—was repeating the *Ave Marié*, and his hearers were uttering the responses with as much order and apparent devotion, as if they were in the full enjoyment of their reason. The whole scene was truly affecting. It is a question worthy of consideration, whether it was the force of habit or discipline, or a lucid interval, in minds in which there remained faint gleams of religious or devotional feeling, which prompted the regular performance of their religious duties.

Passing the *House of the Lepers*—near which several victims to this loathsome disease were walking in the sun—we visited the *Casa de Beneficiencia*, an extensive and excellent institution, corresponding to the Orphan Asylum and House of Refuge in New-York. Its funds are ample, and orphan children are educated, taught some useful trade, and receive a small sum of money, on leaving the establishment, with which to commence business.

There is a fine steam ferry-boat constantly running from hence to Regla, a small town across the harbor, owned by a gentleman in New-York, and which must yield him a liberal income. Bull-fights are frequently held there, and immense numbers cross to witness them. These, and the cock-fights, which are daily sports here, are continued by the royal permission, and are about the only things over which the governor has no control—otherwise, it is supposed, he would suppress these relics of a barbarous age. The raising of sporting cocks is quite an important business in Cuba. Great prices are sometimes paid for them, and large sums staked on them in the fight. Having a curiosity to witness a bull-fight, I crossed the ferry, in company with a party from our hotel, and on reaching the *Plaza de Toros*, (Place of the Bulls,) our ears were saluted by a deafening clamor. The place was already so full, that we could with

difficulty find room to stand. The amphitheatre, or circus-like enclosure, was crowded with a vast multitude of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes. The scene was very exciting, and all seemed to enjoy it, and none more so than the ladies, who joined in the loud cries of approbation, and waved their 'kerchiefs whenever the Picadores or Matadores dexterously avoided an attack of the furious animal, or made a successful thrust of their ponderous spears, or fastened their cruel barbs in his lacerated sides. It is a cruel sort of amusement, and I did not stay to witness the catastrophe. I was afterward informed, however, that the bull was finally run through and killed by a one-armed man, who, I had remarked, was exceedingly skilful in his savage trade. They have other amusements at Havana, which are much more to my taste. Masquerades, for example, are frequent during the winter season; and they know well how to make them delightful. I find much enjoyment, too, in walking or lounging in the *Plaza*, with a friend, particularly a female friend, among the perfumes of a thousand flowers, and under the mellow light of the glorious moon, (which, in this pure and delicious climate, appears double the size that we see it at the North,) listening to the music of one of the military bands, which perform nightly in front of the palace.

But the superb opera is my delight! The house itself is large, and superior in its arrangements to any theatre in the United States. Caldwell's, at New-Orleans, is more showy, but not so well calculated for its object. Seats are secured to three thousand five hundred persons, and five hundred more could hear and see quite comfortably in the passages. The most perfect order is preserved, for the troops are here, as well as elsewhere, to enforce it. The scenery, dresses, decorations, etc., are magnificent. The orchestra, with Rappetti, does not need my praise. Of Madam Pantanelli, Rossi, and Papanti, I would speak, did I not lack words to express my admiration of their performances. For days and weeks, the sweet airs and delicious notes of the former haunted me, with a strange sense of enjoyment. I could say, with good old Chaucer, while listening to her voice, and in the memory of its melody,

'I stode astonied, and was with the song  
Thorow ravishid; that, till late and long  
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where —  
And a yen methought she sang even by mine ear.'

Indeed, I might add, in regard to the entire performances, in the words of the same author, that

——— 'the harmony  
And swete accord were in so good musike,  
That the voices to angels most were like.'

The Sabbath is unknown here, save as a holiday. They perhaps go to mass and a cock-fight in the morning, and to a bull-fight and the opera in the evening. I am struck with the odd fancy they have here for names. Their boats, etc., frequently bear the names of saints and martyrs, and one of their theatres is called the '*Jesu y Marié*,' (Jesus and Mary.) There are many American merchants here, doing a very profitable business — taking the lead, I believe;

and I was struck with the remark of a French lady from New-Orleans, on this subject, the other evening. She complained that that city was no longer the pleasant, quiet town it formerly was, with its French society and customs—for the Americans had come in, and were carrying all before them; and it was now a vast scene of business, noise, and bustle—and, added she, ‘it will soon be just so here.’ An unintended but a high compliment.

Cuba has become quite a resort for invalids, of late; and I think they may come here, during the winter season, with much advantage—judging from my own experience—and with perfect security, under the present government.

MATANZAS, APRIL 5.—The necessity of procuring passports is one of the vexations of travelling, of which one is by no means relieved here. There is no moving without one; and it is no small trouble to procure them. Having obtained one, however, for this place and its vicinity, I placed myself on board the beautiful steamer *General Tacon*, last week, and in six hours thereafter presented my letters to the American consul at this city. Matanzas is the second town in size and importance in the island. It is fifty miles from Havana, contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and ships a large proportion of the sugar and coffee of the island. There are many fine coffee estates and sugar plantations in this quarter, some of which belong to Americans. I have visited several, and acquired much valuable information as to the manner of raising and manufacturing both articles. Some of the coffee estates are extremely beautiful, being laid out like a garden, and ornamented with borders of lime hedge, palm, and orange trees, in perpetual foliage; and when in blossom, they afford the most delicious of all imaginable perfumes. The sugar plantations, though not so attractive in appearance, are more desirable on account of the golden harvests which they afford; particularly when sugars are so high as at this moment. The planters are said to be making their fortunes the present year.

In consequence of there being numbers of runaway negroes, and some other equally desperate characters, at large in the island, people travelling into the country are allowed to ride with holsters and pistols; and the muleteers carry a long heavy sword, when conveying the produce of the country to market. I had an opportunity of testing the necessity of this custom, the other evening. I started for the *Embarcadaro*, at the head of the Conema River, expecting to take the steam-boat for Matanzas; but on reaching it, I found she had broken down. Meeting an acquaintance, who was going by land, I concluded to accompany him. With considerable difficulty, and by paying an exorbitant price, (they will ‘take in’ a stranger, even here, upon occasion,) I obtained a donkey, with holsters and pistols, and we set out, some time after dark, for a fifteen mile ride. We had made about half the distance, and were passing an obscure part of the road, when we encountered two highwaymen, posted directly in our path. They attempted to stop us, and demanded our purses, in Spanish. We presented our pistols, upon which they made way, and we put spurs to our horses, and were soon out of their reach; though we

could hear them uttering curses and imprecations at their want of success. I afterward learned that a robbery and murder were committed in that same spot, only a short time before.

HAVANA, APRIL 9. — Once more am I domiciliated at WEST's, much the best house in the place, where one meets with very agreeable company. It is customary to rise early, and get through the business or pleasure of the morning, before the heat of the day renders both irksome. The merchants may be seen on the 'Quay,' a sort of 'Change,' as early as five o'clock, discussing the news, arrivals, prices of sugars, etc. We go in parties from our house, at this hour, first to the stall of a little old man, who speaks broken English, and who gives us as many oranges, fresh from the trees, as we can eat, for a '*piccaune*.' Then, perhaps, we adjourn to the markets, to listen to the gabble of the negroes, or admire the beautiful fish, of the most gorgeous and variegated colors, or take a stroll by the shore of the ever-sounding sea, to witness the eternal surges dashing in fury against the breakers — always a welcome and sublime sight. As I walked to-day along the beach, with the solemn anthem of the Great Deep swelling in my ear, and beheld the distant ships fitting into dimness, on the edge of the horizon, a beautiful simile of Young was brought forcibly to my recollection. Speaking of transitory human life, and the suddenness with which men are often called to cross that untried sea, from which no voyager ever returned, he asks whether we should not walk —

'Silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon.'

Additional force was given to these expressive lines, by their association in my mind, at the moment, with that eloquent comparison of human life to a river, by HEBER: 'The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; we may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river sweeps toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our farther voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and the Eternal.'

But to return. We breakfast at nine o'clock, on fine white rolls, bananas, and plantains, with claret and coffee; at twelve we take a bath and a siesta; dinner is served up at three, with all the luxuries and delicacies of the tropics; then a ride on the '*Paseo*,' or to the governor's country-house and garden, and the opera, or a promenade in the square, an ice at the '*Lonja*' in the evening, perhaps a bird and a relish à la Delmonico, at the *Bella Europa*, finishes the day.

*A Dios Seignerritas*: To-morrow I sail for New-Orleans; and right glad shall I be again to set foot upon that favored land which I am proud to call my own: and happier still, my dear —, when I am permitted once more to discourse with you, face to face, and to relate to you the incidents of the voyage, and all that is interesting or strange, which may befall me while borne upon the bosom of the Father of Waters, or La Belle Rivère, as I wend my way homeward through our magnificent country. Till then, farewell!

## THE PLACE OF BONES.

'Ye mouldering relics of departed years,  
Your names have perished.'

FLINT.

DELIGHTFUL Avon overlooks the place  
Where, mingled rudely with the upturned soil,  
The bones of some forgotten nation lie,  
In mournful disregard. The solemn groves  
Inweave no more their tossing boughs above  
These violated sepulchres : the hand  
Of busy Industry long since cut down  
The dark old sylvan giants, and let in  
The garish sunshine. When the Genessee  
Is swollen roughly by the vernal rain,  
Or equinoctial storm, his surging tide  
Invades the level mead, and even lifts  
Above this populated home of death  
The voice of wild rebellion — sound, alas !  
That ill befits the dwellings of the dead !  
The crowded public thoroughfare, that leads  
To the young city of our inland seas,  
Through the bright Eden of the ' Empire State,'  
Bounds on the South this melancholy spot.  
Trees of a second growth in beauty stand,  
And greet the northwardly-directed gaze  
With smooth and glossy trunks, and roots that draw  
Refreshment from the dust of woodland sires :  
And eastwardly, the sloping upland makes  
Exposure of its side to westering suns,  
While peer above its ridgy top the spires  
And painted habitations of vain man —  
Ay, *selfish* too — for piously around  
The dreamless couches of his own pale race,  
To shut out brute intrusion, he has built  
A strong protecting wall, and planted round  
The funeral hillock flowers that breathe of love,  
And willows frail, that rub their yellow boughs  
Against the pompous, monumental stone,  
While spurning his desecrating foot  
Falls on the bleaching remnants of the past —  
Of haughty Indian king, or swarthy maid,  
At whose rude sepulchres, long years before,  
The simple children of departed groves  
Were mourning visitants.

The tribe that laid  
Beneath the turf their chieftain, unlike us,  
Who sorrow only for a season, came,  
And tearful homage to ancestral dust  
Paid, when the warring elements and time  
Had worn away all sign of burial.  
That deathless bard, whose name is linked to Hope,  
And whose rich instrument has many strings,  
Was faulty in his music when he sang  
Of the red Sagamore 'without a tear.'  
The wilderness, with all its wealth of shade,  
Sepulchral dells, and winged choristers —  
The mossy floor of solitary glades,  
Whereon his moccasin faint impress made —  
The wooded mountain, where the howling wolf,  
And screaming panther made their dreaded lairs —  
The voice of streams, and melody of winds,  
Woke in his heart poetic sympathy,  
And spoke, in tones majestically grand,  
Of one unclouded source of life and light.  
The features of his character were rude,



And wrong could rouse him to demoniac rage,  
 Or kindness lull him to a summer calm.  
 When war or mortal malady cut off  
 His wife or offspring, to the shaded earth  
 He gave, with tears, the bark-enfolded corse,  
 And guarded well the consecrated mound  
 From the gaunt beast of prey ; then laid choice food,  
 And the dry gourd, his vegetable cup,  
 Brimming with water from the crystal spring,  
 Upon the hiding earth, through fear the dead  
 Might faint in passing to the spirit-land.  
 In the blue smoke of settlements, the lord  
 Of the lithe bow and slender arrow saw  
 The cloud that would obscure his race and name,  
 And in the fall of oaks before the axe,  
 Heard the sharp knell of his own glory rung.

Then deeds of fell atrocity ensued,  
 In his vain efforts to resist the tide  
 Of stern improvement, whose huge surges swept  
 All traces of his pomp and power away.  
 His patriot zeal and disregard of self,  
 Resemblance to that spirit of redress  
 Which roused the souls of Tell and Hampden, bore,  
 And should have won the plaudits of his foe.

In happy childhood it was oft my wont,  
 Freed from the birchen terrors of the school,  
 Yon place of Indian burial to seek,  
 And watch the disinterring plough, and scan  
 The fertilized and newly-parted clod  
 For beads of beauty rare, tooth-worn by Time,  
 And crumbling fragments of the dagger-haft,  
 Constructed by some artisan of eld,  
 From the broad antlers of the whistling moose,  
 Or branching honors of the stag or elk ;  
 Or raise, with reverential hand, the skull  
 Of unremembered royalty, perchance  
 With thought akin to wonderment and awe ;  
 Then, throwing down the wreck, spy out amid  
 The dark embracing furrows, arrow-heads,  
 And broken implements of grotesque form,  
 Used by the painted warrior in the chase,  
 Or on the path that led him to his foe.  
 Some who delight in hoar antiquity,  
 The nation deem that sleep in yonder field  
 The primal stock,\* whose shoots in after years,  
 Uniting in a league of brotherhood,  
 The dreaded name of *Iroquois* made known,  
 From the dark hemlock groves of hilly Maine,  
 To the proud father of our mighty lakes.

But this is idle speculation all ;  
 And red men, hanging on our frontier skirts,  
 No light can throw upon their history.  
 O would that autumn on yon place of graves  
 Could fling once more his pall of rustling gold !  
 For if the spirits of the lost and dead,  
 (And some believe so,) linger round the streams  
 And haunts of beauty which they loved in life,  
 Perchance the spectral visitants that flit  
 About those desecrated tombs, might feel  
 Extatic joy in viewing olden haunts,  
 Dark with the presence of tall groves, again.

W. H. C. H.

\* Not improbable — for the Senecas, who once peopled the Genessee valley, were styled, in Iroquois councils, 'Our Elder Brothers.'

## P A S S A G E S .

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CONNECTICUT SCHOOL-MASTER.

## NUMBER TWO.

'*In statu quo?*' said I.

'It is,' replied he, 'the same great city. Its bustling crowds and busy commerce may be now more and now less; but there remains the same restless agitation—the same eternal hum.'

'Heavens! how it must inspirit one! I grant you,' said I, pointing my friend back to the two long lines of dwellings on each side of the street composing the village in which I had so long resided — 'I grant you, if one, in a given time, must read six books of Virgil, or go as far as Infinitissimals in Day's Algebra, he can better do it in such a place as this, where the greatest noise is on Sunday, when they drive by to church. But Edward, though it is not every man that can teach a select school, yet I do not intend always to be a pedagogue; and if one has great aims, let him drink in the quickening spirit of a large city, and feel the excitement of its scenes, and the pressure of its competition; let him move among its hundreds of thousands, and know that if he is successful, he may sway that swelling, agitated tide. It must be a great spur to a man of parts. The more I think of it, the more I am resolved, at some time or other, to live in New-York.'

'How would you go to work to do such things there?'

'That is a secret to be disclosed hereafter. By the way, how are your friends at the metropolis — your mother' — his father had gone, many years since, the long journey — 'and sister?'

'As usual,' replied he, 'and send love.'

Love! What a charm is in that word! It is the very sweetener of existence — the maple molasses of human life!

'Pahaw!' says some reader of this diary, 'what an offence to taste!'

My sweet miss, maple molasses *tastes* to me better than honey; and so would it to any other, who has been, as often as I have, where it is made, in the fresh spring woods, and having given some rosy-cheeked, fun-loving girl, who has accompanied him, to bite from a pan-cake dipped in the delectable sirup, has forthwith dipped and regaled himself from the same! Now not even your own charming self would find fault with honey, which I am free to confess, after the liquid above-mentioned, to be inferior only to the fragrant dew upon that little pouting lip.

At the time of which I am speaking, the stage, though deserted for the greater expedition, and, as it then was, novelty of the steam-boat, still kept up its regular passage for the conveyance of the mail, not disdaining also to receive the few travellers destined to this or that village, lying remote from the landing-places on the Sound. Edward had accordingly come up, a solitary passenger, till I joined him at that pleasant little place, situated — no matter where — between the two great emporiums — the one literary, the other commercial — of the cis-Atlantic world. Joined by no others, we discussed without re-

serve the plan of our future movements, which was at length settled as follows : *First*, that neither of us liked a stage ; *ergo*, we would not go in a stage. *Second*, that we both liked a private conveyance ; *ergo*, we would go in such conveyance ; and as Edward was purser, he was to have the privilege of procuring one according to his fancy. *Third*, as an inference from this mode of proceeding, we were to go when, where, and how we pleased. *Fourth*, that we would take the 'Rambler' and 'Ambitious Student' to read and comment upon, on rainy days. *Fifth*, that Edward should freely correct all my faults of manner and language, and impart to me what he could, consistently with our plans, of his collegiate learning, which I agreed to receive thankfully. *Sixth*, whereupon he insisted that, beside doing a considerable share of the talking and laughing, to which I was not averse, as it fell in with my habits, I should also write a journal.

'But, my dear fellow, I never did such a thing in my life !'

'All the better for that. It will be fresh.'

'That's what it will. I shall have to borrow salt of my neighbors. Hang it !' continued I, 'I believe I could write the thing well enough, if I only knew how to season it.'

'It is,' said he, 'the easiest thing in the world. Just make a record, as you go along, of dates and facts, without being too particular, for that would tie you down too much ; lay it by two or three years, or more, until the whole is dim in the memory ; then write it out, according to the best of your recollection — adding, of course, to the original record, such incidents of interest as you think *must* have happened ; and if you have a tolerable imagination, and a good judgment, you will very easily produce a journal 'fit for use.'

'Right,' said I ; 'I see how it is.'

'And mind,' added he, 'you do not put in any such nonsense, as that such a place had one grist-mill, seven stores, two taverns, one church, and a very neat school-house.'

'Not a single such thing shall there be in the whole journal.'

'But put in reflections and inferences, five or six pages of which may often be founded upon a single fact. People now-a-days are wonderfully fond of seeing pyramids and cones upon their *apices*.'

'Just so,' said I.

By this time the spires of science and devotion were shooting up in the distance. I had so often heard my friend speak of New-Haven — its shady streets, and its pleasant walks — that I felt as though I was going home, while I knew he would approach with the deepest emotions a place which had been to him, as it is still to others, one of many hopes and fears. As his eye fastened upon the towers of Old Yale, his features assumed an aspect of unwonted thoughtfulness. 'Heary,' said he, when we had ridden some distance in silence, 'there, as I have often told you, I spent four of the happiest and most important years of my life ; and around its halls and its precincts still cluster long-linging and sacred associations.' He was not in a mood for trifling, and I revere such feelings too much to wound the heart by which they are cherished ; else I should hardly have borne asking how far the precincts of Yale extended ; whether they

embraced Temple or Crown-street, or possibly reached as far as the Avenue, or the Nunnery.

We rolled along, each wrapped in his own musings, until a sudden halt, and the cry of, 'Is this your baggage, Sir?' roused us from our reveries. A few moments more saw us safely housed in the Tontine. Immediately upon supping, Edward sallied out for a carriage, and I for a note-book; in which I forthwith made the following entry, here copied, save the names, *verbatim et literatim*.

#### SKETCHES

OF A TOUR THROUGH CONNECTICUT, MASSACHUSETTS, VERMONT, AND NEW-HAMPSHIRE, IN  
THE AUTUMN OF 18—.

EDWARD E —, proposing a tour of pleasure and profit through a part of New-England, and offering certain kind and powerful inducements, I gladly accompanied him. As well for our own personal advantage as gratification, we resolved to make record of such incidents of our course as we might deem it pleasant ourselves to remember, though they should have no interest to others. My own plan is, to make only a slight entry of dates, names, places, and occurrences, which may hereafter be expanded in a more leisure hour.

I may as well here as any were give some little account of my companion. He was born in Boston, and spent there the early part of his life. He graduated at Yale, and having friends at the metropolis, he was now passing with them his second year, pursuing, for the most part, that general yet rigid course of reading and study, which contributes equally to the polish and the soundness of the scholar. I wish it to be distinctly understood, it was by no means a desultory course of study, which consists in looking into the preface of this work, and the closing chapter of that—such as is suited to the capacities of one of your gentleman scholars, who fancies he has too much genius to be tied down to one subject, and which is more intolerable to a man of sense than November to an Englishman—no; it was strictly systematic, employed mostly upon the solid parts of learning, and conquering as it went. From his peculiar cast of mind, his studies assumed more of a theological air than is perhaps usual with one whose age and means allow him to spend the two or three years succeeding his collegiate life as he lists. For a young man of fifty thousand, he is the most modest of any I ever knew, and is as much of a gentleman as one of the sweetest dispositions and the first society of Boston could make him. And yet he has not spirit enough—not for me—and will not accomplish in the world half that he would, had he twice his self-confidence. He relishes wit in others, but is never guilty of it himself; though he would perhaps say occasionally a smart thing, were he not afraid of being ungentlemanly.

When we came together, and how, is of little consequence here; and how we came to like each other, of still less: and yet to myself it was always strange; perhaps from our very dissimilarity, for we were as unlike as two of the same *genus* could well be. For aught I know, I was born as well as any body; but my bringing up was

rather 'so so.' The first ten years of my life were spent among a people as rough and crabbed as their own soil and winters, which were somewhat of the Siberian order. My father, for reasons best known to those who ought to know, at length took up his march toward the western world, and making two or three removals, plunged at each time deeper into the new settlements. The inhabitants here, as they must be in every new country, were a mixture of all things; a few of them staunch, worthy men, while the most were broken-down farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, as deficient, generally, in morals as in property—the scape-goats of the civilized world, literally bearing into the wilderness the sins of the people. The size of my father's family compelling me to leave, I consorted with all sorts of people. I have lived with a minister long enough to read Don Quixotte and Shakspeare, together with somewhat of Poole and Jeremy Taylor; with a farmer, to know a share from a mould-board; and with a merchant, to learn the difference between cambric and muslin. I at length obtained enough of the beginnings of knowledge to teach school, and went on from small to great, and from great to greater, until I am actually at this very moment the preceptor of an academy in Connecticut, and some think my last temperance speech was full as good as our minister's. Being naturally of a warm temperament, I have entered into every thing with ardor, and have taken a hue from every man I have met, until I have got together as motley a character as was ever united in the same person. I laugh and talk loud, and both in and out of place; joke both friends and foes, sometimes with, oftener without wit; and actually can almost, and think I can quite, do every thing I undertake. With men I can get along well enough: it is with the female part of the species, I have had the least success. Though I have had three on the stocks, I cannot launch one; and while I try to console myself with the reflection that they are but weaker vessels, I am forced to confess it is but dreary business to sail without a consort upon this sea of life.

It seemed as improper, and to a refined taste as impossible, to write a journal of travels without describing the travellers, as to make a harrow without a frame, or a bonnet without millinet. Such, then, are the two personages who are just upon the eve of a tour through New-England.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2. — New-Haven is a glorious place, and he that doubts, may go and see for himself. It is the prettiest *rus in urbe* in the world. I do not wonder the wealthy New-Yorkers are running there to spend their fortunes, which they can do more genteelly, and with somewhat less haste, than in the midst of the bustle and parade of a large city. How sweet, when the fatigues of business are no longer necessary, to retire from the noisy realms of traffic, and devote the remainder of one's years, be they more or less, to the choice authors of ancient and modern times, and to the enlivening charms of living and refined friendship! No man should retire upon his fortune, without a good library, selected, it may be, with the aid of some literary friend. It need not be large: but if he would avoid the

dejection which every one must feel, who passes from an active life to one of inactivity, *he must have a library.*

I am not generally afraid of being seen; but having heard that students can tell country persons from their very looks, and not caring to come into contact with such prodigious scholars as I knew so great a college must be full of, I told Edward we would not walk up there until they should all be pretty well engaged in study, of which he said we could judge by the ringing of the bell. My notes, being taken in pencil, are a little dim here, so that though I was careful to put it down, I cannot determine whether the bell rang at eight or half past eight. Be that as it may, we entered the college yard a little after nine. I could not observe that my friend exhibited any change of countenance, though for myself I could not repress a certain feeling of awe, when I found I was actually treading on such ground. Those venerable buildings! I was always fond of antiquity. There is, however, a difference between what is antiquated and what is old; a difference which I confess I should not dislike, in this case, to see hid under a proper coat of paint.

'What geniuses,' thought I, as we walked toward the chapel, 'there must be in these buildings! And there comes one of them,' continued I, 'I know, by his looks,' as one of them stepped out of what they call North College.

'Them *what*?' asked Edward.

'Geniuses,' said I; 'and I'll venture you, one of the first water. See what fire is in his eye!'

'Somewhat red,' replied my friend.

Though I had now and then come across a student in the country, yet as I had never before seen one *in place*, I thought it perfectly proper I should take note of him in my journal. To begin at the foundation. He had on a pair of delicate boots, single sole, most exquisitely turned at the toe — which he often looked at, as well as at his finely-shaped leg — with a heel about as large as a cent, and the highest I ever saw, except a pair worn by that splendidly-dressed negro that drove 'Squire B — up from New-York, to learn about my school. The pantaloons were of that choice color, neither white nor yet drab, which discovers the possessor to be a man of taste, with a perpendicular opening in front, which I should think must be much more convenient than the old-fashioned fall-pieces, and certainly more showy. The vest was of silk — the main color rather sombre, with white stripes crossing each other at right angles, and so far apart that there were only four squares on its entire front. The coat was black, and, as Edward told me, was a prominent artizan's best fit. Next came a newly-reaped chin, a mouth and nose of the Grecian order, around which there played a slight touch of scorn, a delightful pair of whiskers, black bushy hair, eyes in accordance; the whole surmounted by a hat which Edward said was *à la mode*, a description for which I am none the wiser — for on looking into the dictionary, I find it means *in the fashion*, which I presume has been the case with many a hat which did not look like that. He carried a black cane, as large at one end as at the other, and was followed by two dogs; one was a hound, and the other had a couple of little grey eyes peeping from a bunch of curling, shaggy hair.

'He must be a vast scholar,' said I, in an under tone, when we had just passed him.

'Why?' asked Ned, with a look which I knew he meant should be somewhat sarcastic.

'Because,' replied I, a little touched, 'it's not more than an hour since the bell rang, and yet he's out already. Don't that show that he gets his lessons sooner than the rest of them? Beside,' says I, 'the Faculty would not let him dress so well, if he was a *poor* scholar.'

'The Faculty,' replied he, 'have nothing to do with that.'

'Do n't they? That's strange! But it's plain he could not get time to make himself so neat, if he did n't get his lessons easy. Beside,' continued I, 'did you ever see a student carry a cane, and keep dogs, that was not a good scholar? One of the smartest of them all was last winter three months with the minister, where my school is. I heard that he was *'rusticating,'* and becoming a little acquainted with him, I asked what that meant. He said that sometimes an uncommon scholar would do all his study for the term in the first three or four weeks, and that the Faculty would then permit him to go for the rest of the term into the country; and that this was called rustication. Now this same student carried just such a black cane, and had three dogs.'

Whether he was convinced, or did not hear the last part of my argument, I have never been quite certain. He made no reply, and looking at his watch, with a sober air, said we would take a turn or two in the city, and by that time our carriage would be ready. I know my friend's moods so well, that I can tell at a glance when he would be silent; so we walked on without saying a word. Though Ned does not disclose, even to his intimate friends, his most private matters, yet he had so often mentioned one or two streets, and with so strange an interest, that I had conjectured his last minutes in New-Haven would be spent in one of them. We had got by the Dominie's, and turned down Elm-street, he picking the fingers of his glove, and looking on the pavement, and I conjecturing which street after all—as I had heard him, first and last, mention three or four—lay uppermost in his mind, when he all at once broke silence, by saying that was a very pretty street, and we would turn up there, if I liked.

'Wherever you please,' said I; and as we passed down on the east side, I saw on a corner of the first house, 'Temple-street.'

'A shady, pleasant street,' said I.

'Quite so,' replied he.

'And must be full of *charms* to those who can frequent it.'

'A charming spot.'

'And though the dwellings are not magnificent, yet they have that sort of air which one will see about the abodes of good families.'

'There are some first rate families along here,' was the response.

'I should dare say,' added I, 'some of these houses are well furnished.'

'Well enough, I suppose,' said he.

'You have yourself seen in some of them, I presume, *choice pieces of household stuff*.'

'Pshaw! Henry,' replied he, with a tint of the roseate spreading

over his features, 'what eternal nonsense! I thought you had run dry before now.'

'Let me see,' said I, in a kind of half inquiring tone, when we were pretty well down, 'this is the street you have told me has so many great men in it — professors, theologians, and so on.'

'We think them great.'

'Perhaps, with suitable effort, one might get a *little divinity* here.'

My companion was too much taken up with himself to reply; for just then, passing a certain corner, his looks were suddenly turned earthward, and his color came and went.

'Have you dropped anything?' asked I, in the friendliest tone I could command.

'Nothing.'

'Perhaps you are sick?'

'Not at all.'

Though we were now beyond the fatal spot, he would have gone on in silence, had I not been resolved to exorcise him from his state of enchantment. Turning short upon him, I asked if he had ever angled any in New-Haven. He said he had not. I had heard, I told him, that there were some very delightful fish here; and though I did not know whether they were often *caught*, yet I believed they were pretty apt to *bite*. He said he had never heard of it.

'At any rate,' said I, taking another tack, 'there are fine birds here, if one could only catch and cage them. Though I am told,' continued I, 'they are almost always on the wing; and when they do light, are very difficult to hit; so that some of the greatest shots in the country have *missed*.'

He said he had never seen many birds there. I told him I had heard they had the most delightful plumage, and some of them could sing well.

'There is a very pretty one, though rather small,' said I, pointing to a lovely little girl, of about sixteen, on the opposite corner.

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I HAVE often, my son, spoken to you of 'the old homestead,' by which you of course know I do not mean your father's or your grandfather's, as neither of them ever had any such possession; but the old family place of your great grandfather, the fourth in a direct line from him who first brought our name from England, and planted it in Long Meadow, that noble town of one of the noblest states in the Union.

Imagine the two travellers — your father, now drawing near the prime of life, and his friend, some years younger — slowly approaching the abode of our fathers. The grass, since we entered the Connecticut river valley, has been greener than during any previous part of our ride. The delightful aspect of the country, the occasional glimpses, for the last two miles, of the city, the calmness of a sunset hour, and the coolness of an occidental breeze, have laid to rest the literary and almost ambitious aspirings of one heart, and the boiling passions and torturing cares of another. 'Say what you will,' said my companion, 'the whole circle of human knowledge is as nothing to the boundless circle of universal truth. Why then this



eager pursuit of that which is so small a part of the whole? Why spend a life in the feverish pursuit of knowledge, which is every where limited and intersected by ignorance, and which perhaps may burst in full splendor unbidden upon us, on our entrance at the portals of an eternal state? What if I do understand the philosophy of that cloudy drapery that hangs along the western horizon? Does the sight therefore give me more pleasure, while unfathomable depths of wonders lie beyond? 'Vanity of vanities!' saith the preacher — 'vanity of vanities — all is vanity!'

'Ay,' said I, 'and if he shall say thus, whose pursuit has been after knowledge, how much more may he affirm it, who has formed himself from the first, a child of passion, the history of whose existence is the history of his feelings; feelings obstructed, impeded; at one time crushed by the iron foot of fate, at another trampled upon by scornful men? If such an one gain his object, what is there in it? Nothing! And if he gain it not, what a life of torture and folly is his? Yet if one, on his approach to manhood, find his fortunes so lowly, that it seems presumptuous to aim at the actions of great men; if his honest efforts are met with frowns, and his aspirations with ridicule, is it a weakness, or is it not, now and then to give way to his emotions, to spurn human kind, and live in a world of his own? And what a glorious world, often, is that of his own, when, withdrawing itself from external means of delight, the mind falls back upon its own resources, and rises and dwells in its bright ethereal habitation, above clouds and storms!'

I verily believe a silent twilight hour is a better teacher of true philosophy, than the lessons of the living, or the tomes of the dead.

#### THE BELOVED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOËTHE.

I think on thee, when the last glittering rays  
From ocean gleam;  
I think on thee, when the moon's glimmering gaze  
Paints every stream.

I see thee on the distant way, the while  
The dust appears:  
At dead of night, when on the narrow stile  
The wand'rer fears.

I hear thee, when with hollow roaring on  
The wave has rush'd;  
To list, in stilly woods, I oft have gone,  
When all is hush'd.

I am with thee — be thou however far —  
To me thou 'rt near;  
The sun sinks down — soon lightens up each star —  
Oh! wert thou here!

## SUNRISE IN GREECE.

A DRAMATIC SCENE: FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

*A flower-garden belonging to the Temple of Diana, near Thebes, beyond which is a high mountain. Voices are heard welcoming the morn.*

## A VOICE IN THE AIR.

'AURORA, rise! the orient star  
 Waits to guide thy rosy car;  
 Milk-white steeds, a harness'd train,  
 Chafe, champing on their golden rein:  
 Apollo comes in royal state,  
 Marvelling at th' unopened gate,  
 Where with onward-beckoning fingers,  
 The vernal hour impatient lingers:  
 Rise and wrap a crimson vest  
 Round thy life-awakening breast;  
 Backward fold the starry lawn\*  
 O'er thy ambrosial tresses drawn;  
 Fling from thy feet the dripping dew,  
 And, with thy flowery sandals new,  
 Take through the arching heaven thy way,  
 And smile to birth the young-eyed day.'

## A VOICE FROM THE GARDEN.

'Aurora wakes, and lifts her head  
 From her cloud-encurtained bed;  
 Mists that o'er the fountain lay,  
 In silvery wreathings melt away;  
 Buds upon the bush are flowering,  
 Diamonds from the trees are showering,  
 Zephyrs midst the leaves are playing,  
 Honey-bees are out a-maying;  
 The fawn has startled from the shade,  
 Which, in the brook, his light form made;  
 The glad lark *tirra-lirra* sings,  
 As up and around he gaily springs:  
 Voices sweet from grass and spray  
 Mingle in his roundelay.'

## A VOICE FROM THE MOUNTAIN,

*With which gradually other voices join, 'till they form a chorus.*

'Aurora comes! Around her car  
 The welkin reddening, burns afar;  
 The mountain's brow is crowned with gold,  
 Saffron robes the woods enfold:  
 There Diana, huntress, chides  
 Apollo's tardy, slumbering guidee;  
 Cheerly rousing from their dreams,  
 Her sylvan nymphs to hail his beams.  
 With quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,  
 And drapery oft by breezes blown,  
 The heavenly goddess heads the chase,  
 Her buskin'd feet begin the race.  
 The stag has left his mossy lair,  
 His nostrils snuff the inspiring air;  
 Hounds unleash'd are deeply baying,  
 Hoarse echo's hollow halls betraying,  
 Their dew-laps brush the bladed grass,  
 As, doubling round the rocky pass,  
 Their cry resounds: 'Away! away!  
 The antlered king shall turn to bay;  
 Far down the bosky glen he flew  
 Away! away! — halloo — halloo!'

\* Aurora is always represented by the Greeks as throwing back her veil, to intimate that Night was left behind her.

*During the last lines of the song, Diana and her nymphs appear, sweeping down from the east, and returning lower toward the forest, disappear.*

*Antigoné appears, listening.*

'A strain of music, if mine ear be true,  
Stole wandering down the wind. What could it be  
With such rich cadence, dying upon the flowers?  
'Tis said, in this kind maidenliest month,  
When with the rosy hour Apollo smiles  
Or his cold sister, Dian, our own goddess,  
Queens it among the stars, spirits roam abroad  
O'er the green bosom of the childing earth,\*  
Hymning with heavenly-stringed instruments.  
Perchance 't was one of these, for 'tis a morn  
That wears unwonted loveliness. The breeze,  
The gentle breeze, that fans the fresh-blown flowers  
Is burdened with their fragrance, and the sky  
Hath not one gossamer cloud to veil her brow.  
I would I were a spirit, to sing its beauty!  
A delicate spirit, that voyages on the air,  
Living its music-life of bliss ambrosial!  
I would not then shrink from those dreams that leave  
Dark auguries upon my soul, nor see  
The forms I love with sorrow visited;  
Nor kiss with yearning lips, as I, alas!  
Have done, their cold brow, heeding not my touch.  
I do remember me, when once I stood  
With my pale mother on this spot, to gaze  
On yon deep heaven.'

*Ismené, entering with a garland.*

'Here, sister! I have brought  
A fairy gift for you. Can you divine  
Whose cunning hand has wreathed these beautiful flowers?  
You smile: and yet your secret shall be safe;  
I'll but reveal it to the wind-wooded leaves,  
Indulgent to a tale so like their own,  
And it shall go no farther. I have found it  
Hung on the marble pillar of our home;  
And the gold-coated bee, that wound itself  
Into the red bud's shrinking bosom, says  
It came from the prince Hæmon.'

ANTIGONE.

'You have been  
Dealing in magic with the dark Egyptian  
Of yonder cave, Ismené!'

ISMENE.

'No—I know  
His favorite wild flowers, and his bard-like taste,  
Grouping them ever to some toy of thought.  
How beautiful they are! As he's not here  
To call their every choicest excellence thine,  
I cannot choose but do it for him.

'See!

This lily hath a lady-look of innocence,  
And cheek most like thine own, save when I speak  
The one *forbidden* name—and then thine bear  
The faint carnation of this new-blown bud.  
Stay—I am wrong: they more than rival now  
This bright imperial queen-rose of Damascus—  
Flora's own rose. 'Tis vain to turn away  
Your cheek: your neck and very bosom wear  
Her livery. This softest violet hath not  
The tint that darkens in your eye.'

\* 'The childing autumn, angry winter change  
Their wonted liveries.'

## ANTIGONE.

'T is thine,  
Cerulean blue, as was our mother's eye,  
Ismené.'

## ISMENE.

'And — here is the clustering almond,  
That wastes its loveliness, a sunny day —  
The orange blossom, with a virtue left,  
When the leaves droop, to live in golden fruit —  
And that too fades. I'd have *thee* not as frail,  
But lovely ever as some flower perennial.  
My own Antigone —'

## ANTIGONE.

'And canst thou not,  
Dear foolish fancier, a wild flower find,  
A semblance of thy self, amidst this group?  
And yet thou 'rt rather as a young-eyed fawn,  
Witching with sweet ways the world's coldest heart.'

## ISMENE.

'And for that pretty saying I will crown  
Thee as *he* thinks thee — queen. Here let me wreath  
This odorous chaplet round thy brow, and when  
The prince shall come, he shall be told how well  
It did become thee.'

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.,) 1837.

H. L. B.

## AMERICAN SOCIETY.

## NUMBER THREE.

'If the world is ever to be reformed, woman, sensible, enlightened, well-educated and principled, must be the original mover in the great work.'

FLINT.

We hear a great deal about the influence of woman. For many years past, it has been the favorite theme of moralists, both in Europe and America. We have volume after volume addressed to us, teaching our duties as wives, as mothers, and as mistresses of families. We have committed to our charge, and very justly too, the entire guidance of the nursery, and the early training of its beloved inmates. And we are also told, that it is our task to 'be the original mover in the great work of reforming the world.' Respecting the justice of this imposed duty, we shall here make no inquiry. Our business now is to examine the aggregate state of American female society, and to see how far we have been benefitted by the exertions that have been made to bring us to a sense of our responsibilities.

Although the varieties of female character are as numerous as nature and circumstances can make them, yet it will be sufficient for our purpose to divide them into four classes: the *fashionable*, the *domestic*, the *intellectual*, and the *religious*. In making a classification of a being as complex as man, all we can do is, to select the prominent, distinctive features, as there is scarcely an individual who does not unite some qualities to these, which may belong to a different order.

In the fashionable class, are included all those of every station in life, who are guided by the tastes and opinions, and follow the habits and customs, of the fashionable world. For, in our acceptance of the term, the mechanic's daughter, whose chief pleasure is in dress and visiting, is as essentially fashionable as the heiress of the wealthy merchant, whose enjoyment is derived from the same sources; though one may be decked in vulgar finery, while the other is dressed in strict accordance with the latest European costume, and the former is trudging on foot to gossip with her acquaintance, while the latter, in making her morning calls, is borne from one mansion to another in her splendid equipage.

If it can be denied that this order is the most numerous, still it must be acknowledged, that it is the one whose influence is most prominent and pervading. It ought to be the business of the others to counteract the evil effects of this perverted influence; but with a few bright exceptions here and there, all are content to submit to the guidance of this — the reigning class. Whether it be owing to ignorance, indolence, or want of reflection, we will not say; but certain it is, that there has as yet been no strenuous or united effort made to reform their own sex, by those upon whom the responsibility rests. And it is for this reason, that those usurpers have so long and so firmly maintained their tyrannizing supremacy.

Among the most striking faults evident in our fashionable females, the most ludicrous is their avowed preference for every thing foreign and imported, whether it be a bonnet, a pier-table, or a man. American manufactures, American productions, or American gentlemen, savor of vulgarity, and want of gentility; but *European* is the talismanic adjunct, which, when affixed to any thing, whatever it may be, gives it an adventitious value, even if it has no inherent one. We are frequently told, with all due consequence, that such an article or such a person came from London or Paris; and though we are expected to be deeply impressed with the great importance of this fact, yet we can see nothing better, more beautiful, or more worthy of respect, than we daily meet with in our own specimens of nature's handy-work — man — or that of our native artisans. Though our countrymen may be less skilled in the obsequious gallantry of foreign coxcombs, and though their manners may seldom equal the bowing graces of the French dancing-master, or the nobleman's valet, yet the generality of them are men whose tastes and pursuits are worthy of their sex. It is true, that fashionable women may find them less suited to 'play the agreeable' as morning visitors, or in dancing attendance on their whims and caprices at the midnight assembly; yet they possess the qualities of intellect and character that are requisite to make good husbands and faithful friends. Instead of contemning the professional man, or the man of business, for his awkwardness, his *mauvaise honte*, or his ignorance of the trifling ceremonies of society, we should honor him for it, as a convincing proof that his time and attention have been more nobly, more rationally employed, than in practising the airs and graces necessary to make him a 'lady's man,' or in assiduously studying 'The Laws of Etiquette,' for the important information of the size and number of cards necessary to be left upon a morning call, and whether they should be engraved

or written in lead pencil. Our lawyers and physicians, our merchants and politicians, are too much engrossed in their respective occupations, to be able to become good waltzers, or agreeable talkers upon the latest fashions or the last new novel.

The preference for foreign fooleries, and the abject reverence for foreign titles, are so prevalent in our fashionable society, that this characteristic is lamented and censured by the moralist, and has not escaped the shrewd observation and caustic ridicule of the laboring classes. The wife of a florist lately said to us, when repeating the names of several new varieties of flowers, 'I hate to have so many Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Princes; and I wanted my husband to call them after the distinguished women, or great men, of our own country. He tried it for a while, but found that it would never do, for these seldom met a purchaser, while those that had high-sounding names were always preferred. We were obliged, on this account, to change the names of several varieties of our dahlias and japonicas. The American ladies are very fond of titles' — and, with a knowing look, she added, 'an 'Emperor Alexander' will sell much better than a 'George Washington,' and a 'Duchess of St. Albans' than a 'Dolly Madison.'

From the female part of the fashionable world has also arisen that inordinate desire for wealth, that extravagance of expenditure, that insane eagerness for display, and those groundless distinctions of rank, which have not only wrecked the peace and prosperity of so many families, but which now threaten to undermine the fair fabric of our country's birth-right — *freedom* and *equality* — by the wide-spreading devastation of their corrupting streams. Ask the merchant, who confines himself to his dark counting-room from the early morning to the twilight hour, why it is that he so laboriously strives to accumulate thousands after thousands, when his fortune is already more than sufficient to gratify every reasonable gratification. He will tell you, that it is to enable his family to live in a style corresponding to their wishes. We would fain believe, that there is not a being calling himself a man, who, if uninfluenced by an ambitious wife and daughters, would consider the tinsel glitter of fashionable life as sufficient recompense for his years of anxious toil and wearing care, or who would acknowledge that to gain this petty distinction is an aim worthy the exertions of a being endowed with reason, and destined for immortality. In this sin, we believe that woman is the tempter, and the origin of her error may be traced to defective education and improper training. Look at the groups of young and lovely girls, from lisping infancy to dawning womanhood, and see what are the prominent objects held out for their attainment. As soon as a daughter is old enough to understand what is said to her, she is carefully taught by every one around her, that to be fashionably-dressed, and to be admired, is the chief end and aim of her sex. Her attire and her personal appearance are the subject of comment and conversation in the nursery and in the drawing-room, in the family circle and among her mother's visitors. When she is placed under the care of instructors, what is it in which her parents seem most anxious that she should excel, and what is most skilfully inculcated in the fashionable boarding-school? Is it that she may be

trained to usefulness, or prepared for the duties she may have to perform in after life? No! It is not these. The poor innocent child is taught other lessons. Its ingenuous simplicity is checked by the maxims of worldly refinement, and its warm-hearted affections are forbidden to flow where they would, by instilling into it the distinctions of society, and by being told it must be guided in the choice of its associates by wealth and rank, and not by virtue or goodness. To glide gracefully in the waltz, or to trip lightly through the mazes of the cotillion—to warble harmoniously in an unknown tongue, or to attain a masterly execution upon the harp, guitar, or piano—is of far more importance than to have a sound judgment and a well-cultivated mind, or to be able to fulfil the duties of a daughter, a wife, or a mother. An opera-dancer or a public performer is a model more worthy of imitation than the mother of Washington, or a Mrs. Graham. A young lady who frequents fashionable assemblies, and is enabled, by devoting her time to personal decoration, to appear as gaily attired upon a limited income as those of larger fortunes, is spoken of in terms of commendation; while the female who prefers plainness of dress, and spends her days in retirement, attending to her moral and mental improvement, is contemptuously pitied for her dull mopishness, and want of spirit. When a girl has acquired what is thought an adequate knowledge of music, by the sacrifice of many hours a day of the short period allotted for her intellectual culture, and has learned to enter a room gracefully—when she has skimmed over the abridgments of the sciences, without understanding their simplest elements, and is able to pronounce a few French phrases—her education is finished, and she is thought prepared to take her station in the gay world, as an adventurer for the great prize—a wealthy matrimonial establishment. In the whirl of fashionable follies, she soon loses what little is left of her intellect and affections, and becomes an ignorant, heartless woman of ton. With such a preparatory training, how can we wonder that when a wife, she will leave her children to hireling nurses and teachers, devote her days and nights to worldly amusements, and stimulate her husband to the accumulation of wealth, as the only means of their gratification? We should rather pity than blame her, when we see that to equal or surpass her neighbors in the splendor of her house and furniture, her routs and her dinner-parties, is the chief object of her life, and her sole occupation and enjoyment are found in dress and in visiting. The influence of such a woman is not only felt by her husband, her children, and her servants, but it extends far and wide upon the current of society. The female who confines herself to her own fire-side, may be the blessing or the bane of her family; but the leader of fashion, who nightly gathers around her the wives and the daughters among her extended circles of acquaintance, and who daily exhibits her splendid equipage in the crowded thoroughfares of a large city, wields a sceptre of power, whose evil effects will be felt through every grade and station. The aspiring wife of the petty tradesman discontentedly sighs for the time when her husband will be able to gratify her desire for a similar display, and the wife of the mechanic, as she bears her heavily laden basket, views the luxurious carriage with envy, and bitterly feels the

painful distinction between the rich and the poor. The spirit of agrarianism, which is inflaming and festering in the hearts of the laboring classes, is fostered by the extravagance and gaudy show with which the wealthy love to surround themselves. They wilfully waste their accumulated fortunes in the sparkling *jets d'eau*, instead of permitting them to run in refreshing streams, where all could be benefitted, or causing them to spread greenness and fertility among the barren wastes of poverty. We have seen those who were borne along in their gilded and emblazoned carriages, followed by their liveried out-riders, and wrapped in habiliments whose cost would have brought peace and plenty to many a poor widow's hearth, who could meanly endeavor to rob the indigent seamstress or laborer of their just dues, and take advantage of their poverty, by offering for their work less than its value. It is a well-known fact, that the most wealthy are generally least liberal to those in their employ; and the fondness for making cheap bargains, and of securing labor at half price, belongs almost exclusively to those who have least need for them. Would that the just sentiment spoken by a heathen king of one of the small eastern monarchies were more often echoed in our prosperous Christian land! Upon hearing his son boasting to those around him of a purchase he had just made, of an article far beneath its real worth, he nobly said: 'Go to him from whom you bought it, and give him treble its value, and blush with shame, to think you have boasted of having taken advantage of a man's ignorance or necessity.'

The next class is the domestic; and in this we do not include those who love retirement for its own sake, or whose hearths and homes are the dearest spots on earth; but we use this term to designate those who are wholly engrossed by their household occupations. This, in our country, is a numerous order — more so, perhaps, than any other — owing to the unsettled and unorganized state of servitude, prevailing in all but the slave-holding districts. In our land, where all are free and equal, there is, among the laboring part of our population, an instinctive dislike to enter into service, and the greater number would prefer remaining in a home of their own, however humble, where they are obliged to endure all the evils of poverty, than to live as servants, in comfort and plenty. From this, arises one of the difficulties in procuring well-trained domestics, and the consequently varied and irritating trials of house-keepers. But, as Mrs. Sigourney very justly observes, this is 'a tax which all should be willing to pay, for the privileges of our government.' It is perhaps best that we should have to contend with these difficulties. Although the present irregularity and disturbance among the conflicting interests of the employer and the employed are productive of many annoyances, yet it may be wisely ordered, as a salutary corrective, tending to bring our social life into accordance with the tenor and spirit of our free institutions. As soon as we are willing to conform, in our houses and homes, to the republican principles of the glorious charter which declared us free and independent, then we believe these causes of complaint will be banished from among us. When we learn 'to moderate our wants, and study simplicity in our style of living; when the love of show and vanity, with their



countless expenses and competitions are stricken from our household lists,' then and then only, shall we be freed from the wearing cares that break many a woman's spirit, and render those duties vexing and distasteful, which, by a wiser arrangement, would be made easy and delightful. If we consent to give up our splendidly-decorated drawing-rooms, from which the light of day is carefully excluded, and where the furniture is only uncovered for one or two gala-nights in a year, and content ourselves with simply yet tastefully-furnished parlors, intended for the use of our family and friends, we shall then be relieved from the necessity of keeping a band of idle retainers, whose cost of maintenance far exceeds the value of their labor, and whose proper management and direction are a fruitful source of toil and anxiety.

There is unfortunately an opinion existing among us, that has made refinement and gentility synonymous with show and luxury. There is, however, no real affinity between them. As one of the late English novelists observes: 'True refinement inheres *within*, and no more derives its character from outward trappings, than heaven's gift of symmetry owe its fair proportions to the fringes with which fashion encumbers its beauty. It is not whether your tables are of mahogany or deal, your dishes of china or delf, that distinguishes refinement from its opposite. It is the *soul* that presides at the banquet.' We have been frequently struck with the truth of this distinction, when visiting a family, which is the true model of what American society should be. Their rural home is furnished with greater simplicity and plainness than is often seen in the houses of the city mechanics, yet evidences of the taste and refinement of its inmates are every where apparent. Instead of the costly pieces of French china, and the many petty gewgaws that ornament the centre and pier tables of the wealthy and the fashionable, you see rare and beautiful specimens of conchology and mineralogy, and numerous volumes of science and light literature. And in the place of gilded vases, splendid lamps, or alabaster clocks, you find rich bouquets of rare exotics, among which are peeping the delicate wild flowers gathered in their woodland rambles.

In their dress, there is the same tasteful simplicity, and absence of every thing like vanity or display. Their polished manners, their Virginian hospitality, their easy flow of intellectual converse, and the grateful warmth of their affections, unchilled by conventional forms and soulless ceremony, render the hours spent in their society a banquet for the mind and heart. The charm of their companionship is felt by all who visit them, even by those who are incapable of appreciating their high mental endowments, and moral elevation. To the woman whose only subject of conversation is upon her household employments, they will enter into her feelings and suit themselves to her capacities, for of domestic duties they have both the knowledge and the practice. Those of a literary taste will be fascinated by the graces of their gifted minds, and to the lover of nature's fair productions, or beautiful scenes, they will show the rich parterre, with its blooming flowers, and their choice collection of nursing plants, or point out the green hills and lovely valleys that are seen through the vistas opened here and there through the embowering elms. You

cannot help feeling, when you are with them, that they are fitted to adorn the highest circles of fashion, yet nothing could tempt them to leave their happy seclusion. There is so much enjoyment in each other's society, that they will not be separated; and they can never be induced to enter into the gay world, because to them it has no charms. No one would suppose, from the neatness and order in every department of their household, from the taste and elegance of their entertainments, and from the apparent leisure of every member, that they kept but one young servant. You hear no complaints of the difficulties of house-keeping; you never find any one engrossed and irritated by domestic toils; but every thing seems to be performed as if by magic. The harmonious arrangement is seen, but its petty details are never exhibited to your view. This family, from their limited income, would be called poor by the world; but they are rich in that which the wealthy vulgar can never possess — genuine refinement and true gentility.

Added to the existing condition of our domestic arrangements, there is another powerful reason why many women after marriage find themselves overwhelmed by clashing and perplexing duties, out of which they are unable to produce either order or harmony, and this is — the want of a previous preparation for the station upon which they have entered. A girl is generally placed at school at an early age, and leaves it upon arriving at womanhood. Under the mistaken notion of permitting her to enjoy herself while single, no attention to household duties is expected or required. Her life is a perpetual holiday — a continued succession of frivolous amusements; and when she becomes a wife, she is dismayed to find that she is ignorant and unpractised in those duties for which she should have been carefully educated. She then either leaves the care of her household to her hired menials, or, if desirous to act a faithful part, she runs the risk of sinking into the mere domestic drudge. By a want of system and judicious management, which would have made her employments lighter and more efficiently performed, her time and attention are wholly engrossed by the minutia of the daily routine. If she once possessed any taste for intellectual pleasures or improvement, she has now neither the leisure nor the opportunity for its gratification. We have heard many married women say, that they found it impossible to read a page of the most interesting work, without a constant and painful effort. The thought of their household occupations would perpetually intrude itself, and prevent them from fixing their minds on any other subject. One who is thus circumstanced, becomes incapable of spiritual or intellectual advancement, and of exercising that reflection and calm collectedness of thought, so necessary to fit her for the higher duties of a wife, a mother, and a Christian. She loses all congeniality with her husband, and when he wishes to read to her, she either cannot remain to listen, or else his words fall upon her ear, but convey no impression upon her understanding. When the dawning mind of her child leads it to her, as its natural instructor, to satisfy its ardent desire for information, she considers it troublesome, and has no time to attend to its inquiries. Slavish cares press upon her mind and her heart, and leave no room for domestic enjoyment. Her home, instead of being the abode of

peace and happiness, is the scene of irritating trials, and constant hardships. Scolding and invective, while following her servants during the day, are followed by weariness and exhaustion at night; and thus month after month and year after year roll onward, without bearing one record of her progress and improvement. And 'she finds herself plunged into an abyss of cares and troubles, from which she cannot expect to be extricated, till the close of a wretched and wearisome life.'

Notwithstanding the general diffusion of knowledge, and the interest that has been awakened upon the subject of female education, yet we fear that our next class — the intellectual — will be found comparatively a small one. The temple of science, like the paradise of Mohammed, was formerly considered a place too sacred for the intrusion of woman; and although its jealous barriers are now removed, and they are permitted to enter its enclosures, yet the effects of this prohibition still exert an influence sufficiently powerful to keep the greater number from making the attempt. The monkish maxim of the dark ages, that 'Ignorance is the mother of Devotion,' and the favorite theory of tyrants, that the education of the governed tends to disorder and disorganization, are now fast disappearing before the light of truth and just reasoning, and with these the prejudice against learning in a woman is also fading away, and the rights and true interests of the female sex are beginning to be universally acknowledged. It has been found from experience, that mental cultivation, instead of raising woman above her duties, tends to arouse her to a deeper sense of their responsibility, and enables her to discharge them more faithfully. It has been seen that it is possible 'to have one eye rigidly fixed on the pence-table, and with the other, to pierce the empyrean of science, that genius can stoop its 'enthroned fires,' and give earnest heed to the consumption of coal and candles, the latter not of wax, but of veritable tallow;' and what is still more convincing than these, that most harassing fear has been found fallacious, that a woman *could not make a good pudding*, if she were rendered capable of educating her children. Since these truths have been established, and this fear has been dissipated by so many bright examples, the world has begun to feel the importance of female education, and to acknowledge that as the future character of the child chiefly depends upon the mother, it becomes highly necessary that she should be enlightened, well-educated, and principled. Even men of sense were wont to employ the pen of ridicule, and the spoken jest, to throw contempt upon *learned women*, and they so effectually gained their object, that it will be many, many years before the prejudice they excited will have passed away. The urgent appeals of moralists will make but a faint impression upon the female sex, when the opinions of former days are yet current in society. A young lady still feels a greater hesitation in acknowledging a taste for high intellectual pursuits, than she would in speaking of Bulwer's novels, or the performances of an opera-dancer. The dreaded title of 'blue-stocking,' has become obsolete, yet 'she-philosopher,' the name of terror now applied by the fashionable fopling, is still as much deprecated. It is true, that there may have been, at first, some grounds for this prejudice, by the vanity which learning may have inspired in

some females, owing to its rarity. But we are inclined to believe, that the fault was in the individual, and not in her acquirements ; as Hannah More so justly remarks, that she who is a vain pedant, because she has read much, would have been a vain fool, if she had read nothing. The least occasional neglect in the house of an intelligent woman meets with no allowance, however excusable may be the reasons for it ; while the most striking proofs of careless management in that of the fashionable one, is passed over without censure. While this prejudice so widely prevails, and is exhibited in so many different forms, can we wonder that the number of females is so limited, who consider the cultivation of their minds as one of their highest duties, and most delightful privileges ? This number, however, is gradually increasing, and let them bear in mind, that one of the noblest efforts in which they can exert their influence, is the endeavor to raise their sex to that station which nature and reason show they should attain.

Upon examining into the religious portion of our female society, we feel as if we were trespassing on hallowed ground. So highly do we estimate their importance as a class, that we cannot help regretting that so many among professing Christians are wanting in that spiritual elevation, that beautiful consistency of character, which should make them, in their own proper spheres, bright and shining stars. We fear that with some, their benevolent societies, their tract distributions, and the frequent attendance at various meetings, are the 'tithes of mint, anise, and cummin,' which lead them to neglect that personal piety, and those untransferable domestic obligations, upon which so much of their right influence depends. Let such remember, that to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world' is the concluding clause of that precept which enjoins them to 'visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction.' We would not wish to check the flowing of the smallest rill of active benevolence ; yet we are persuaded, that much more good might be effected, if to this virtue were added the other gems in the Christian's coronet. The 'love of the world,' with its corrupting influences, is almost as frequently seen in the houses of the wealthy, among the professedly religious, as in those of the gay and the fashionable. This ought not to be ; for surely if it be the duty of any class to endeavor to stem the torrent of extravagance, display, and Mammon-idolatry, it is of those who are commanded 'not to lay up their treasures upon earth,' and who have promised to renounce the world and its follies.

After our slight examination into the different orders of American female society, we fear that there are few individuals among them who have considered the power and right direction of the influence of woman, with the attention which its importance demands, or who have been duly impressed with the weight of their responsibility. As the knowledge of the true God was revealed to the Jews, that they might shed its light upon the nations lying in darkness and idolatry around them, so do we believe that to woman are given the power and opportunity to purify and to bless mankind. Their duty does not call them to launch upon the gathered and turbid waters of public life ; it is theirs to heal the fountains of home, that they may send forth pellucid streams, as tributaries to the great ocean. Their

brothers, husbands, and sons should find in the sanctuary of domestic life a quiet refuge from worldly cares, and a purification from worldly corruptions. The glory of the Lord should hover in brightness upon the family-altar, and banish from its band of worshippers the dark clouds of earthly passions and sinful propensities. And since it was woman who first listened to the tempter, and brought 'death into the world, and all our wo,' let it be her task to reform and to elevate all who come within the circle of her influence, so that the evils that now exist may cease from among us, and our nation may become the *moral* as well as the *political* regenerator of the world. G.

*Baltimore, January, 1837.*

### CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

#### AN EXTRACT.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken :  
 She is a widow — she is old and poor :  
 Her only hope is in that sacred token  
 Of peaceful happiness, when life is o'er :  
 She asks nor wealth nor pleasure — begs no more  
 Than heaven's delightful volume, and the sight  
 Of her Redeemer. Skeptics ! would you pour  
 Your blasting vials on her head, and blight  
 Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night ?

She lives in her affections ; for the grave  
 Has closed upon her husband, children : all  
 Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save  
 Her treasured jewels ; though her views are small,  
 Though she has never mounted high, to fall  
 And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring  
 Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall  
 Her unperverted palate, but will bring  
 A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave  
 Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er  
 With silent waters, kissing, as they lave  
 The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore  
 Of matted grass and flowers — so softly pour  
 The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,  
 Long bowed before her Maker ; then no more  
 She muses on the grief of former days ;  
 Her full heart melts and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

And Faith can see a new world, and the eyes  
 Of saints look pity on her : Death will come —  
 A few short moments over, and the prize  
 Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb  
 Becomes her fondest pillow : all its gloom  
 Is scattered : what a meeting there will be  
 To her and all she loved here, and the bloom  
 Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee —  
 There is the health which lasts through all eternity.

J. G. PERCIVAL

## JOHN JENKINS.\*

A STORY FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

## CHAPTER IV.

JOHN JENKINS was near forty, and consequently an old bachelor; a lawyer, and a very clever fellow. Some men are gray-haired with wisdom, some grow gray-headed in the service of the state, but Mr. Jenkins was gray because of over-much thought. He worshipped the sex with an intense devotion, and had thought about matrimony in the abstract, until the auburn shades of his hair gradually faded into the hue of twilight. Every brown study increased the very respectable minority of silvery streaks, and by the time he had attained the complement of five-and-thirty years, the auburn hairs were out-numbered on a division, and gray was the hair apparent to the crown. Every one knows how unfortunate is the predicament of a gentleman who finds himself gray-headed and unmarried. He is shy and suspicious of the girls, and they have so much veneration for his age, that no room is left in their minds for the idea of love.

Mr. Jenkins had signalized himself by numerous gallantries. When quite a youth, he had the misfortune to get that crotchet in his head, which has played the mischief with the happiness of many a fine fellow — that is, he fancied that Mrs. Jenkins that was to be, would be in all respects just such as Mrs. Jenkins should be — that is, a specimen of a perfect woman, with a touch of heaven in her composition. This crotchet had so refined his perceptions of what was truly lovely, that he had grown to be most outrageously particular — in other words, he had lost the faculty of discriminating qualities which were genuine and good. At length, he concluded that there was but one perfect woman on earth; that her being was mysteriously approximating to his own, and that the dictate of destiny to him was, to find her out. He forthwith commenced the search; but to his horror he found that every one of his female acquaintance was deformed by some imperfection, and a blemish was his utter abhorrence. It is very silly in a man to suppose that while the sun and every other luminary that twinkles in the universe is spotted, there should be one 'bright particular star' in the depths of space, dwelling apart, which is an exception without spot or blemish.

The ardency of Mr. Jenkins' passion kept the hue fresh on his cheek; and at thirty he would have passed for twenty-five, but for some few impudent scattering gray hairs, which were everlastingly sticking themselves up, as if there were nothing in the person of their owner worthy of being looked at but themselves.

A lady at length loomed splendidly before the vision of Mr. Jenkins, and he concluded the period of his probation was over. He looked at Miss Rosemay again and again, until he was satisfied that she was the heaven-sent messenger of love to his heart. Now then

\* When 'the pressure,' which is not without its influence upon bibliopoliasts, as well as merchants and tradesmen, shall have somewhat subsided, we hope to see the clever work from which this sketch is taken, attain the 'dignity of print.' It should not be permitted to slumber in manuscript.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

the dream that had followed him for years was to be verified — for he had met the prettiest, loveliest, and exquisitest being, who had ever been reflected on the retina of a lover's eye — one who was only kept out of heaven because of the jealousy she would have occasioned among the angels. Against this lady, he commenced a regular siege. He stormed her breast-works with a whole battery of sighs, moonbeams, and smiles; he opened a brisk cannonade of sonnets and albums, notes and gig-rides; until the enemy of his heart's peace, being unable to stand the fire longer, held out a flag of truce from the besieged citadel, in the shape of a celestial smile. A treaty was entered into, the leading stipulation of which was, that the lady should be a prisoner at the discretion of the besieger for ever, after two months, *in futuro*, had thrown their drops into the swelling ocean of past ages.

John Jenkins was overjoyed: indeed, his heart was so full of bliss, that if he had not suffered it to leak out, it certainly would have rendered him most uncomfortable. He therefore communicated the secret of his success to a score of his dear friends, under cover of the strictest injunctions of confidence. The consequence was, that before three days had passed, half the town was aware that he was about to become the 'happiest fellow in the world.' Its propriety was the town's talk; the ladies stared at it, and the gentlemen wondered at it, just as if nothing strange had ever taken place in that line before.

A groomsmen is a *sine qua non* on such occasions as that momentous one which was about to happen to Mr. Jenkins. He pitched on Will Landsmore, as the most suitable person to be his right hand man. Will was much better looking than Jenkins, but he had not a tithe of his wit. He was introduced to the bride that was to be, when just two weeks were wanting to the consummation of her happiness. They were all three forthwith got together — sprightly and romantic, although their aggregate years would have outnumbered a century. But love makes old age forget his crutches, and causes decrepitude, like some peach-trees, to resume its bloom when the sere of autumn is on its foliage. From their conversation, you would not have supposed them capable of their wisdom and experience; it was so light, so joyous, and so full of promised happiness.

Will was quite charmed with the romance of Miss Rosemay, and she sighed as she counted over his thousand personal fascinations. The unsuspecting Jenkins never dreamed of any mistake, until there was trouble in the wigwam. Landsmore, who was somewhat famous for his tricks, had very slyly been passing off some of his trickery on his friend Jenkins. The lady and himself, who made a majority of the triad, concluded that the happiness of all three would be much enhanced by a new arrangement; and Mr. Jenkins was informed, by a note from his friend Will, that a new distribution of offices had been agreed on, and that he, Mr. John Jenkins, had been appointed groomsmen, instead of groom, for the approaching nuptials. An old bachelor can stand almost any thing in the shape of disappointment; but this proposition, so unexpected too, was utterly insufferable.

Mr. Jenkins did not rave like a madman, but sat down coolly, like a philosopher, to determine on the course best to be pursued in this

emergency. His mind was soon made up; and grasping his cane, he proceeded in quest of his rival. He found him with the lady who was at the bottom of this nefarious business. A very awkward scene ensued. Jenkins demanded of Landsmore an explanation of the note which he threw down before him. His firmness startled Will, who cowered under his indignant glance. Turning to the lady, he questioned her as to the truth of the contents of the note on the floor, which he knocked toward her with his cane. She professed great ignorance of the engagement between Mr. Jenkins and herself — laughed at the very preposterous idea that had taken possession of his brain — and told him it was a delusion of the most silly character, and one of which a gentleman of his years should be ashamed. He preserved his temper; he told her she was as false as her front tooth; and intimated to Mr. Landsmore something about ‘satisfaction,’ which that gentleman did not fully understand.

A challenge was sent from Jenkins, and Will’s courage was on a tour to the virtues when it arrived. He called a council of war of three friends, who told him there was no alternative, and he must fight. He turned pale, and gasped at this announcement, wished he had not interfered in the matter, and returned an acceptance of the challenge.

On the next morning, at sunrise, the meeting was to take place. Landsmore took a courage-stiffener in the evening, and started off to see his sweet-heart. She encouraged him — told him to die game, if needs be — and said Jenkins deserved killing, for the left-handed compliment he had uttered against her *smile*. He kissed her at parting, and went home. He could think of nothing but pistols, and bullets, and blood, and the grave. ‘Oh these duels,’ thought he, ‘are horrible things! In the first place, one is tortured to death with the most frightful presentiments; his watch stops, and the candle goes out: secondly, you must be shot to death with ugly bullets, and have surgeons sticking their abominable lancets in your tenderest parts; and thirdly, you must go to ‘that undiscovered country,’ just when you do not wish to go, and in a manner not at all propitious to a happy reception when you get there.’ As these thoughts crowded his mind, Landsmore had a great notion to run away; but where to hide his shame and his grief, was more than his confused bit of brain could determine.

The morning arrived, and so did Landsmore’s second, who told him, with great nonchalance, that the hour was come. Will would have suffered the amputation of his much-loved leg, if that would have satisfied his friend. He pleaded sickness, and told his second that he was too ill, and he feared the fog would give him the ague. He was assured that in all probability a shot or two would cure him of the ague, with a slight innuendo about the anti-aguish warmth of certain lower regions. His friend at length forced him to the gig, and drove off rapidly.

‘Is Jenkins much of a shot?’ asked Landsmore, while his teeth chattered like the window of a stage-coach.

‘Tolerably good, Sir,’ said the second, lightly. ‘He is a dead shot five out of six times, at a target on a barn door.’

‘My principles are opposed to this kind of proceeding. It is unchristian and barbarous,’ said Landsmore.



'Curse your scruples! — here, take a dram, my dear fellow, and silence them,' said the cold-blooded second, laughing, and extending a pocket-flask.

Landsmore emptied the contents, as they came in sight of the fatal ground. Jenkins and second were there, laughing, as if the affair was the merest sport in the world. The ground, ten paces, was measured off, and the pistols presented to the antagonists.

'Mr. Jenkins,' said Landsmore, 'I acknowledge ——'

'No quarters to treachery!' interrupted Jenkins. 'Come, take it like a man, Sir.'

Landsmore was confounded; all hope passed from him; the word 'fire!' was given, and he pulled the trigger. He raised his head; the muzzle of his antagonist's weapon was looking murder in his eye. He flinched — who could help it? Again he looked; the frightful pistol was still pointed at him. Jenkins stepped toward him, and told him to run, or die. Forgetful of his honor, Landsmore obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, and started. Jenkins followed, and discharged his pistol in the immediate vicinity of Landsmore's ear. Off went his hat, and down went his body. There was one shudder of fearfully wild feeling, and his senses were sealed in forgetfulness — but not exactly in death.

Landsmore soon revived, smelt a rat, and felt the full efficacy of the joke to which he had been the victim. He left the field of honor, covered with dirt and shame, instead of immortal glory.

The affair was told with considerable embellishment about town. The lady was blamed, Jenkins was applauded, and Landsmore was laughed at, most unmercifully. To add to his misfortune, the lady would have nothing to do with one at whom the boys in the street poked their fun. Poor fellow! He was ostracised by public opinion, and left the place in disgust, wishing that his right arm had been perforated, for then he would not have been the victim of a duel, in which nothing but powder and smoke were used.

Mr. Jenkins forthwith became very popular: he was smiled on by the ladies, who, in consideration of his gallantry, did not laugh at him, though his hair was as frisky, and as far from being black, as a squirrel's tail. S.

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#### THE PORTRAIT.

WOULD I might stay those features as they pass,  
 Where Beauty seems as if she loved to dwell,  
 And chain that smile upon the fickle glass —  
 That smile, whose sweetness words in vain would tell,  
 Or fix thy glance, with all its heaven of blue,  
 The evening star that floats its azure through!  
 But no; the spot where I would bid them rest,  
 Is all unworthy they should linger there;  
 The blush of morn on ocean's slumbering breast,  
 The star, bright-imaged in its depths of air,  
 Vanish from off its bosom, like thy smile,  
 That rests but on so frail a thing awhile,  
 Then seeks a home whence it may ne'er depart,  
 The faithful mirror of a loving heart.

## TO THE EYE OF A WHALE:

ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED, SHRIVELLED AND SHRUNKEN TO A SHAPELESS MASS, IN A LONG,  
UNVISITED DRAWER OF A CABINET.

Thou withered orb, that, dull and sightless now,  
Retainest nought distinguishing thy use,  
How priceless were the wondrous chronicle  
Of all thou hast surveyed!

The lower deep —

That world of unimagined mysteries  
Which token of the tempest, save its spoil,  
The battered wreck and pale unshrouded dead  
Hath never stirred — thy glance unreasoning,  
Even as a scene familiar, hath explored.  
Thy strong possessor may have there succumb'd  
To strength superior; for enormous shapes,  
Singly, or prowling in embattled herds,  
Whose meanest prey to us would monstrous seem,  
May roam perchance the dim, unruffled blue.  
And deeper still, where the leviathan  
Of upper ocean never yet hath delved —  
Where the compacted waters, billowless  
And inelastic as the solid earth,  
Deny him ingress — may be forms of life  
Mightier than he, with iron sinews braced,  
To cleave the thick, unventilated void.

Let none affirm such marvels may not be:  
Remember *who* creates, nor limit Him  
Who moulded chaos to a universe,  
And firing orb on orb, uplit yon arch  
With countless myriads of illumined worlds!  
That which his hand proportions, it restrains;  
And though no fierce, rapacious prodigies,  
Surging aloft from the unplumbed abyss,  
Affright our coasts, or overwhelm with ponderous charge  
Our broad-winged navies, yet the ocean's bed  
May teem with such creations. The thin air,  
That lifts the eagle circling toward the sun,  
Yields to the step of man; and even so  
The incumbent waters may be all too light  
To float th' unbuoyant and stupendous frames  
Engendered in the density below.

Enough of wild chimera. Turn we now  
From the dark depths — unsearched, unsearchable —  
To the glad waters which behold the sun.  
Methinks I see the animated mass  
That once thy guiding prescience piloted,  
With swarthy back just arched above the wave,  
Basking supinely in the torrid beam.  
From colder climes he comes a voyager,  
Even from the bleak Antarctic, leaving far  
Its alps of ice, and bright, sky-bounded plains  
Of shivered crystal, for the tepid waves  
Which clasp the summer isles. The silken swell  
Of the unbroken waters, the rich air,  
Faint with aroma which its winnowing wing  
Shakes from the island bowers, the monotone —  
Soft as the harpings of a houri's lyre —  
With which the sea in music pays the wind  
For its light dalliances, with their blended spell,  
Lull e'en the senses of the soulless brute.  
Lo! where the mighty sluggard sleeping lies,  
Nor signal gives of life; save when on high

From either nostril, with explosive shock,  
He jets a foamy fountain, which the beams  
Dye with prismatic glories, as it falls!

The nautilus uplifts its living sail  
Dreadless beside the tranced leviathan,  
Coasts his huge sides, and rounds his massive jaws,  
And tacking, voyages scathless on its way.  
The swift benita, and the silvery gar,  
The gorgeous dolphin, which expiring, mocks  
Its native sunsets with yet prouder hues,  
And thousand forms, as of inwoven beams,  
Through the translucent billows light'ning,  
Enrich their azure as with royal gems.  
While overhead, the lordly tropic bird,  
With sunlight streaming from her lustrous plumes,  
Beats, with slow waving wings, the sultry air.

Beauty, of solitude and nature born,  
Here reigns supreme. Green islands crowned with palms,  
(Insular Edens, where the froth-fringed waves  
Melt on eternal verdure,) loom afar,  
Like emeralds studding the horizon's ring :  
The ocean is a wilderness of light —  
A waste of rolling silver. All unflecked,  
Save where some reef of coral jutting forth,  
Frets into foam its bright monotony.

This is the fair Pacific — this the clime  
Which softens e'en the rugged mariner,  
Till in voluptuous ease, his toils forgot,  
Stretched in the shadow of the banyan grove,  
He lisps of love — a Hercules subdued.

And now 't is noon — noon in that dreamy clime ;  
The spirit of enervate luxury,  
Which makes its every breeze an anodyne,  
Hath breathed upon the mammoth of the deep.  
The charm is broken ! To spasmodic life  
The giant wakens. Now aloft he springs,  
With leap unwieldy, and the smitten deep  
Recoils in thunder from his ponderous plunge !  
Now through a storm of spray, while far behind  
Boils the lashed ocean in his ample wake,  
Behold him surging. But what foe pursues ?  
A deadly one, nor comes he weaponless :  
The warrior sword-fish, champion of the sea !  
To the fierce charge of whose unsplintering lance  
Even the thrice-planked war-ship's plated keel  
Enribbed with gnarled oak, is vulnerable.

The fight is over : the leviathan —  
Not often thus victorious — has prevailed :  
Dead on the surface floats his enemy,  
Slain by a single buffet : but alas !  
More subtle man, with keener weapons armed,  
Comes to assail the hapless conqueror.  
Yon trim-built ship, which, seen an hour ago,  
Had seemed a grey gull's wing, or hovering cloud,  
Brings in her rounded sails a gallant breeze :  
Thick flies the spray-shower from her singing prow,  
Drenching the crew, who, clustering in the shrouds,  
With eager glances eye the expected prize.

Scarce half a league off, on her starboard bow,  
Basks the unconscious brute. With topsail backed,

And all her canvass shaking in the wind,  
Poised between two opposing impulses,  
A moment quivering hangs the graceful barque,  
Then, like some sea-bird, that has smoothed its plumes,  
Settles in quiet beauty on the deep.

A boat is lowered — 't is manned ; with oars speak,  
Waiting the signal, sit its sturdy crew :  
'Let fall ! — away !' — the smooth blades sheer the wave,  
The light craft, trembling, surges from the stroke :  
She lifts ! she flies ! and flying, gathers speed,  
Till the quick flutter of the gleaming oars  
Seems like the wavering of golden wings,  
And she less poised on ocean than in air.

She nears the victim. Watchful in the bow,  
His foot well braced, and in his hand upraised,  
A barb'd dart poising, the harpooner stands.  
Inert and motionless the monster lies :  
The boat rounds to beside his cumbrous bulk ;  
The missile, by a stalwart arm impelled,  
Cleaves to the shaft, and smokes the rasping line,  
As with impetuous haste the stricken thrall  
Bores downward far into the searchless main :  
The buoyant boat a moment dips her bow,  
As if to follow that terrific plunge ;  
But ere the insidious vortex draws her down,  
Recoils, and dances on its eddying whirl.

Panting for air, once more behold emerge  
Ocean's still strong though wounded denizen.  
Another dart is planted, and away,  
Cleaving the billows like a thunderbolt,  
With the boat tossing on his seething trail,  
Rushes the tethered giant — but in vain.  
The iron rankles — agony and toil  
Combined, have paralyzed his energies ;  
His strong thews yield, he falters in the race,  
And the frail skiff that late, with bows submerged,  
Scarce stemmed the breakers in his stormy track,  
Now swiftly warped along the slackened line,  
Glides to the final onset.

Why prolong  
The history of torture ? Lance on lance,  
With murderous thrust, sinks in his ample side,  
Till, rousing in the mortal agony,  
He fights the last mad battle of despair.  
The boiling ocean many a rood around  
Is with the vital stream incarnadine,  
As, spouting gore, and in his final throes,  
Blinding his captors with the crimson spray,  
Serried with spears, terrific to the last,  
Mid wild huzzas, his mighty life gives way.

Years have gone by — I was a stripling then —  
Since I beheld and mingled in the scene  
Which fancy pictures better than describes.  
Yet seemed it acting, as this shrivelled mass  
I musingly surveyed. And thus the past  
Oft seems the living present for awhile,  
As some old trophy of our sports or toils  
Becomes the talisman of memory.

J. B.

## PATRIOTISM.

'From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
 Where great additions swell, and virtue none,  
 It is a dropsied honor: good alone  
 Is good, without a name: vileness is so;  
 The property by which it is should go,  
 Not by the title.'

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR ideal of the patriot is a very exalted character. When a great man dies, and he is called a patriot, we gather about him all the virtues, and esteem him a kind of god among other men. We think of him as gentle and merciful, generous and devoted; as having lived for great ends, and as having been endowed with enlarged powers of understanding. In person, we imagine him tall and venerable; his head covered with hoary hair; his port erect and dignified; a placid benignity reigns in his countenance; a winning grace and ease appear in all his movements. Nothing disturbs the calm thoughtfulness of his demeanor; and his eyes seem to be looking far around him, beyond all other's gaze, as if taking in the knowledge of that Future which the Present is forever sealing for Eternity.

To be styled a patriot, is a rare honor. Few men are permitted to enjoy this embalming. Patriots live in stormy times, and seem to be born either to save, or dignify the downfall of a government. What sublimer spectacle can be pointed out in the annals of history, than the self-immolation of the Roman senate, at the irruption of the Gauls into their city? All brave means had been tried, and they fell, '*in fortune pristina honorumque aut virtutis insignibus, vestiti*:' seated in their ivory chairs, each one a throne, clothed in their robes of state, adorned with the badges of honorable deeds, they awaited their fate with unshrinking fortitude. Their beards swept their breasts, and majesty sat upon their brows. In them Rome perished; and when the impious Gaul plucked one of them by the beard, an indignity was offered, which could not be atoned for by the death of the barbarian. Contention would have been disgrace: they themselves atoned for all indignities, and consecrated the ruin of their country by the devotion of their sacrifice. What pillaging of temples, what mutilating of shrines, what desecrating of altars, can compare with this sacrilege toward men '*simillimos Dei*!' Had these men lived in our age, they would have been the Otises, the Adamases, the Warrens of the revolution.

Patriots are those who set a high example of those virtues which are most needed for their age. Hence the different hues this character wears at different times. When governments were supported by arms, and war was the business of nations — when conquest of territory was the great object of kings — courage, martial prowess, was glory. The ready sacrifice of life for the public good was sung as the highest praise. 'It is good for a brave man to die fighting for

his country, and falling in the front of the battle.' Incited by their poets, urged by the example of their fathers and the lessons of their mothers, death on the battle-field was embraced as a privilege. Decius, arrayed in his pontifical robes, rode into the midst of the enemy, and fell, fighting, a sacrifice for his country. The tide of battle was turned in favor of the Roman arms. This was esteemed an offering to the gods, and like prayer, the offering begat the blessing. The act was a patriotic one — why call it a superstition? Brutus 'slew his best lover for the good of Rome.' This act would honor any time. Could it have been done by judge and jury, no doubt he would have preferred it. Where is the patriotism now that yields the private friend to Rome?

The rude soldiery of the early republics required such instances of devotedness, as examples, to keep alive in their bosoms a martial spirit — and the necessity was answered. History is full of these remarkable deeds, giving to the patriotism of the ancients the appearance of an impulse, rather than of a principle, of a passionate love, rather than of a holy regard. But to love one's country dearly, is the first step to loving the world well; and as the heathen worship of false gods is the beginning of religion, so this blind and headlong passion for country is the beginning of a universal philanthropy. The Indian never took this first step, and makes no approaches to the second. He has no country. He loves the scalps of his enemies, and his glory is successful revenge. He has no country but the burial-place of his fathers; he has no works of art, no ponderous trophies, to bind him to the soil. Wherever the forests wave and the wild-deer roams; wherever is the canopy of heaven and the guidance of the stars, there is the Indian's country; and however he may respect the graves of his kindred, as he should his gun and whistles his dog, in search of a new home, he solaces himself with the thought, that the departed are pursuing the chase in the hunting-grounds of the 'sweet south-west,' and enjoying an elysium of bliss in the land of the Great Spirit.

But the modern patriot is the philanthropist; he feels that no permanent good can be produced for the soil of his nativity, which will not benefit mankind at large. He looks beyond the narrow circle of his own advantage, to the large brotherhood of nations, and sees the bearing of every political and moral act — for moralists are the best patriots — upon the long chain of government around the globe.

It is this enlarged regard, that renders the patriot now infinitely superior in fact, though less remarkable in individual acts, to the patriot of the old world, who looked upon his country as the limit of his benevolence, and upon the human race, without his territory, as his natural enemies.

It is when judged by this standard, that Bonaparte sinks in the scale of greatness, and that Washington rises far above all. For whatever advantages may have resulted to Europe from the wars of Bonaparte — from the breaking up of time-honored abuses — from the overturning of thrones that had become incrustated and firm in the very miseries of the human race — we must view them as the acci-

dental results of his ambition, rather than the design of his conduct.\* He was like the river that, swollen by the mountain streams, overflows its banks, and bears desolation in its progress, but which fattens the soil it desolates, covering the rocks with verdure, and making the barren fields glad in an unwonted harvest.

We must not be misled by the showy deeds and splendid achievements of a confined and circumscribed devotion. Let us not measure our love, nor regulate our actions, by models that are only admirable when viewed in connection with the time at which they occurred, and with the people of an illiterate generation. Perhaps it is the study of ancient literature that introduces such false ideas into our minds, of what we owe ourselves, in contradistinction to the world; that arrays us so hastily in warlike trim against any that step upon our toes; that for lack of some opportunity, like the straits of Thermopylæ, of chivalric daring, marshals state against state, and section against section, and anon 'talks of guns, and drums, and wounds.'

We beg to bear the testimony of our admiration to that love of country which is confined to the spot where *I* was born. We honor that enlargement of mind which thinks *our* town the best town that ever was, and *my* father's sheep the best sheep ever sheared. We have a deep sympathy with the man who, in thinking of his country, dwells chiefly on his own state; and, in thinking of his own state, confines his interest to his own town. Such a man will, very probably, in thinking of his own town, have his own house in his mind's eye, and in considering his own house, circumsolve, and finally settle gracefully into a sublime conception of himself. Ye shades of plain farmers, who are almost forgotten by name, but who flled the first for liberty, look down and pity our infirmities! Not one of you bore so euphonious a name as Leonidas, for it was not anticipated at your christening that you were to make so conspicuous a figure in history. But you fought not for fame; so it matters not if you be called Timothy, or Nathaniel, or Nehemiah. There was a man once, called Peter, who was a good patriot, for he descended from a throne to learn a trade or trades, that he might civilize his country; and they called him Peter the Great, ever after: and we herewith dub you great, in spite of your names — as great as Leonidas. O, Timothy the Great, Nathaniel the Great, Nehemiah the Great, look down and pity our infirmities!

It certainly is very honorable for dairy-women to vie in cheeses. It is praiseworthy, to make very large and good cheeses, and to stamp the name of the town where they were made upon them. Nay, more; it is well for a town to boast of its cheeses, and its fat cattle; and we love to see the hat of a man a little on one side of his head, as he keeps the flies off the prize ox at a cattle-show. A little weak

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\* Bonaparte certainly struck a strong blow for human liberty, in his contempt of the Pope. Religious freedom is the foundation of political freedom. The pilgrims sowed the seeds of the American revolution unwittingly. They taught their children, that they might read and understand the Bible; and they, from the plain gospel, learnt their birth-right — Liberty. An established church and creed is to men's souls what an established throne is to their bodies.

ostentation becomes the occasion very well. But when you come to bragging about New-York, or New-England, in indiscriminate praise of the one and condemnation of the other; or when non-slave-holding states get to damning slave-holding states up and down; and *vice versa*, forgetting all their pristine glory in a common cause, for themselves and mankind, we begin to speculate upon patriotism, and to wonder what Washington thinks, and what he says, to the old soldiers in heaven with him.

If every man were a *true* patriot, the millennium would have already arrived; for the true patriot will neither injure his own country nor any other, because he knows that every wrong will react upon himself. Wars then would be done away, which have been the great drawbacks upon the civilization of the globe, by interrupting the pursuit of those peaceful occupations which lead men, step by step, to knowledge, and so on to virtue.

The standing armies of Europe are a moral curse to the world. They foster in the community a set of men who live upon excitement; who have almost nothing at stake, in common with the rest of the inhabitants; who feel little interest in the moral movements of the time, but who rejoice in war and dissension, as the steps to promotion. With all honorable exceptions, enough has happened to prove that a soldier's life is a dangerous one for the morals — a poor school in which to prepare a man for the discharge of quiet duties, and for the performance of those every-day pursuits which are carrying the world along in the way to perfection. Soldiers, then, are not the only nor the necessary patriots of a country. Every man who does well in his profession, is a patriot. To make shoes is as honorable as to cut throats. All men, whatever their occupation, who regard the interests of their country, are patriots. 'To be a man, is greater than to be a king,' and occupation cannot take away this birth-right. The poor man, who toils hard that he may educate his children, and the poor widow, who does mean offices that she may get money to clothe her fatherless little ones, and make them tidy enough to go to the district-school, are patriots — both he and she.

The men who fought for liberty, and gained it, possessed no new powers. They but exerted energies that had slumbered in the human mind for ages. And it is a set of cant phrases, and meaningless forms, that cause man to put himself low, not in humility, for he is wicked and grasping in his rags, but in an habitual and inherited abasement, before certain accidental circumstances of life, different from, but not morally better, than his own.

May every *American*, at least, whether a leader of armies, or a private soldier — whether a senator, or a door-keeper — whether an owner of the soil, or a breaker of the glebe — whether rich or poor, feel himself a patriot! No splendid train of events are necessary to give him this title; no extensive butcheries of his kind are requisite to form this character. He may gain it in the honest discharge of his social duty, by keeping aloof from the vortex of party, and bearing his testimony, by the light God has shed abroad in his heart, to what he thinks to be right and expedient for his country.

J. N. B.



## THE WRECK OF THE MEXICO.

## I.

'T WAS in the morning watch — a cheerless morn —  
 Keen smote the blast which heralded the day,  
 When a stout bark, her crew with hardship worn,  
 Dashed toward her port, with none to point the way;  
 Clear streamed aloft her lantern's signal ray,  
 But brought, alas! no pilot's friendly hail;  
 The frequent gust a shower of frozen spray  
 Swept from the shrouds, encased in icy mail,  
 And scarce the shivering tars could raise the stiffened sail.

## II.

The humble inmates of the crowded berths,  
 The richer few, who costlier couches prest,  
 Perchance were dreaming of the cheerful hearths  
 Where, soon, they hoped for welcome and for rest —  
 Perchance of home, and those who made it blest:  
 Long had they seen, with weary eye, the sun  
 Sink day by day into the landless west,  
 But now the boon they coveted was won,  
 The shore they sought was near, their travail well nigh done.

## III.

The matron murmured softly, in her sleep,  
 Of prosperous days, and clasped her infant boy;  
 The maiden dreamed of one who o'er the deep  
 Went to seek *her* a home, and in her joy  
 Hung round his neck, too happy to be coy;  
 The husband deemed his toil with riches crowned,  
 Which titled power could tithe not, nor destroy:  
 Aërial Hope all eyelids fluttered round,  
 And beckoned with her wings to Freedom's hallowed ground.

## IV.

From such blest dreams, if such were theirs, they woke  
 To all that thought can picture of despair;  
 High o'er the bark the insatiate ocean broke,  
 And death was in the paralyzing air;  
 Oh! when the remnant mercy deigned to spare,  
 Safe from the bulging wreck were seen to glide,  
 What were the pangs of those left helpless there!  
 With tossing arms, they thronged the vessel's side,  
 Shrieking to heaven for aid, while howling seas replied!

## V.

They perished, one by one, that pilgrim crowd —  
 The silver-haired, the beautiful, the young!  
 Some were found wrapt as in a crystal shroud  
 Of waves congealed, that tomb'd them where they clung;  
 Some on the strand the sounding breakers flung,  
 Linked in affection's agonized embrace;  
 And to the gazer's eyes the warm tears sprung,  
 As they beheld two babes — a group of grace —  
 Locked in each other's arms, and pillowed face to face!

## VI.

They rest in earth — the sea's recovered prey —  
 No tempests now their dreamless sleep assail,  
 But when to friends and kindred far away  
 Some quivering lip shall tell the dismal tale,  
 From many a home will burst the voice of wail;  
 But when it ceases, and the tear-drop laves  
 The cheek no more, shall gratitude prevail —  
 Yearnings of love toward those beyond the waves,  
 Who bore with solemn rites, the exiles to their graves.

## PEDOLOGY.

IN surveying the vast field of recent discovery in science and art, it appears as if the human intellect, torpid for ages, had suddenly been aroused from its lethargic slumbers, and, to compensate for lost time, had in a few years accomplished the work of ages. What has the past effected, compared with the present? What remains for the future to accomplish? What field remains untrodden? What secret recess of nature is unexplored?

Mind, aided by science, has passed through immeasurable regions of space, and, placed on creation's utmost verge, has witnessed how worlds are made by the conglomeration of strata of elastic ether;\* on the other hand, it has descended through the long series of animal life, seen the living monad stretching itself, and developing, by its own impulses, new organs, through successive ages, until it has finally made itself man.† Wonderful age! 'Astonishing discoveries!

I too am a discoverer. I have done something,

—— 'to be for ever known,  
And make the coming age my own.'

Any one at all acquainted with the present state of physiological and psychological science, must be aware that the long-vexed question of the nature of mind, and its relation to matter, has been solved. That it is now admitted by all liberal and truly scientific philosophers, that mind springs from, and is altogether dependant upon, the physical organization of the body; that as organization varies in races and individuals, so must that which results from it: the mental and moral faculties and feelings also vary.

Hitherto, the shape and size of the brain, as seen through the skull, have been thought to determine the intellectual and moral character of the race and individual. I am satisfied that this is an error. The different opinions formed by phrenologists from the same skull, and the little agreement found existing between their judgments and the real character, long since convinced me that we must look to some other organ to determine this question. THE HEEL, in my opinion, is that organ. This, in the language of the patent office, I claim as my discovery.

I will enumerate some of the facts and reasonings on which my opinion is founded.

It is generally admitted, that the negro is inferior to the white race.‡ This inferiority must be dependant on their organization; and in no point is the physical difference between the two races more marked, than in the size and shape of the heel.

It is also well known, that the more ignorant and brutal part of our race go bare-footed. This mode of life, no doubt, by constantly exercising this organ, gives it an undue development and expansion, and causes that peculiar character which belongs to them. So

\* See paper on the Nebular Hypothesis, in London Review.

† See LAMACK's Natural History.

‡ See Governor M'DUFFIE's Message.

well is this known in domestic life, that few families of respectability will employ bare-footed servants.

The confinement and compression of the heel by a shoe, diminish its size; and so we find from history, that no people have made much progress in civilization, until they adopted the use of sandals or shoes.

Comparative anatomy also illustrates the truths of the doctrine. The ferocious and quarrelsome temper of the game-cock is owing entirely to the length of its spur, which is a variety of the heel. In the dung-hill fowl, which is a more civilized and peaceable animal, the size of the heel is much reduced. I am now engaged in a course of experiments on these and other animals, which at some future time I shall submit to the scientific world. Let it suffice for the present to say, that these experiments conclusively prove the correctness of my theory.

Words often illustrate the prevailing mode of thinking among a people. The employment of the word *understanding*, as synonymous with *mind*, clearly shows the connexion existing in popular opinion between the mind and the under part of the foot. The full force of this remark can only be felt by those persons who know the truth of popular observation and experience, as set forth in proverbs and short phrases.

In the fable of Thetis, dipping her son in the river Styx, and so rendering him invulnerable in all parts save the heel, Homer has dimly shadowed forth this great doctrine, which he doubtless received from those masters of ancient wisdom, the Egyptian priests. What does this fable, properly interpreted, teach, but that Achilles could not be injured by his foes, save through his affections, which are here typified by the name of their seat, the heel? Does not the catastrophe prove my interpretation to be correct? Achilles falls, the victim of love.

I have, in a concise manner, set forth a few of the many facts and arguments on which the new science of *Pedology* rests. The discovery is new. I cannot expect it will be embraced at once, by those who are called the scientific. It will probably be for a time laughed at — then examined — and finally, believed. I shall be ridiculed as a dreamer; abused as a materialist; lauded as the great benefactor to the human race. I feel confident such will be the fate of my discovery — such the treatment of the Columbus of the moral world. Calm in conscious knowledge, I feel no uneasiness for myself nor my science. The leading principle is true. Modifications and improvements may be introduced; and I would here recommend to such persons as are desirous of pursuing the science, to examine closely the angles, prominences, and depressions, that may appear on the organ, in different individuals; for I am well assured that the modifications of character depend very much on these minute points. Intellect is marked by the length of the organ; the moral affections by the breadth, or in other words, the highest intellectual faculties accompany the shortest heel — the purest moral feelings the narrowest.

M. H.

## THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

It must have been a goodly sight,  
And one which to behold,  
Would stir the sternest spirit's depths,  
Those armed bands of old !  
The glittering panoply of proof,  
The helmet and the shield,  
The spear and pond'rous battle-axe,  
Which only they could wield !

The knightly daring, high resolve,  
Engraven on each brow,  
The manly form of iron mould,  
Methinks I see them now !  
As fresh and vividly they rise,  
To bid the bosom glow,  
As when they burst upon the eye,  
A thousand years ago !

And 'neath that burning Syrian sun,  
Far as the eye can measure,  
Prepar'd to pour like water forth  
Their life-blood and their treasure,  
Those banded legions pressing on,  
The red-cross banner flying ;  
Ten thousand seek, beneath that sign,  
The glorious meed of dying !

Oh ! holy, pure, and heart-felt Zeal,  
Misguided though thou be,  
There still is something heavenly-bright,  
And beautiful in thee !  
And He who judges not as man,  
'Tis his alone to try thee,  
And thou wilt meet that grace from Him,  
Thy brother would deny thee !

God speed thee on thine enterprise,  
Lord of the lion-heart !  
Go, 'mid the 'rapture of the strife'  
Enact thy princely part ;  
Do battle with the Infidel,  
Lay low his haughty brow,  
And plant the standard of the cross  
Where waves the crescent now !

The blood of the Plantaganet  
Is bounding in thy veins,  
The heart of the Plantaganet  
Within thy bosom reigns ;  
And deeds that breathe of future fame,  
And deathless meed assign,  
Desires, not conquest e'en can tame,  
And beauty's smile are thine !

The story of thy knightly faith,  
As ages roll along,  
Shall lighten o'er the poet's page,  
And wake the minstrel's song ;  
Ay, to the tale of high emprise,  
The daring deed and bold,  
The spirit wakes as wildly now  
As in those days of old !

REBECCA.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Number Ninety-Four—for January, 1837. Boston: OTIS, BROADBEN AND COMPANY. New-York: G. AND C. CARVILL.

OUR learned brother of the *North American* has managed to lose his temper, and along with it, of course, a large portion of his wonted blandness and amenity. This ought never to be. A quarrel between two critics must afford rare sport to those poor fellows whom they have each, at sundry times, made the subjects of flagellation, and must appear to them very much in the light of retributive justice. Beside, it is very bad policy to get angry while conducting a discussion. An uncharitable world will begin to suspect that you find yourself on the wrong side of the argument, and that, like other doughty champions, similarly situated, you have recourse to calling names, because you feel that you are fairly conquered. We thought the article on Glass's *Life of Washington* a very flimsy concern, and remember distinctly that, as we travelled through it, the idea of 'unscrupulousness,' and 'shamelessness,' and a great many other '—nesses,' came frequently into our head; but gentlemanly courtesy, a personage, by-the-by, very seldom seen in some halls of criticism, was ever at our elbow, and kept continually whispering in our ear, 'Do not let feeling get the better of politeness.'

We have given great offence, it seems, by presuming to criticise a critic. You may belabor a poor unprotected author in any way you please. It is part of his destiny, and he is bound to submit. But wo betide the luckless wight who ventures to raise the mantle of criticism, and to see whether the feet of the modern Aristarchus be of clay or of brass! Such 'unscrupulous' and 'shameless' audacity must be instantly repressed. How sorry we are that this has been *our* fate! Let it be a warning to others. '*Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*'

It seems we were wrong in ascribing the article on Glass's work to a 'young' gentleman. It turns out to have been the production of an 'elderly' one. We regret this exceedingly, as there is therefore but little chance of amendment, elderly gentlemen being so extremely stubborn in defending errors of scholarship, and entertaining, withal, so sovereign a contempt for the rules and regulations of their grammatical horn-book. It seems, too, that we were altogether wrong in supposing the review not complimentary, since the critic assures us that it was in reality a very friendly one. Some people, in this good world of ours, have rather a strange way, it appears to us, of showing their friendship. They carp and find fault, and raise all manner of petty objections, and when you complain, insist upon it that they have given you the truest proofs of attachment. If, as the reviewer observes, Glass is often happy 'in the choice of words and phrases,' and if 'terseness and strength' are found in his work, was not the critic bound to specify some parts of the volume where these cha-

racteristics appear, and to select one or two passages, (he need not have gone far to find them,) which would have placed Glass's Latinity in a favorable light before the readers of the North-American? Is the course which he has pursued an honest and fair one? He charges us with 'shamelessness;' may we not fling back at him, in return, the charge of 'faithlessness' to his trust? The truth is, Glass should have been born in New-England, and his Latin style would then have appeared very similar to Ruhnken's.

Our denial that Lucceius was a 'voluminous' writer, is attempted to be met by a reference to one of the letters of Cicero. We request any scholar to read that letter, and then answer us two plain questions first, whether it is at all likely that the reviewer has ever seen the epistle which he quotes; and secondly, whether, if he has actually seen it, he has been able to understand its meaning. The point in controversy, be it remembered, is not whether Lucceius was simply a writer, but whether it can be shown that he was a 'voluminous' one. If we might hazard a conjecture as to the motive which induced the reviewer to name Lucceius at all, in his original article, it would be because, to borrow the language of the critic himself, the name of this writer is 'less generally known.' We can easily imagine how some of his immediate neighbors must have stared, when they saw this comparatively strange name make its appearance in print, and what a high opinion they must straightway have entertained of the extent and profundity of the critic's reading. It was a lucky hit on his part, and showed an admirable acquaintance with the art of concocting a review.

But we have not yet done with Lucceius. Our critic treats us to a very clever piece of logic on this all-important subject. We remarked incidentally, in our October article, that no writings whatever of Lucceius were now extant, meaning of course, no works, or fragments of works. What says our friend the reviewer to this? Why, he shows that there is still *a letter* remaining, which Lucceius wrote to Cicero! At this rate, what a *literary* age we must live in, and what 'voluminous' writers our heads of department must be! In after ages, should the works of that 'voluminous' writer, Mr. Mahlon Dickerson, have disappeared from the horizon of letters, how consolatory will it prove to some future student, if he have the good fortune to rescue from oblivion one of the epistles of the Secretary respecting the South-Sea expedition! Or if the torrent of barbarism shall hereafter sweep over our beloved country, and carry with it all the proud landmarks of our learning and civilization, destroying, among other national monuments, the North-American Review, what delight will it afford to the antiquarian of the fiftieth century to discover some portion of the 'writings' of our friend the critic, in the shape of 'a letter' to his printer: 'Send me the proof-sheet by nine o'clock in the morning. Yours, in haste.'

Our learned brother scolds us for a new reading which we introduced. Among other sage remarks, in the article on Glass's work, the reviewer observed, that if we still possessed the lost works of various writers, whose names he gives in what he calls 'a long catalogue,' no doubt the vocabulary of the Latin language and its compass of expression 'would be enlarged!' There can be very little doubt on that head, we should think. In order to render this very profound truism a little more piquant, we ventured to insert the word 'greatly' before the word 'enlarged,' but our interpolation has been rejected with great indignation, and all the thanks we get for our kindness, is to be accused of an attempt to deceive! This is certainly the unkindest cut of all.

Next comes the old story about the lost plays of Plautus and Terence. The critic tells us that, after allowing one play to be lost, (we suggest that this play be called, for the time to come, '*Vocabularia*,' instead of '*Vidularia*,') we might have added that

parts of others are likewise lost. So we might, if our reading had been as limited as the reviewer's. He also tells us that we might have consulted Professor Anthon on the subject. This too we might have done, but we should have had to wait, we apprehend, until the coming of the Greek calends, before the Professor would have numbered our brother of the North-American among the 'learned and intelligent critics' to whom he is said to refer.

The reviewer remarks, that Glass's mistakes in Latinising proper names are of frequent occurrence, whereas in the authors whom we mentioned, they appear so seldom as 'to prove them to be mere negligences.' We suspect our brother's acquaintance with these same authors has itself been 'so seldom' cultivated, as to prove that he was rather 'negligent' when he made this remark. We are charged, in the next place, with unskilfulness in verbal and grammatical criticism. If our friend the critic is to be regarded as a model of skilfulness in this department, we very readily plead guilty to the charge. The broad fields of scholarship could never support the intense effulgence of two such suns. One of us must, as a matter of safety, submit to an eclipse.

Our friend still remains unconvinced about the luckless word *relitatio*. According to him, the term in question is only employed in translations from the Greek into Latin, because 'verbal exactness,' not 'purity,' is aimed at. It happens, unluckily for his argument, however, that *relitatio*, and the other phraseology which he deems so superior to it, are both used indiscriminately in such translations, as he may satisfy himself, by referring to Schweighauser's version of Polybius. So much for his profound acquaintance with verbal and grammatical criticism.

But what shall we say to his remarks on our suggestion about the reciprocal pronoun? We have been charged with unscrupulousness and shamelessness in our notice of his critical labors; we should be sorry to be compelled to speak with similar plainness of his own movements. The 'vocabulary' of the English language, and 'its compass of expression,' would have, in that event, to undergo considerable enlargement, before we could convey, in suitable terms, our opinion of his fairness. He objected to the use of *recipro* without the reciprocal pronoun, and on our suggesting that Glass had employed the verb with an ellipsis of the pronoun, he quotes in reply a garbled piece of Latin, and asks, 'in the name of all that is Latin,' what this can possibly mean? It can only mean one thing, that the critic was himself guilty of 'deplorable shamelessness,' when he allowed such a sentence to come from his pen.

A word more about the motto, or quotation, on the title-page, and we have done. It used to be the fashion among critics to read the title-pages of the works on which they undertook to sit in judgment. That day seems to have gone by. No one who casts his eye but for a moment on this part of Glass's work, will fail to have his attention drawn to the alleged fragment from Cicero. And no one, on reading that fragment, will fail to be struck, either by the singularity of the supposed prophecy, or the boldness of the deception. Will it be believed that our critic passed over this quotation without even noticing it? We think the supposition altogether unlikely; and although he maintained a profound silence respecting it, this is rather to be regarded as an indication, not of his never having beheld the quotation, but of his prudence and caution as a critic.

In conclusion, we agree with our learned brother that some censors ought to be more 'self-denying' in the use of the pen; and that it is 'an unsafe instrument in some hands,' especially when modern Latinity is the theme.

A LETTER FROM DR. DAVID M. REESE, to A. BRIGHAM, M. D., author of 'The Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Condition of Mankind.' New-York: HOWE AND BATES.

THE searching but temperate Letter of Dr. BRIGHAM, noticed in the last number of this Magazine, and the strong current of reprehension setting against the individual whose gross misrepresentations it exposed, are the immediate causes of the 'Letter' before us. This production, written in 'hot haste,' so far from answering or explaining the charges made by Dr. Brigham, serves only to convince even the friends of the author, that those charges are undeniable; and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, well convinced of the tendency of the writer's missile to betray the weakness of his cause, has publicly called attention to it, as ample evidence of the correctness of the statements which induced it, and as utterly unworthy of reply at his hands. This result of a proper self-respect on the part of Dr. Brigham must not, however, prevent our doing justice to his antagonist, by a still farther exposition of the manner in which his controversial laurels are gained. It must be a pleasing circumstance, we cannot help thinking, in the eyes of this quarrelous disputant, that those journals which praised his work, without having read the volume upon which it was professedly based, have, since the publication of Dr. Brigham's Letter, retracted their laud — pronouncing it undeserved, and at the same time denouncing the Letter under notice as unsatisfactory in argument, and in its style wholly unworthy a member of a liberal profession. We remark, too, that individuals of eminence, whose hurried approbation had been yielded to the solicitations of an inordinate vanity, have complained of the violation of private correspondence, which, so far as they were concerned, had its origin in mere common courtesy.

In the 'Letter' under notice, Dr. Reese throws himself upon his Christian character; and instead of appealing to his conduct to show the validity of his claim to such a reputation, he desires it to shield him from the unanswerable charge of evil-doing. He renews his accusations of 'infidelity,' etc., and endeavors to sustain them by garbled extracts from Dr. Brigham's work — by quotations which have no relevancy to the subject — and by representing what the author said against the *abuse* of certain things, as applicable to the *things themselves*. We quote one of many similar examples: 'Doctor Brigham,' says he, 'objects to Sunday-schools, as being the cause of disease and death' — 'reprobates and denounces Sunday-schools,' etc. This is untrue: on the contrary, Dr. Brigham had said, that he considered Sunday-schools, in large towns, among the best institutions ever devised, and hoped that increased efforts would be made to have children, who could not attend school on other days, attend those on the Sabbath. Still, he believed that children who attended school all the other days in the week, might rest from study on the Sabbath. Yet out of this reservation, Dr. Reese labors to induce his readers to believe that Dr. Brigham had denounced Sunday-schools as the cause of disease and death!

Dr. Reese's contradictions of himself are so numerous and palpable, that we fear excitement has disordered his mind. For instance, in his Review, and in his present Letter, he condemns Dr. Brigham for saying that the religious sentiment is innate, and that it has led mankind, in times of barbarism, to resort to cruel and bloody religious rites; yet now he says: 'It is an universally received truth, that man, wherever he is found, is a worshipping animal, and that hence adoration in some form is practised by every human being.' Is not this all Dr. Brigham says? Were not the cruel and bloody religious rites of the Druids forms of adoration and worship? He now says he agrees with M. Constant, whom he calls a Christian writer, and others who speak of the religious sentiment, but says no Christian writer ever alleged that it led men to deeds of crime and blood, such as those to which Dr. Brigham alludes. The reader



will perceive, on examination, that Dr. Brigham has taken his definition and account of the religious sentiment from M. Constant, and that in the fourth volume of this writer's great work on Religion, is a long chapter on 'Human Sacrifices,' which contains the same views and facts advanced by Dr. Brigham. The ignorance and errors of our scurrilous critic are thus pointed out, by a very able and very orthodox journal, the '*Connecticut Religious Observer*': 'Dr. Reese confounds the term religion with Christianity. Dr. Brigham is correct in the use of the term religious sentiment, for which he is censured by Dr. Reese. It is used in the same sense by Dr. Rice, of Virginia, when he calls the religious sentiment the electricity of the moral world, which is as pernicious when excited to irregular and violent action, as it is useful when at rest.' Is not this entirely in accordance with what Dr. Brigham said of this sentiment, but which Dr. Reese says no Christian writer ever advanced?

Dr. Brigham had said: 'Mental excitement increased the action of the brain;' a fact stated by innumerable writers, and never disputed, until Dr. Reese, in his Review, said: 'This doctrine is anatomically and physiologically false,' and devoted several pages to denouncing and denying it. Now, after having been shown by Dr. Brigham that all physiologists have stated the same thing, he says: 'The vascular, the organic, the functional action of the brain, are all believed and taught; and no physiologist doubts or denies either.' In his Review he said, the instances adduced by Dr. Brigham, to prove that mental excitement increased the action of the brain, only showed action of the heart. Dr. Brigham replied, that he misunderstood him; that he was not there alluding to the independent or functional action of the brain, but to the vascular, which is caused by the action of the heart, although he used the expression which physiologists do, to designate this action.

Dr. Reese now says, after having admitted every kind of action of the brain ever alluded to by any body, that 'Physiologists have not believed in any action performed by the brain analogous to what Dr. Brigham attributes to it.' What strange work is this? Can Dr. Reese, or any body else, point to any page or sentence in Dr. Brigham's book, where he has alluded to any action of the brain, that does not mean the vascular, organic, or functional action, all of which, he says, physiologists believe? Surely, the man is demented! What kind of action of the brain was it that Dr. Reese said was *wholly false*? Where is this phrase used by Dr. Brigham in any other sense than it is used by all medical men?

Dr. Reese has not even attempted to reply to some of the most serious charges in Dr. Brigham's Letter, which, if not true, he could have refuted in one line. For example: he said in his Review, 'Dr. Brigham not only overlooks, but utterly denies, the influence of religion in preventing insanity.' Dr. Brigham says this is false, and proves it, by quoting from his book passages in which it is mentioned. What says Dr. Reese to this? Nothing! Yet this man throws himself upon his 'Christian profession,' which he says 'he would not dishonor for his right hand!' Again, he said: 'Dr. Brigham broadly intimates that theatre-going is not objectionable, on account of being injurious to the body.' Dr. Brigham replies, that this is directly contrary to the truth, and quotes a passage from his book, in which he expressly says that 'theatre-going is unhealthy.' Dr. Reese makes no reply to this; but if these charges are not true, he could have pointed to the page in Dr. Brigham's book where his own statements are to be found. He has not done so, and for the best of reasons—there is not one word in Dr. Brigham's book to justify his assertions.

Farther, he said: 'Dr. Brigham has given a learned phrenological account of the brain, and placed the religious sentiment on the top of the head.' Dr. Brigham denies this, and says: 'If you have not wholly fabricated these assertions, you can point to the page in my book where they are to be found.' Dr. Reese is dumb! He is 'a pro-

fessed Christian, and would not dishonor his profession for the sake of his right hand ! He makes no attempt to extricate himself from his jumble of nonsense and contradiction, respecting the causes of insanity which were exhibited by Dr. Brigham. He has attempted, however, a reply to a few of the allegations of his opponent, but so far as we can see, he has only confirmed their truth. For example, he says : ' Dr. Brigham charges me with a misquotation on page 42, when every reader of the Review will see I do not profess to quote him at all ! ' Let the reader turn to the page indicated, of his Review, and he will find the very passage which he says he did not ' profess to quote at all,' enclosed in quotation marks, and followed by his own assertion that the whole passage was ' as nearly as possible in Dr. Brigham's language ! ' Was it not possible to express it in his exact language ? But the reader will notice the evasion. The charge was that of *misrepresentation* ; and in reference to this passage, Dr. Brigham said : ' Such a sentiment I never promulgated : you have made it up, by selecting some things which I did say, and omitting others in connexion, by which the meaning is entirely changed.' To this serious charge, our conscientious disputant makes no reply, but evades it, by pretending that the charge was of *misquotation*, when it was of *misrepresentation*—and that it was gross misrepresentation, the reader of the Review and Dr. Brigham's book will readily perceive.

Dr. Reese accused Dr. Brigham of ' denying both the form and the power of religion,' notwithstanding the latter repeatedly referred to the ' divine origin of Christianity,' and its ' sufficiency for man's salvation.' This charge he tries to sustain, because Dr. Brigham quoted a celebrated Christian writer, Aimé-Martin, who said that ' Christ established no ceremonies,' and at the close of his book, asserted that ' mankind are not *at present* under any kind of miraculous dispensation ; that God *has* no supernatural dealings with men,' meaning, as is obvious, in the present age. Is this ' denying the form and power of religion ? ' Does the power and form of Christianity consist in ceremonies, and a belief that miracles are still wrought ?

Our controversialist endeavors to prove that Dr. Brigham said that *religion itself* caused insanity, and not the *excitement* attending protracted religious meetings, ' anxious' and camp-meetings, etc. He refers to the grammatical structure of the sentence to prove this charge. Let the reader turn to the sentence, and he will see that Dr. Reese is wrong in his grammar, and by what precedes and follows, that Dr. Brigham was speaking only of excitement from such meetings. He will also find an express declaration that Christianity, in the writer's opinion, had no such effects.

Dr. Brigham, in his Letter, adduced as an instance of ' flagrant *misrepresentation*,' that Dr. Reese, in quoting a passage, ' added the word ONLY, so as to make a very objectionable sentiment.' How does Dr. Reese reply to this ? He says he ' did not include the word ONLY in his quotation marks.' Who said he did ? But why, *why* did he *add* it to the sentence he quoted, so as to pervert its meaning, as every reader will see he has done ? To this grave charge he makes no reply !

Dr. Reese is farther accused of altering the words of Dr. Brigham. This he readily admits, but, strange indeed, appears to think it a small affair. Let the reader turn to his book, and he will see that he deemed them very important. We mention one example. Dr. Brigham said : ' Insanity *generally* arises from moral causes,' an assertion which he supported by the very highest medical authority. Dr. Reese substituted ' *invariably*' and ' *uniformly*' for ' generally,' and then, in his peculiar style, or to use his own phraseology, in ' a way he has,' added : ' This statement betrays a recklessness of truth, and contempt for medical authority, which, if his hopeless ignorance of the subject does not palliate, must imply moral delinquency of the most deplorable kind.' To find any ground for this beautiful paragraph, he *misquotes* the words of the work he abuses, as what the writer *did* say, was in conformity to the best authority.

One word as to the *style* of this *Letter*. It partakes of the coarse bitterness of Cobbett, without any of that writer's strength and spirit. It is beneath criticism. The writer's allusions to his opponent's 'violence' and 'excitement' are laughable enough. Like Sir Anthony Absolute, 'he knows Dr. Brigham is in a passion in his heart, and wonders why he can't keep *cool*, like himself!' Yet no reader of the '*Letter*' can fail to perceive, that the deserved and well-directed arrows of his antagonist are rankling in his flesh. Hence his ineffectual struggles at extrication; hence the sarcasm without point, and abuse without justice, which distinguish his retort churlish. We perceive that our honest reviewer is frequently mentioned with the prefix of *Reverend*, in the journals of the day. It is due to him, but still more to the clergy, to state, that he has not incurred the public resentment in this double capacity. This error, hitherto left unexplained by Dr. Reese, possibly for the purpose of enhancing the apparent sanctity of that 'profession which he would not dishonor for his right hand,' we take pleasure in correcting.

In conclusion, we believe that the original attack of our discomfited critic was the united offspring of vanity and intolerance. He had acquired some reputation as a noisy disputant; and, if we are rightly informed, by as palpable dishonesty and misrepresentation as have, in the present instance, been fastened upon him, as with 'goads and nails.' This reputation, such as it was, he has staked and lost. The simple truth is, Dr. Brigham was believed to be a Unitarian in sentiment; and with a spirit of intolerance akin to that which actuated the priests who refused the consolations of religion to Molière, on his death-bed, our critic would have demolished him utterly. Happily, the abused and misrepresented author saw fit to rejoin, and in such wise as at the last to leave his assailant but one consolation in his signal defeat; namely, a consciousness that, as a controversialist, his next move must be *upward*—since it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to find a 'lower deep,' especially when considered in the light of a *Christian* disputant.

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LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Third Edition. pp. 259. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

FEW topics are so interesting as female education; and perhaps no subject has risen so much in public opinion, during the last twenty-five years. Nevertheless, but little, comparatively, has been written on the theme, during that period. We are glad to find that the chasm which was beginning to be felt in that department of letters, has been so happily filled by our own fair countrywoman, Mrs. Sigourney, who, in the third edition of her *Letters to Young Ladies*, has greatly varied and enlarged her original plan, and enriched it with much valuable new matter. Indeed, it is now virtually a new work, and is well worthy of its subject, and of its accomplished author.

The volume before us treats of the acquisition of knowledge, industry, domestic employments, health and dress, manners and accomplishments, and the culture of the social, moral, and religious duties. Among the most prominent features of the work, are its plain, practical good sense, and its deep tone of religious feeling. It is also rich in poetic imagery, and in classical and historical illustrations.

The object of the volume is, to exalt the standard of female attainments. To promote this object, every motive calculated to impress the daughter, the parent, or the teacher, is eloquently enforced. The sentiment of patriotism is invoked. It is justly remarked, that educated mothers, and wives, and sisters, can do much to consolidate the pillars on which our republic rests. The daughters of America are reminded of

what their country has done for them, and they are eloquently urged to qualify themselves to repay the debt of gratitude.

The style of the author, though buoyant with poetic fervor, is yet remarkable for its simplicity, gracefulness, precision, and strength. It is indeed a fine specimen of style, formed on the true Grecian model. But we proceed to show the justice of our remarks, by one or two extracts from the work.

In speaking of the influence of woman in the various relations of life, and the consequent importance of having her well educated, the author says:

"That the vocation of females is to teach, has been laid down as a position, which it is impossible to controvert. In seminaries, academies, and schools, they possess peculiar facilities for coming in contact with the unfolding and unformed mind. It is true, that only a small proportion are engaged in the departments of public and systematic instruction. Yet the hearing of recitations, and the routine of scholastic discipline, are but parts of education. It is in the domestic sphere, in her own native province, that woman is inevitably a teacher. There she modifies, by her example, her dependants, her companions, every dweller under her own roof. Is not the infant in its cradle her pupil? Does not her smile give the earliest lesson to its soul? Is not her prayer the first messenger for it in the court of heaven? Does she not enshrine her own image in the sanctuary of the young child's mind, so firmly that no revulsion can displace, no idolatry supplant it? Does she not guide the daughter, until placing her hand in that of her husband, she reaches that pedestal, from whence in her turn she imparts to others the stamp and coloring which she has herself received? Might she not, even upon her sons, engrave what they shall take unchanged through all the temptations of time, to the bar of the last judgment? Does not the influence of woman rest upon every member of her household, like the dew upon the tender herb, or the sunbeam silently educating the young flower? or as the shower, and the sleepless stream, cheer and invigorate the proudest tree of the forest?

"Of what unspeakable importance then, is *her* education, who gives lessons before any other instructor — who pre-occupies the unwritten page of being — who produces impressions which only death can obliterate — and mingles with the cradle-dream what shall be read in eternity. Well may statesmen and philosophers debate how *she* may be best educated, who is to educate all mankind."

The writer urges home on her fair readers the virtue of industry, and sustains her appeal by invoking the analogies of nature, and showing that the principle of activity is universal throughout the works of the Creator. The following passage is truly beautiful:

"The little rill hastens onward to the broader stream, cheering the flowers on its margin, and singing to the pebbles in their bed. The river rushes to the sea, dispensing on a broader scale, fertility and beauty. Ocean, receiving his thousand tribute-streams, and swelling his ceaseless thunder-hymn, bears to their desired haven those white-winged messengers which promote the comfort and wealth of man, and act as envoys between remotest climes. In the secret bosom of the earth, the little heart of the committed seed quickens, circulation commences, the slender radicles expand, the new-born plant lifts a timid eye to the sunbeam — the blossoms diffuse odor — the grain whitens for the reaper — the tree perfects its fruit. Nature is never idle.

"Lessons of industry come also from insect-teachers, from the winged chymist in the bell of the hyacinth, and the political economist, bearing the kernel of corn to its subterranean magazine. The blind pinnæ spins in the ocean, and the silk-worm in its leaf-carpeted chamber, and the spider, 'taking hold with its hands, is in kings' palaces.' The bird gathers food for itself and for its helpless claimants, with songs of love, or spreading a migratory wing, hangs its slight architecture on the palm-branch of Africa, the wind-swept and scanty foliage of the Orcades, or the slender, sky-piercing minaret of the Moslem. The domestic animals fill their different spheres, according to the grades of intelligence allotted them. Man, whose endowments are so noble, ought not surely to be surpassed in faithfulness by the inferior creation."

Under the head of 'Sisterly Virtues,' we find the following beautiful tribute to that guardian angel, a principled, affectionate elder sister:

"I have seen one, in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lispng student came to her, to be helped in its lesson — and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment, trustingly, to her needle — and the erring one sought her advice or mediation — and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song — and the cheek of the mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade.

"I knew another, on whose bosom, the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day, from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively

taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bare him.

"I have seen another, when the last remaining parent was taken to God, come forth in her place, the guide and comforter of the orphans. She believed that to her who was now in heaven, the most acceptable mourning would be to follow her injunctions, and to fulfil her unfinished designs. Her motto was the poet's maxim :

'He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.'

As if the glance of that pure, ascended spirit was constantly upon her, she entered into her unfinished labors. To the poor, she was the same messenger of mercy; she bore the same crosses with a meek and patient mind. But especially to her younger sisters and brothers, she poured out, as it were, the very essence of her being. She cheered their sorrows, she shared and exalted their pleasures, she studied their traits of character, that she might adapt the best methods both to their infirmities and virtues. To the germ of every good disposition, she was a faithful florist — to their waywardness, she opposed a mild firmness, until she prevailed.

"She laid the infant sister on her own pillow, she bore it in her arms, and rejoiced in its growth, and health and beauty. And when it hasted on its tottering feet to her, as to a mother, for it had known no other, the smile on that young brow, and the tear that chastened it, were more radiant than any semblance of joy, which glitters in the halls of fashion. The little ones grew up around her, and blessed her, and God gave her the reward of her labors, in their affection and goodness. Thus she walked day by day, with her eye to her sainted mother, and her heart upheld by the happiness which she diffused — and as I looked upon her, I thought that she was but a 'little lower than the angels.'"

We cordially commend this book to general attention. Our country has reason to be proud of it. Let our country, then, give it its deserved patronage. We regard it as a national work. It should be read and studied by every daughter of our land. The mechanical execution of the volume is neat and appropriate.

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES UPON RAILWAYS, with Practicable Tables, etc.** By CHEV. F. M. G. DE PAMBOUR. In one volume. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

ALMOST every one, when under the necessity of investigating some subject of practical science, has experienced the inconvenience of not being able to find, in the books to which he has recourse, an exposition so clear and complete as to leave nothing to be desired. The object of writers seems too often to be, to display knowledge in themselves, rather than to communicate it to others. He who writes not so much to entertain as to inform, ought, in imitation of the ancient orator, to imagine himself in the place of those whom he addresses, and consider how they may best, through his means, come at that knowledge of which they are supposed to be previously destitute. When he undertakes to be a teacher, he is under the common obligations of honesty to convey instruction; and if, either by a vain parade, or by a narrow jealousy of his own superiority, he withholds any thing necessary to a full comprehension of the theme upon which he treats, he is deceiving, and doing injustice to, his readers.

As a pattern of excellence, among books of the sort to which we allude, may be mentioned the recent work of M. Pambour on Locomotives, which exhibits a striking contrast to those usually seen. This production is really admirable. Concise, yet omitting nothing which could be desired, and arranged in the most natural and intelligible order, it compels one, as he passes from title to title of its well-separated divisions, involuntarily to exclaim, 'How distinct! how perfect!' In reading any part, does some inquiry arise in the mind, suggested by the information just received, it is at the next step found to have been anticipated and answered by the discerning author. One who had never seen or heard of a steam-engine or rail-car, could not fail, by the help of the work under notice, to understand entirely their construction and mode of operation. That degree of skill which could accomplish this, without a dry and tedious detail, may well lay claim to our applause.

When M. Pambour introduces a mathematical formula, he derives it from the data in a manner the most simple and direct, and it may be embraced at a glance, by one acquainted with the modern methods of mathematical investigation. Others have, in many instances, been satisfied with obtaining the results, without perhaps themselves knowing distinctly how they arrived at them; thereby often severely taxing the patience of those who take them for guides, and who would gladly be saved the trouble of searching for the *rationale* of far-fetched expressions, without which no one can feel safe in using formulæ not verified by repeated experiments, where an error might be productive of injurious and even disastrous consequences.

While M. Pambour has exhausted his subject, he has been drawn into nothing superfluous or uninteresting. The beautiful simplicity, and the disinterested zeal, exhibited by the French scientific writers of the day, should not be without their influence upon our practical men. Following the noble precedent of the writer who has been the subject of these remarks, let them devote some portion of their time in imparting to the public the results of their experience and observation. To do this intelligently, as well as to discharge the duties in which they are already occupied more ably, while they abate not in the least their practical skill, they should be, at the same time, men of science. That some of them are eminently so already, we are well aware; and it gives us pleasure to see a more enlightened public sentiment in the choice made of such men to superintend our most important public works.

**BAYLE'S ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ANATOMY.** Translated from the fourth edition of the French. By A. SIDNEY DOANE, A. M., M. D. In one volume 18 mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

'THE chief merits of this treatise,' as expressed in the translator's preface, 'are, great accuracy and conciseness of description, with a happy arrangement of the subject;' and we may add, that it contains more really useful matter, in the same space, and is sold at a much cheaper rate, than any anatomical work with which we are acquainted. Bayle's Anatomy is particularly adapted to the lecture-room and anatomical theatre, beside being valuable as a reference for the practitioner. It is sufficient recommendation to the American profession to say, that this treatise has passed through four editions in Paris, and that it is now translated by Dr. Doane. This is the tenth French work that has received the honor of an English dress from the same hand, seven of which have been issued from the press of Harper and Brothers, and two are yet in the process of publication. In addition to these, Dr. Doane has edited 'Good's Study of Medicine,' to which he has appended many useful notes, and has also contributed liberally to some of the medical periodicals:

The books translated by Dr. Doane are: Meckel's Anatomy, in three volumes, octavo; Blanden's Topographical Anatomy, in one volume, octavo, with a quarto volume of plates; Dupuytren's Lectures on Surgery, one volume, octavo; Scoutetten on Cholera, one volume, octavo; A Table of Arteries of the Human Body, from Chaussier; Maygrier's Midwifery, illustrated with eighty-two plates, in one volume, octavo; A Compilation of Surgery, with two hundred and eighty illustrations, contained in fifty-two plates, one volume, octavo: The works in press are: 'Anatomy Illustrated,' compiled from the works of eminent French writers, and a 'Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Medicine and Surgery,' by L. C. Roche, and L. L. Sanson. Dr. Doane has thus performed a greater amount of labor in medical literature than any man in this country; and in placing the above named books in the hands of the profession, he has not only laid his brethren under weighty obligations to him, but has proved himself a benefactor to his race.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**OUR NEW VOLUME.**—As we have fairly entered upon a new volume, we would embrace the occasion to say a few words in regard to our Magazine, its prospects of entertainment for the future, and the relative obligations which exist between publishers and subscribers. Firstly, then, we may with confidence declare, that our means of gratifying our readers have never been so ample as they will be in the coming year. We shall not enter into particulars, nor make special promises which it will be impossible for us to fulfil. Those who have followed us in our course to the present moment, will do us the justice to admit, that this is not our mode of operation. We desire to be judged only by what we shall perform; and we ask no farther credit to be given to our general promise, in reference to the coming volumes, than our past exertions may fairly warrant. American writers, of distinguished ability, with many whose talents are not less honorable to our literary character, because they have not hitherto been sought out and developed, have been added to our already large list of contributors; while we shall be enabled to enrich our pages with contributions from writers abroad, whose powers are acknowledged and admired in both hemispheres. We have the promise of continued favors from ROBERT SOUTHY, whose first donation to American periodical literature appears in the present number; that fine poet of nature, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, will also gratify the mental appetites of our readers with 'fruit from the golden autumn of his mind;' GALT, of eminent literary memory, will add his aid; Professor O. B. WOLFF, of Germany, widely known by his works, and his contributions to the best English Magazines, will also be of the number; and — But enough. 'For the rest,' as saith the erudite Dogberry, 'let that appear, when there shall be no need of it.' Meantime, we look to be judged by our works.

A candid reference here to the obligations which are believed to exist between the subscribers to this Magazine and its proprietors, will, it is hoped, be received with indulgence. It will require but a moment's reflection to convince the reader of the large expenditure of time, labor, and money, incurred in sustaining a publication like ours. 1st. There are often from thirty to forty ORIGINAL PAPERS, in prose and poetry, prepared expressly for the work by eminent writers; and such services are neither to be expected nor obtained without liberal remuneration. The great difference in the cost of such *matériel*, and a mere reprint of foreign books and periodicals, will be obvious to all. 2d. The paper manufacturers, printers, and binders, fail not regularly to demand that which in justice they ought to receive; and each item forms no inconsiderable amount of the disbursements actually made, in placing before our readers a single number of the work. 3d. Unlike newspaper establishments, Magazines receive little or no income from *advertisements*, which encumber the page in place of valuable reading, while they at the same time serve to defray a large portion of the expense of publication. 4th. American periodicals, devoted to the cause of literature and science, derive no aid from political parties, religious sects, or the various popular associations of the day. It is not fashionable nor customary to make donations to the cause of letters, nor, by organized efforts,

and the appeals of eloquence, to kindle up that enthusiasm and liberality of feeling so necessary to success. Neither do they, like the Drama, present attractions to the eye of Curiosity, by which thousands are frequently lavished upon a favorite actor — perhaps a foreigner — for a single evening's entertainment. There are no 'benefit performances' for the laborer in the literary vineyard; and while the merchant, the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, promptly receive their just dues, *he* is not unfrequently subjected to a late and grudging reward for the exercise of his talents and industry. 5th. It is well known to some of those who now receive the **KNICKERBOCKER** under what disadvantages the present proprietors commenced their labors. It will be recollected that the first numbers of the work were issued under the most flattering auspices; but by the unprincipled management of Mr. PRABODY, the original proprietor, the public soon became disgusted with the periodical, and its circulation rapidly diminished. Still, it was pretended at the time of the transfer and sale of the establishment, that there were then *one thousand* responsible subscribers; whereas, it was subsequently ascertained that there were in reality not half that number, and that a portion of these had paid in advance for the year 1834, to whom we have supplied the work at our own expense. 6th. Beside being thus defrauded out of a large amount, at the commencement of our connection with the work, and having a good reputation to erect upon so bad a basis, it has been our fate to suffer severely, on *three* occasions, by *fire*, and in neither case were our losses covered by insurance. These circumstances, in addition to the ordinary difficulties of establishing and continuing an ORIGINAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE, will serve to show how incumbent it is upon each of the present readers and friends of the work, cheerfully and promptly to contribute to its support.

The **KNICKERBOCKER** is now firmly established. Its circulation exceeds the most sanguine expectations of its proprietors, and its contributors are among the first writers of our own country and of Europe. Having thus used our utmost endeavors, and been at large expense, for the benefit of our readers, have we not substantial claims upon them for the fulfilment of their obligations? With proper encouragement, American periodicals will soon equal, if not surpass, those of England. We ask but a faithful compliance, on the part of our readers, with the terms of this Magazine, to be enabled to lay before them a monthly repast not excelled by that of any similar publication in Christendom. With these remarks, we enter upon another volume, with our literary means greatly enhanced, with energies unrelaxed, and spirit undiminished.

Feb. 1837

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW. — The advocates of this measure, we are glad to see, have begun to bestir themselves on this subject, not only among the political laity, but with the delegated priesthood of Congress. This is well. We look now to behold the steady advancement and profitable discussion of the matter. There are stores of argument in reserve, that can be produced with wonderful effect, in disquisitions on this question. Facts are plentiful, and they are worth a world of abstract reasoning. Let them be brought forward, in quarters where they will be sure to avail something. We scarcely deem it necessary to discuss the question, farther than it has been discussed by able hands in these pages: it seems to be well understood by the most intelligent and influential among our countrymen; and we hope that the simple statement, (which we can readily substantiate,) that there are authors now in the country — men of genius, who have travelled abroad, and have works in mss. that would be speedily re-printed from any copy published in England, and sell with great profit — who cannot dispose of them on any terms — we say we hope this simple statement will place all on the alert who have any pride in, or solicitude for, the success of the national mind. It is well remarked, by an able writer on this subject, in a recent number of *The Plaindealer*: 'It is difficult to understand upon what principle authors are denied a right of property



in the fruit of their intellectual exertions. If a man builds a house, it is his; if a man makes a ship, it is his; on the simple ground that, in either case, the produce is the result of his labor. The fruits of a man's hands are his own: why not then those of his head? Publication is only one of the *uses* to which an author puts his property, and he cannot by that use be understood to mean to part with the possession. If I leave my horse in the highway, that gives you no right to jump on and gallop off with him.' \* \* \*  
 'It may be said, perhaps, in argument against the proposed extension of copy-rights to foreigners, that many works will come dearer to the readers than they now do, as we shall have to pay the author as well as the publisher. No doubt this is true, and it is equally true that thieving is cheaper than labor; and that of all modes of living, the least expensive is that of living on your neighbor.'

PARODIES. — We admire a clever parody, but an indifferent one is our mortal aversion. One of the best we remember to have seen, was penned, if we recollect rightly, by Hoon, upon the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and was descriptive of finding and carrying home an inebriate on a window-shutter. One stanza we especially remember:

'We bore him home, and we put him to bed,  
 And we told his wife and his daughter  
 To give him, next morning, a couple of red  
 Herrings, with soda-water.'

The subjoined capital parody on 'Jessie the Flower of Dunblane,' was written by a distinguished member of the bar, in the interior of Pennsylvania, in 1829, as a piece of pleasantry, and to please some young ladies who were avowing rather an extravagant admiration of the *sentiment* of the original. It was the work of a few moments, and was not dreamed of as a subject for publication. A friend, however, obtained possession of it, and sent it to the printer of a weekly paper. It was soon copied in the journals of the day, from Maine to Georgia. Some three or four years since, it was published as original in an English magazine, and again re-copied into American newspapers, as of foreign origin. It is admirable as a parody, and simple and beautiful in its German-English, and unaffected sentiment:

#### KATY, VAT LIVES ON DE PLAIN.

##### I.

De sun vas gone down just behind de plue mountains,  
 Und left de tark night to come on us again,  
 Ven I schtumped along 'mongst de schwampe und de fountains,  
 Just to see vonst my Katy, vot lives on de plain.  
 Sing on, dea, you pird, mit your song for de night,  
 It's so nice ven de hills sing your song vonst again,  
 Such joy to my heart und such monstrous delight,  
 Brings sweet liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.

##### II.

How sweet is de lily, mit its prawn-yellow blossom,  
 Und so is de meadow, all covered mit green,  
 But noding 's so sweet, nor yet sticks in my posom,  
 Like sweet liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.  
 She 's pashful as any — like her dere 's not many;  
 She 's neider high larnt, nor yet foolish nor vain,  
 Und he 's a great villain, mitout any feelin',  
 Dat would hurt liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.

##### III.

My days vere like noding, till I met mit my Katy —  
 All dem t'ings in de town, dey vere nonsense and pain;  
 I saw not de girl I would call my tear laty,  
 Till I met mit my Katy vot lives on de plain.  
 I don 't care how high I might get in de nation,  
 From all dem high places I'd come town again,  
 Und dink it was noding to have a great station,  
 Ven I could n't get Katy, vat lives on de plain.

There is much of quiet, subdued humor in the subjoined parody on MONTGOMERY'S 'Night is the time for Rest,' etc., which we clipped from a late number of a western journal. We regret that we are unable to give credit to the particular print in which it originated :

## NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for fun,  
When old folks are in bed;  
When day's dark cares are done,  
And prayers are duly said;  
To gather round the social fire,  
And crack stale jests, that never tire!

Night is the time to fix  
Our hearts in union meet:  
With skilful hand to mix  
The potent and the sweet:  
To set our watering mouths agog,  
And taste the glories of egg-nogg!

Night is the time to boil  
Tiffin's enchanting rolls;  
And o'er the midnight oil,  
To cheer our happy souls;  
With fresh made butter thickly spread  
On corresponding chunks of bread.

Night is the time to feel  
Life's joys without a pain;  
Apples to take, and peel,  
And 'cut and come again';  
And romping much before we rest,  
Feel very sure that they 'll digest.

Night is the time for those,  
Who, when they take their wine,  
By redness of the nose,  
Or any other sign,  
Give evidence, whence we conclude,  
That they 're unquestionably 'slew'd'!

Night is the time to pour  
In beauty's listening ear  
The story, known before,  
Nor reader'd thus less dear,  
Of feeling which the modest light  
Of day leaves for the shades of night.

Night is the time to sing,  
Beneath the casement high,  
Those mellow notes that ring  
With love's sweet melody;  
While the bright maiden pokes her head  
Out of the casement aforesaid!

Night is the time to do  
A thousand glorious things;  
And there are very few,  
When cover'd by her wings,  
Who do not feel a fresher'd flood  
Of mischief brewing in their blood.

## THE DRAMA.

**PARK THEATRE.**—The great feature of the month has been the display of Mr. POWER'S peculiar talents in the new piece entitled 'O'Flannigan and the Fairies.' Taking a hint from 'Victorine,' in the management of his scenes, the author of this humorous story has made the principal events of the plot to go forward, while the hero — and *such* a hero! — is supposed to be dreaming through them all. This being the case, no one has any right to find fault with sundry trifling derangements of the unities, which, with almost any other incongruities, are confessedly orthodox in dreams, or Shakspeare would never have said so many queer things about Queen Mab. The play is full of scenes and situations, admirably chosen for the exhibition of Mr. Power's humorous nationalities. There is a regular Irish fair, a decent fight, a *real* donkey, (quadruped of course,) jigs, songs, and jaunting-cars, with an irresistibly drunken scene, and a model of an oath against liquor — 'Regulations regarding the drink of Phelim O'Flannigan, both public and private' — so accommodating in its restrictions, that it can hardly fail to come into general favor with the 'Total Abstinence Society.'

This piece is really too funny to be serious about; and if those grim visitants, the 'Blue Devils,' have taken up their winter quarters in the breasts of any of our friends, we advise them to have the said sombre tenants ejected forthwith, and effectually spirited away, as they infallibly will be, if they are placed within the magic influence of 'O'Flannigan and the Fairies.'

**AUDIENCES.**—The audience of a theatre is not the least interesting feature of its amusement, although it entirely escapes puffing in the bills of the play. One who is fond of studying character, can find more materials, and better subjects, for the exercise of this disposition *before* than behind the curtain. Every party that enters the boxes,

from the fashionable circles who occupy the dress and private boxes, to the less ostentatious but more curious set, who are content with a quiet third seat, second tier, are subjects of interest, if not of amusement, to any one whose fancy leads him to contemplate their peculiarities. Even the men of the pit — 'the groundlings,' the bachelor gentlemen — and young fops, who lounge in the saloons — the 'free admissions,' those 'pillars of the lobby,' whose faces are as familiar as the figure of Ariel on the 'drop' — have each a peculiar attraction; and perhaps from the mass might be selected those whose individual histories would form tragedies and comedies, as interesting as any which the stage can produce. There, for instance, is a stout man, in a drab coat, with pearl buttons, just now squeezing his way into 'the front,' stepping upon every bench, and treading upon every body's coat that may happen to lie in his course, while he drags along his better-half, who is any thing but 'a help-mate,' at the present moment. The lady, you see, is becomingly dressed in green silk, which would be in very pretty contrast with the bright red shawl upon her ample shoulders, were it not that her face being a little more of a crimson than the shawl, there is a sameness which seems to destroy the effect. She wears a French cap, too, most appropriately surmounted by six immense bows, just sufficiently close together to shut out any luckless wight who may be fated to sit behind her, from all visual knowledge of the play. This is an honest couple, who, for a short time, are located at some hotel near the Bull's Head, Bowery. The husband is a drover, from the 'far west,' who has lately disposed of an 'hundred head,' or more, and in consideration of the present high price of beef, is disposed to indulge himself and wife in all the amusements and some of the extravagancies of the metropolis. He has two large oranges, and a pint of pea-nuts in his left-hand coat-pocket. There is another party, of quite a different cast, in the private box, nearly opposite the drover. It is a fashionable family, from some fashionable square. They came in their own coach, and gave John strict orders to be at the door precisely at nine. They will not, of course, wait for the farce. See with what a lady-patroness sort of air the mistress elevates her *lorgnettes* upon the expressive countenance of Ellen Tree, while the daughter — a bit of a sentimentalist — wipes her eyes, as she casts a side-long glance upon the effeminate-looking youth, with long, white, straight hair, who is doing the amiable at her side — papa, all the while, wrapped up in his own dignity, and quietly calculating the yearly interest of 'a plum,' at three per cent. a month. But leaving these, cast your eyes upon that exquisite specimen of a Schneider's genius, in the crimson waistcoat, who occupies the second seat of the stage-box, first tier. If you come often to the theatre, you will always find that individual just there, or thereabout. Observe how extensively his hair flares out from each side of his intellectual forehead, like the flame of a lamp under the action of a patent blow-pipe. He is 'a young man about town,' whose great genius is yet unacknowledged. He writes occasional stanzas for 'the Star,' and theatrical criticisms for almost any paper. There is something very mysterious about that gentleman. There is probably more in him than appears at first sight. He is rather too young to be accused of the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius,' but it has not yet been satisfactorily proved that he did not write 'The Doctor.'

Turn from him to the lady in the first private box on your right. Her face is partly hid by the curtain, but you can perceive a delicate white hand lying quite carelessly over the front of the box. Your attention is attracted to the sparkling stone which twinkles like a star, even in the dubious light of these visibly-dark gas lamps. It is a pretty hand, and a brilliant gem, and they belong to a gay, good-natured lady, whose countenance, (if you could only catch a glimpse of it,) you would find a striking contrast to the dark-mustachio'd and sombre-visage, of that aristocratic-looking personage in the same box. The theatre is no novelty to the lady, and to the gentleman it is a matter of indifference. Do you see that individual in the pit, dressed in a rough drab coat, not unlike the garment which the sailors call a pea-jacket? His face is slightly marked with the small-pox, his expressive little eyes are fixed intently upon the stage, and you

can see them lighten with admiration, whenever a good point is made, or a touch of true feeling is displayed by the actor. No man laughs louder or more heartily at the farce than he; none give their applause with more sincerity; and no one discriminates more truly, than our friend of the pea-jacket, between a good actor and a good quack. He is a true critic. He condemns honestly, as he applauds; and perhaps, if the truth were known, it would be found that the performers generally are as much elated by his applause, and the comedians as effectually cheered by his honest 'guffaw,' as by the united approbation of the whole house put together. Long may his little eyes sparkle in the pit! But there are three or four foppish youngsters lounging in the second tier, with their feet coolly spread out on the seats before them. They have each of them a black stick, with a piece of brass on one end, which you will observe they indefatigably tap against their teeth, or gently rub upon their beardless faces, as if there were not brass enough there already. They laugh and talk loud, and look with the most perfect indifference upon the play, lest any body should suspect that they came there for any other object than '*pour passer le temps*.' They will loiter about for an hour or so, and then dive into some cellar, and refresh with oysters and rum-punch — go very merrily home to bed, or possibly to the watch-house; and to-morrow morning soberly deal out tape for their employers in Canal or Chatham-street — only anxious perhaps, through the day, for an opportunity to abstract loose change enough from the till, to enable them to play over the same game to-morrow night. In short, a theatrical audience is a little world; and we might fill this very excellent Magazine with particular descriptions of the individual components thereof: but '*Rerum magnarum parva potest res exemplar dare*,' as saith Lucullus — or, 'Enough is as good as a feast,' as saith our already tired reader.

c.

**NATIONAL THEATRE.** — We have been able to attend but seldom upon the performances at this establishment; but we learn from those for whose opinions we have great respect, that they have been such as to reflect credit upon the house, and to fill its treasury. Mr. J. R. SCOTT, whose continued improvement is as creditable to his industry as it is gratifying to his friends, has been winning new laurels in the 'Provost of Bruges,' as well as in characters in which he is more familiar. The ever-attractive RAVELS, too, whose feats of graceful agility are truly wonderful, have also added their efforts to the successful entertainments of the month.

**AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY.** — This house is again in successful operation, under the superintendence of its energetic proprietor, Mr. DINNEFORD. It is the largest theatre in the city, and in its scenery, decorations, machinery, etc., is surpassed by none. It will be an appropriate place for the exhibition of gorgeous melo-drama, and will no doubt maintain its popular character under the new direction. During the month, Mr. EATON, a native tragedian, of fine powers, has played to good audiences; Mr. WILLIAM SEPTON, and Mr. GEORGE JONES, have alternated, also, as attractions. 'Hernani, or the Fatal Oath,' just produced, bids fair to fill the theatre with admiring audiences for a long time. Its scenic display is superb, while its melo-dramatic character is of the most effective description.

**HANNINGTONS' DIORAMAS.** — We take pleasure, in the brief space left us, in calling public attention to this very interesting exhibition. The proprietors' hall, in the City Saloon, is fitted up after the manner of a theatre, with every accommodation for the audience; and we know of no place where an hour or two may be spent more agreeably. As painters and mechanists, the brothers HANNINGTON stand deservedly high. Their contributions to various popular charities speak well for their timely benevolence of heart; and they have earned, in many honorable ways, the great success which attends their exertions.

**PLAIGIARISM IN HIGH PLACES.** — Our readers will remember an announcement a short time since, under the 'Literary Record' head, of a re-published English work, by Captain BASIL HALL, entitled, 'Skimmings, or a Winter at Schloss Hanfield, in Lower Styria.' In this volume, among numerous other anecdotes concerning, and incidents in the life of, the celebrated COUNTESS OF PURGSTALL, may be found the following: 'One day when I entered the Countess's room, I observed that she had been writing; but on my sitting down by her bed-side, she sent away the apparatus, retaining only one sheet of paper, which she held up, and said: 'You have written your life; here is mine;' and she put into my hand the following copy of verses, by whom written, she would not tell me. Probably *they are by herself*, for they are certainly exactly such as suited her cast of thought. I may repeat, that in spite of all her misfortunes, and the pains she took to cherish her grief, she was invariably cheerful, and never let fall a hasty or querulous word.'

#### MY LIFE.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky;  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
But on that rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if it wept such waste to see,  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail — its date is brief —  
Restless, and soon to pass away:  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall or fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade —  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand.  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

These beautiful lines, from the pen of our correspondent, Hon. R. H. WILDE, of Georgia, now in Rome, we have given above, as they originally came from his hand. In the volume in question, there are several ridiculous alterations, to adapt them to the condition and *locale* of the pretended authoress. This 'noble' lady is said to have sat for SCOTT's portrait of Diana Vernon. If this be true, she is a libel upon the image formed, in the minds of all readers of 'Rob Roy,' of that high-minded and spirited girl, who would have 'scorned the dirty action' of taking that which did not belong to her, and parading it before her friends as her own property.

**LIBRARY OF STANDARD LITERATURE.** — The fourteenth volume of this popular library concludes the fifth of BYRON's complete works, which contains, Werner, The Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, The Island, Hours of Idleness, Translations and Imitations, Fugitive pieces, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, The Curse of Minerva, The Waltz, The Age of Bronze, The Vision of Judgment, Morgante Maggiore, The Blues, The Third Act of Manfred, as originally sent to the publisher, together with numerous occasional pieces. The volume is even better executed than its predecessors, and is embellished with a well-engraved picture of the 'Maid of Saragoza,' who, however, in the language of Pauden O'Rafferty, is 'no beauty, any way,' whatever else she may have been.

'NEW-YEAR'S.' — The first part of the year is usually a season of great congratulation. The world takes a stride across the grave of one year, in its approach toward the tomb of another; and the dwellers of this dim sphere laugh and revel loud and long. Why they should do thus, passes our comprehension. Certainly the commencement of the year, the opening of a twelve-month's vicissitudes, is nothing so very jocular. At that time, you are obliged to compass heaven and earth, in order to bless your eyes with that most beautiful of all earthly spectacles — the smile of your tradesmen and artisans. You must elevate the breeze — or as vulgar pens would express it, 'raise the wind,' for sundry outlays; voluminous 'williams' throng in upon you; and whether you can bid the *forkage* arise for them or not, 'will he nil he, you do it, mind you that!' You have six troubles — yea seven; and for your deliverance therefrom, you are indebted — is it not so, reader? — to the punctuality of those who owe you. Oh, blushing delinquent! let this paragraph sink deep into your heart: and when we hear from you, (it is a great satisfaction, when we cannot see you,) let your chirography circumvent a 'V,' or note, bearing that valuable denomination, and you will sleep the sweeter afterward.

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BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENA. — We adopt the following correct and vivid description of the recent atmospheric phenomena, from the *New-York Evening Post*, as well worthy of preservation in these pages: 'Last evening, as it grew dark, an Aurora Borealis, of uncommon beauty and brightness, made its appearance in the heavens. It was thought at first, by most spectators, to be the reflection of a fire from clouds in the sky, such was the ruddiness of its hue, and such the strong glow which it shed upon the houses and into the streets. It was observed, however, that the light did not appear to be stationary, but shifted to different parts of the heavens, and at length was seen to form long, unequal streams, or trains, diverging from a common centre in the zenith. These were mostly of a beautiful crimson, as rich as that of the finest sunset, and they illuminated the city with a brightness like that of a great conflagration. Intermixed with these rudy streaks, were others of a white color, like rays of moonlight which had lost their way, and became strangely mingled and confused with the rose-colored radiance. The meteor in some places took the shape of luminous clouds, and in others that of long beams of light reaching from the cope of heaven to the horizon. The crimson color had nearly passed away between eight and nine o'clock, and left the sky flushed with the usual white light of the Aurora Borealis. It afterward returned, however, in a manner even more remarkable than at first. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the principal streams of light assumed a dark blood-red color, and being irregularly intermingled with streaks of white light, all proceeding apparently from a centre overhead, had a fearful appearance. In a superstitious age, and with some help of the imagination, the spectator might have imagined that he saw in the heavens the conflagration of cities, and pools of blood, and the lances of warring armies. At one time, the lower part of the sky, a little above the horizon, was set with a row of the whiter lights, which looked like lamps streaming upward in a thick atmosphere, as if placed there to light the aerial armies to the combat. The sky was cloudless, but the light of the stars was entirely quenched in that of the meteor, which even predominated over that of the moon, and threw a rich glow on the snow in the streets and on the house-tops. The evening was still and fine, the streets were full of sleighs, and thousands of people witnessed the phenomena.'

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. — We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the various instructive and entertaining lectures which are being delivered at this institution. Facts, most valuable in practical knowledge, are here elicited, and conveyed in language level to the comprehension of every man of sense. These lectures, therefore,

since they are well attended by attentive audiences, can scarcely fail to be productive of great utility to the important class of the community for whom they are more particularly intended.

**MORE LITERARY LARCENY.**—Every now and then, we chance upon articles in American journals, which were written for, and published in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, bearing the paternity of some popular foreign publication, into which they have been copied, without credit. How a voyage across the Atlantic must improve the intrinsic qualities of an American production! The 'Excursion in Tuscany,' written for this work by G. W. GREENE, Esq., at present in Italy, now making the circuit of the American newspapers, copied from and credited to the *London Court Journal*, in which magazine it is inserted without any acknowledgment of the source from whence it was derived, can be no better now, as it seems to us, than when it was read for the first time in our pages. Perhaps, however, like wine that has 'been i' the Indies twice,' it may have acquired an additional flavor by crossing the water in a home-made bottle, and coming back in an English cut-glass decanter, stamped with the royal arms.

#### LITERARY RECORD.

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.**—This volume, by the Rev. Dr. BROWNLEE, has remained unnoticed upon our table, until a call for a second edition has convinced the publisher, that he judged well in giving it to the public in a garb befitting its contents. The work is characterized by judicious and skilful mingling of moral and religious inculcation, with enough of interesting incident to attract the merely general reader. The contents are: 'The General, and Modern Infidelity,' 'The Duel Prevented,' 'The Elder's Son, or the Spoiled Child,' 'Incidents in the Life of Moncrief of Kilforgie,' 'The First and Last Communion,' and 'Hans Van Benschoonhooten, or Traits of Primitive Character.' New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR, Brick Church Chapel, Park Row.

**DOLBEAR'S SCIENCE OF PENMANSHIP.**—We bestow our approbation, cheerfully, upon a work, recently issued from the press, bearing the following title, which is in no respect deceptive: 'The Science of Practical Penmanship, deduced from the principles of Physiology, and the anatomy of the hand and arm; containing an original analysis of the capital and loop letters, and full directions for the acquirement of rapid business writing. To which is added a complete system of pen-making: accompanied by a Chirographic Atlas, of twenty-four engraved plates. By B. DOLBEAR AND BROTHERS, Principals of the New-Orleans and New-York Writing Academies.' New-York: COLLINS, KEESE AND COMPANY.

**SELECT MEDICAL LIBRARY.**—MESSRS. HASWELL AND BARRINGTON, Philadelphia, have issued the first number of a large and well printed monthly work, of some two hundred pages, entitled 'The Select Medical Library, and Eclectic Journal of Medicine.' It is under the editorial supervision of Dr. JOHN BELL, of Philadelphia, whose reputation is a sufficient guaranty of the ability with which he will discharge the duties of his station. English and continental medical works of value, now nearly out of print, will be published in the 'Library,' while in the 'Eclectic Journal' the 'histories of cases which have a definite bearing and application, summaries of opinions and practice, and criticisms brief and pertinent, will find a place.'

**PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.**—Part II. of these admirable sketches has just been published by MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. We say all that is necessary to be said, when we recommend it to the reader as fully equal in spirit and humor to the

volume which preceded it. The author is the best of philosophers, and repudiates the idea, as he should, that it is necessary, in writing a novel, to give an inch of mirth for an ell of moan. He makes the gravest laugh, and all readers on good terms with themselves and him, while under his agreeable and potent spell. Again we say, 'Long live 'Boz!'

**PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** — 'That curious book of BUNYAN'S' has been presented to the public in just such a dress, and with such attractions as it deserved, but, has never received, until now. There are fifty designs by CHAPMAN, HARVEY, and others, engraved on wood by ADAMS. The frontispiece is a fine specimen of the art. It is fully equal to copper-plate, and possesses an *atmosphere*, so to speak, that we have never seen equalled in wood. A Life of Bunyan, by SOUTHEY, prefaces the volume, which, as well as the delightful religious classic which it ornaments, needs no praise.

**THE GREAT METROPOLIS.** — MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY have just issued, in a large and well-printed volume, (two volumes in one,) 'The Great Metropolis: by the author of Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons.' It seems to us a complete 'Key to London,' treating as it does, with great clearness of detail, of its general characteristics — its theatres, clubs, gaming-houses — the society and manners of the upper, middle, and lower classes — the newspaper press, periodical literature, quarterly, monthly, and weekly, parliamentary, reporting, etc.

**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** — This is the title of a work now in the press of the American Stationers' Company, Boston. It will consist of the desultory writings of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq., of Salem, (Mass.,) mostly contributions to American annuals and magazines. It must needs be a delightful volume, for the author has a fertile and cultivated mind. His literary efforts are replete with ease and grace — with quiet humor, or true pathos. We await the volume with pleasant thoughts of good in store.

**FOSTER'S CABINET MISCELLANY.** — We find on our table the first three volumes of FOSTER'S 'Cabinet Miscellany,' containing TIEZ'S 'St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania,' 'A Steam Voyage down the Danube,' by QUIN, and the 'East India Sketch-Book.' These are all valuable and entertaining works, and can be obtained, entire, in neat paper binding, for the trifling sum of one dollar! How the publisher can afford to — but that's no affair of ours. The volumes are well executed.

**INFIDELITY.** — 'The Cause and Cure of Infidelity, with an account of the Author's Conversion,' is the title of a well-printed volume, of more than three hundred pages, from the press of JOHN S. TAYLOR. The author is the Rev. DAVID NELSON, of Quincy, Illinois, late of Marion county, Mississippi. We have found no leisure for its perusal, but perceive, by the reports of religious journals, that it is widely popular among all classes of Christians.

**CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT: OR, SPIRITUAL EXERCISE OF THE HEART.** — This handsome volume, of some five hundred pages, from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, commends itself to the Christian reader, by qualities which have made it so popular, that eight editions of the work have already been called for by the public. This is literally 'speaking volumes' in its favor. Like all the publications of Mr. TAYLOR, the externals of paper, printing, and binding, are very superior.

**MEMOIRS OF AN ILLEGITIMATE.** — 'The Bar Sinister, or Memoirs of an Illegitimate,' is the title of a re-published English novel, from the press of Messrs. CAREY, LEE AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. We confess an utter ignorance of the work, not having found leisure to read a word of it. We have, however, observed that it has elicited praise, for many good qualities, from one or two foreign periodicals of confessed judgment and taste.



**THE ALBION.** — A new volume of this excellent publication commenced on the seventh ultimo, upon entirely new and beautiful types. For fifteen years, this journal has been before the public, during which period it has been constantly gaining ground in popular favor. Its copious selections of the best articles from all the English and Scottish periodicals, and the good taste and talents of its accomplished editor, render it far more entertaining and valuable to an American, than the re-publications of the entire works from which it so judiciously culls. A late number is embellished with a fine engraving of the New Houses of Parliament, London.

**'THE EARTH.'** — This work, by ROBERT MUDIE, kindred in character to those heretofore published by the same author, upon 'The Heavens,' 'The Sea,' 'The Air,' etc., contains a clear and comprehensive view of the earth, considered as a whole, having equal regard to the causes or agencies which produce the more general terrestrial phenomena, and to the things in which, and the places where, these phenomena present themselves. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

**DISCOVERIES IN LIGHT AND VISION.** — Through some inadvertance, a copy of this work did not reach us until the sheets of this department were passing through the press. We are left but space and leisure, therefore, to say, that the volume will be found to abound in interest, even by those whom its arguments may not convince. We shall refer more particularly to the work hereafter. G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

**'FIRST LESSONS ABOUT NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,** a small volume for children, from the pen of MISS MARY A. SWIFT, Principal of the Litchfield Female Seminary, and from the press of MESSRS. BELKNAP AND HAMMESLEY, Hartford, (Conn.), is an admirable little book, remarkable alike for the large amount of useful information which it contains, and the clear and simple manner in which it is conveyed to the juvenile mind.

**SPIRIT OF HOLINESS.** — MR. JOHN S. TAYLOR has issued, in a small and neat volume, *The Spirit of Holiness*: by JAMES HARRINGTON EVANS, A. M., Minister of John-street Chapel: with an Introductory Preface, by OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Brooklyn. This little book is highly commended by reputable religious periodicals.

**CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY.** — Numbers XXII. and XXIII. of HARPERS' 'Classical Family Library,' are devoted to the History of the Peloponnesian War, translated from the Greek of Thucydides. By WILLIAM SMITH, A. M. The edition has undergone careful correction and revision, is well printed, and is embellished with a portrait-bust of the original author. Five volumes, subsequently published, contain the works of the renowned LIVY, as translated by GEORGE BAKER, A. M. A biographical sketch of the great historian, with an engraved bust by GIMBER, preface the main work, which is closely as well as clearly printed, upon good paper.

**ANTHON'S CICERO.** — All good scholars and 'ambitious students' will thank the Messrs. HARPERS for a very handsome edition, just published, of 'Cicero's Select Orations, with an English Commentary, and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D.'

WRAKALL'S 'MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIME,' a work replete not only with interest but matter of substantial value, has just passed to a second edition. The publishers, MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, have again presented it to the public in a creditable dress.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL forms volumes five and six of IRVING'S WORKS, now publishing in a well-executed series, by MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. We have before referred to this edition in terms of deserved eulogy.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1837.

No. 3.

## POPULAR AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.\*

POPULAR Education is the paramount theme of the day; and it behooves every man, who has the welfare of his country at heart, to bestow some thought on a subject which, in the language of this address, 'in the grandeur and sacredness of its object, the mightiness of its power, and the magnitude of its effects, is unrivalled and alone.' That our present methods of popular education may be improved, there can be no question. We are also warranted in believing, that if instructors of youth were better qualified than they commonly are, and more liberally remunerated, they would become more elevated in public opinion; and that the profession of *school-master*, instead of being esteemed ignoble, as it at present is, would be viewed as one of the most honorable vocations in the community. We are sensible that deep-rooted prejudices have, immemorially, existed against the teachers of primary schools. But have not these prejudices mainly arisen from the dependent state of the instructor, his mean origin, his want of capacity, or his deficiency of acquirements? When a person of worth and capability condescends to become a teacher, the dignity of his character secures that *respect*, even from the vulgar, which one of their own rank can never obtain.

'Popular education in the United States,' says the author of this pamphlet, 'on which the moral, intellectual, and political soundness of the country so essentially depends, is in a deplorable condition. Three or four states, perhaps, excepted, this is true of the Union. And even of the excepted states, it is true to an extent sufficiently ominous. The reason is plain. Except in the cities, and a few of the larger towns, the teachers of *primary schools* are as unfit for their vocation as imagination can conceive. Their want of knowledge and letters, manners, dignity, and character, can hardly be surpassed. They are therefore disqualified alike to instruct and govern, set example, and command respect. In truth, they are disqualified for every thing connected with education, because they are wholly uneducated themselves. Too indolent to labor with their hands, and too ignorant or feeble-minded to be concerned in business, where intellect and knowledge are requisite, they become *school-masters*, and teach their scholars bad English, bad habits, bad manners, and too often, bad morals. I do not aver that this is the case with all of them;

\* *Thoughts on Popular and Liberal Education; with some Defence of the English and Saxon Languages.* An Address, delivered in September, 1836, before the Philomathean Society of Indiana College. By Professor CALDWELL, of the Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.

but I pronounce it true of a large majority of those of them whom I have personally known, or of whose character and standing I have been correctly informed.'

To remedy the above-mentioned evils, it has been proposed to establish seminaries, where teachers may be regularly formed for the special purpose of elementary instruction. That good would result from this plan, we are inclined to believe. The Jesuits have long been celebrated as instructors of youth; and it is well known, that the best qualified scholars of their order are those on whom the business of teaching is devolved. Professor Caldwell recommends this plan in the following words: 'Let schools for the education and practical discipline of teachers alone be established in the United States, as is now done in Prussia, Austria, and elsewhere, under the superintendence of qualified instructors. Let the pupils to them be selected, on account of the suitable qualities they possess; and let there be an understanding, that they design to follow teaching as a *life-profession*, not as a temporary or occasional employment.' \* \* 'A material advantage to popular education, arising from the establishment of schools for teachers, would be the introduction into schemes of teaching of the requisite degree of uniformity and concert.'

In a country where the right of suffrage is universal, every man should be enabled to exercise that right to the advancement of the ends of society; and what those ends are, none but an educated person can adequately comprehend. It should seem to be highly preposterous, that so important a privilege as the right of voting, should be extended to one who is not acquainted with even the *rudiments* of learning. And yet thousands of our citizens annually vote for candidates for public stations, without being enabled to *read* the names of those for whom they ballot.

Dr. Priestley makes the following remarks, in his *Lectures on History and General Policy*: 'It is an article of considerable importance, to determine who should have votes in the choice of representatives. Many are advocates for *universal suffrage*, while others would restrict this privilege to those who have some property. Every member of the community has, no doubt, an interest in the choice, and therefore may plead a right to vote. But this, as well as every thing else relating to society, should be decided by a regard to the interest of the whole, or that of the majority. Persons possessed of no property being commonly ill-educated, and ill-informed, will in general vote as they are directed by those on whom they depend; and will be liable to be influenced by such improper motives as no laws can prevent; and their real interest will be sufficiently provided for by equal laws. And when the possession of property has a privilege annexed to it, it will operate as a motive to industry and economy. For the same reason, it may be wise to receive no votes for any magistrate, but from persons who can write the names themselves. By this means, every person who had the least spark of ambition would make a point of acquiring the arts of reading and writing; and thus would be in the way of getting general knowledge, the diffusion of which is the best security for the permanence of any good form of government.'

If it appear preposterous to some, that an uneducated man should enjoy, in its full extent, the right of suffrage, what must we think of the dogma of *general political rights*, which admits of the elevation to office of an individual, without any regard to qualification? And yet this solecism in policy has been cherished by a people who lay claim to more than an ordinary share of common sense! A candidate for admission to the bar must be submitted to examination; if found unqualified, he is rejected, on the principle of incompetency, or, in other words, that he has no *right* to the practice of law, derived from education. So, no medical aspirant can obtain a diploma or certificate of competency, without subjecting himself to a methodical course of study, and finally obtaining the approbation of the heads of the profession. But of the politician, no qualification is to be required, no question is to be asked, save—does he belong to our party? He is regularly nominated by his equals; and the right of suffrage confirms to him the right of office. Surely the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, would scoff at lordly man, were they capable of comprehending the extent of his folly. The noblest bull is the protector and leader of the herd, who esteem it no degradation to obey so competent a ruler. Of the poultry-yard, the most gallant cock invariably claims preëminence, and maintains it, through those qualities which tend to the perfection of the species. Does a craven or imbecile savage ever become the *Sagamore* of his nation? No such thing. Every chief must be distinguished by excellencies of general utility; and those individuals who can lay no claim to these attributes, are compelled to occupy those stations only, for which they are fitted. But what a contemptible spectacle does *civilized* man exhibit! An animal of mean origin, of vulgar pursuits, of uncultivated intellect, is chosen to an important employment, which he is unable to sustain with either dignity or usefulness, or the duties of which he is totally incompetent to perform. This truth, how mortifying soever it may be to our national pride, we are compelled to confess; and we would add, it is an evidence that the true principles of government are as yet but imperfectly understood, or acted upon, in this boasted age of intellectual advancement.

On this head, we are pleased to find that we accord in sentiment with the author of the pamphlet in review, who thus boldly expresses what many will sanction, but what few will have the courage to utter: 'The very fact, that state preferment is open to every one, excites hundreds of thousands to aspire to it, and to become agitators and annoyers of the community, who would otherwise pursue some humble but useful vocation, for which alone they are fitted by nature. Nor have they a *right* to aim at any thing higher. It is not true, that all men are born with equal rights, any more than that they are born with equal talents. As far as public station is concerned, rights and talents are the measures of each other. No man has a right to an office, which he wants talents to administer. Nor can the suffrages of the people confer on him such a right; because the proceeding is in violation of a law of nature, which is tantamount to the will of God. And the aspirants here referred to, being unable to succeed in their designs, from a want of strength of mind and character, united

to an entire destitution of personal worth, have recourse to cunning and artifice ; or, from a spirit of servility, added to other traits of meanness, become panders to the ambition of higher and stronger jugglers of state, and descend to the sycophancy and vileness of parasites and retainers. In this way is the whole community becoming imbued, to a fearful extent, with the rank leaven of political corruption. Nor is all yet told. Of this career of petty and misplaced aspiration to power, intemperance rarely fails to be the issue : for the tavern and the dram-shop are the places of resort of vulgar politicians ; where, after having forged their calumnies, and concerted their plots against the upright and deserving, they hold high carnival, and celebrate their orgies. Thus is useful industry abandoned by them, honesty and moral observances neglected or violated, and habits of dissipation and debauchery formed. And thus do sottishness and beggary prove the lot of some of them, guilt and the penitentiary of others, and ruin, in some shape, of nearly all.'

A remedy for these evils, under which our country groans, is supposed to be found in 'a system of popular education, wisely planned and digested, faithfully pursued, and diligently executed.' But without the aid of compulsory laws, we doubt whether any system of popular education, how wisely soever planned, would be greatly efficacious. Let us not be thought enemies of liberty, when we assert, that parents should be *compelled* to have their children educated, if this sacred duty be not voluntarily attended to. There are many erroneous ideas on the subject of right, which it behooves wise legislators to heed, before the evils resulting from them shall have become too formidable to be controlled by law. Parents think that they have a right to manage their offspring as they please ; and, if it be not convenient to educate them, that the neglect of their trust is not a proper subject of civil interference. Among the lower classes, especially, there is an unwillingness in sending their children to school, when it is conceived that their interest is promoted by retaining them at home. And even when instruction is offered at the public expense, many refuse to accept of the privilege, under the mistaken notion that there is an ignominy attached to education, which bears the impress of public charity. The result is, that the children of the poor, in our towns and cities, have become an intolerable nuisance. They swarm in the streets, committing all sorts of excesses ; and along the wharves of our sea-ports, their boldness in plundering has long been an evil of increasing magnitude. The impunity which generally attends these petty thefts, has the tendency to augment them ; as few people are willing to give themselves the trouble to resort to law, when the process demands time which can be ill spared from important occupations. In truth, if every larceny, committed by our vagabond youth, were prosecuted to conviction, no jail, how extensive soever its accommodations, would suffice to contain the criminals.

'If parents neglect to educate their children,' says our author, 'or if they set them a flagitious and ruinous example, those children should be taken from them, and be educated at their expense — provided they have the means : and if not, at the expense of the state.'

The children of the poor should be treated in the same way. I am aware that evils might attend this proceeding. But, in a free representative government, no evil is so great as an uneducated populace. At every hazard, therefore, it should be put down — voluntarily on the part of the parents, if practicable — compulsively, if necessary. If a father can be compelled to provide for his children corporeal food, why not, in like manner, food for the mind? No scheme of personal freedom should be carried so far, as to put in jeopardy the freedom and safety of the state, which an ignorant populace unavoidably does.'

We shall not pursue the author of the address through his details of school discipline; but shall now proceed to take notice of the second division of his subject, liberal education.

Professor Caldwell has been represented as unfriendly to the study of the ancient languages. But he declares that this is a mistake. 'I am hostile,' says he, 'only to the *misapplication* and *abuse* of that study — to an excessive consumption of time in it, in some cases, and to the pursuit of it, in others, to the neglect of more useful and important studies. I am opposed, moreover, to the compulsory study of Greek and Latin, by *all* the pupils in a seminary, without discrimination; while it is obvious that, to *some* of them, the task is irksome and vexatious, even to distress; and that with all their industry and toil, their progress in it is slow, discreditable, and mortifying to them. The pupils thus foiled and perplexed, are palpably deficient, to use a phrenological term, in the 'organ of language,' and can never become ready and respectable linguists, by any kind or degree of discipline. As well may an attempt be made to form a musician out of a youth who has no ear (more properly no organ) for music; or to make an expert opera-dancer, or tumbler, of one who is deformed in his person and limbs, rickety in his bones, or feeble in his muscles.'

The correctness of the foregoing remarks is incontrovertible; then why is it that nature is not consulted in education? Can any mental discipline form a poet or an orator? Education can develop a genius which nature had implanted, but can never create one. Even the higher mathematics can be rendered useful to but few of those persons who are ordinarily indoctrinated in these recondite studies. The opinion that skill in mathematics is *essential* to the perfection of the reasoning faculties, may admit of a doubt, when we consider that some of our best reasoners in the pulpit, at the bar, and in our legislative bodies, never evinced any particular aptitude for this science; and farther, that it is no unusual circumstance to find expert practical logicians among those of the lower orders of society, who are unacquainted with mathematics, even by name. We are told, by Lord Orrery, that Swift 'held logic and metaphysics in the utmost contempt; and he scarce considered mathematics and natural philosophy, unless to turn them into ridicule.' If the Dean of St. Patrick's despised mathematics, it is not reasonable to suppose that he made any proficiency in these studies; and yet that his reasoning faculties were of a high order, we have only to look into his writings to be convinced. The poet Gray had no affection for mathematics, according to his own account, in one of those admirable letters,

which, in the opinion of Johnson, evinced a mind of a 'large grasp,' and a 'cultivated judgment.' Mathematical studies, then, although indispensable to some pursuits, ought to be confined to those individuals who have a *talent* for them, or take delight in them; and students of this class only, are fit for astronomers, architects, engineers, etc. To the majority of youth, a knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics is of little use, and is seldom put to account in the ordinary transactions of life. It is a fact, that the most extensive commercial dealings may be maintained, with the utmost exactness, by means of some of the first rules of vulgar arithmetic.

On this head, we are aware of the *dictum* of a great philosopher, Lord Bacon, who pronounces of the pure mathematics, that they 'do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties intellectual. For, if the wit be too dull, they sharpen it; if too wandering, they fix it; if too inherent in the sense, they abstract it.' With the most profound deference for the authority just quoted, we cannot comprehend by what means mathematics operate to the cure of *defects* in the intellectual faculties; or how they are enabled to give to dull wit that acumen which nature had denied it. He who is physically absent of mind, is irreclaimable by art. And he who is dull-witted, or, which is the same thing, deficient in understanding, is not a proper subject for mathematical reasoning; nor is it in the power of this science to metamorphose a stupid man into a philosopher.

'It is a dictate of common sense, as well as of experience,' says our author, 'that youths should be educated, not altogether according to the notions of their parents, guardians, and instructors, but according to their own talents, and somewhat in accordance with their tastes, and the pursuits to which, as adults, they purpose to devote themselves. Let those, therefore, whom nature has endowed with a peculiar fitness, and a predominate love, for the study of languages, indulge their inclination, and become polyglots, and even pedants, if they please; for the knowledge of the dead languages makes more pedants, than all other sorts of knowledge. But let youths, who are differently endowed, pursue a different course. Let their minds be mainly directed to those branches for which they are most peculiarly qualified. It is thus, and thus alone, that the educated portion of the community can attain to the highest eminence and usefulness for which their faculties have fitted them. A contrary course has often driven young men from colleges and universities, who, had they been indulged in their favorite studies, and liberated from those toward which they had a native and unconquerable aversion, might have become ornaments to science, and benefactors of their race. And I venture to say, that toiling and puzzling over Greek and Latin has disgusted and discouraged more young men, and frustrated their education and hopes of distinction, than any or all other forms of study. Indeed, I have rarely seen a youth driven from college by his dislike of any other particular exercise than the study of Greek and Latin—some abstruse branch of mathematics perhaps excepted. One reason of this is, that when a youth has no taste for the dead languages, he consults his judgment on the subject,

and that tells him that the study of them is useless. And as respects *himself*, it tells him truly ; for to him, with his unfitness and aversion, it *is* useless, and can never be turned by him to any purpose either of profit or honor.'

It has been strenuously maintained by some writers, that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is *indispensable* in the study of the modern languages ; and it is upon this principle that a boy is first put to the Latin Grammar, in order to qualify him for the comprehension of that of his vernacular tongue. This, in vulgar phrase, is 'putting the cart before the horse.' 'Universal grammar,' as Lowth justly observes, 'cannot be taught abstractedly : it must be done with reference to some language already known, in which the terms are to be explained, and the rules exemplified. The learner is supposed to be unacquainted with all but his native tongue ; and in what other, consistently with reason and common sense, can you go about to explain it to him ?' The converse, then, of the proposition is true : to the modern student a knowledge of his own grammar is the proper preliminary to an understanding of that of the ancient tongues ; for, in the words of the author just cited, 'a competent grammatical knowledge of our own language is the true foundation upon which all literature, properly so called, ought to be raised.'

We are far from underrating the classical dialects of Greece and Rome — those languages which have been immortalized by a Homer and a Virgil, a Thucydides and a Cicero. He who can boast of their acquisition, may lay claim to intellectual treasures of no ordinary value. But that they are *indispensable* to the knowledge of our mother tongue, we are not disposed to admit. The English language has its own grammatical construction, and its own idiom ; and these are to be illustrated, not by foreign grammars, and foreign idioms, but by those native writers, whose compositions are the only exemplars of grammatical arrangement, and the models of idiomatic peculiarities. In vain may we expect to obtain a knowledge of English, without studying its authors ; and what the construction of the language of these authors has in common with the ancient tongues, is of small moment, compared with that which is its distinguishing characteristic. So much for grammar and idiom. With respect to words, a knowledge of their derivation is the business of the etymologist, and is useful to the lexicographer, but it is not essential to the ordinary student, who need look no farther than to their proper use, and accepted signification. We should never forget, that all languages were originally formed, not by the learned, but by the vulgar ; and to the latter we are frequently compelled to resort for the explanation of vernacular words or phrases, which have been overlooked by the compilers of dictionaries. The celebrated French critic, Vaugelas, was in the habit of consulting his female acquaintance, on the import of terms which had obtained the sanction of polite usage, under the persuasion that people of good-breeding, but whose minds had received no bias from foreign discipline, were the most proper arbiters in matters of current locution. That we have adopted many words derived from the ancient tongues, is true ; but are we to be told, that, unless we are acquainted with their etymology, we cannot



correctly ascertain their signification? The illiterate beggar, who implores our alms, requires something to *comfort* him in his distress; and he as perfectly understands the meaning of the verb *comfort*, as the scholar who has been taught that *comfort* is formed of the Latin words *con* or *cum* and *fortis*; and he pockets our charity, without caring whether this evangelical noun be derived from the Greek or Latin.

The erudite writers who lay so much stress upon the study of the dead languages, as instrumental to the acquisition of our own tongue, are silent on the subject of that dialect which is the basis of the English — the Saxon. The reason is, that the language of our primitive ancestors forms no part of the studies of those philomaths, who esteem every literary pursuit vulgar, which cannot claim affinity with classical antiquity. Now if any one language be necessary to the elucidation of another, it is the Saxon we ought principally to invoke, for from this source many of our most expressive and vigorous words have been derived. But in the study of English, we need no auxiliaries. A language so simple in its form and construction, so easily understood, so rich and expressive in its phraseology — adapted, as it unquestionably is, to the fervor of oratory, the dignified discussions of history, the elegance and rythmical flow of poetry, and, above all, to the precision of science — is worthy of being studied for its own intrinsic excellence; and could be thoroughly acquired, if all the remains of antiquity were swept from the earth.

Professor Caldwell maintains, that it is possible 'a critical acquaintance with Greek and Latin may even mislead a scholar respecting the meaning of an English word; as the signification attached to many English words, by *custom*, which is the *law of speech*, is materially different from the signification of their Greek and Latin roots.' Bishop Lowth declares, that 'the greatest critic, and most able grammarian of the last age, when he came to apply his learning and his criticism to an *English* author, was frequently at a loss in matters of ordinary use, and common construction, in his own *vernacular idiom*.'

We are disposed to believe that a *special* application to foreign literature, whether ancient or modern, has a tendency, not only to vitiate our oral speech, but to corrupt our written language, by the introduction of a phraseology which neither good taste can approve, nor can it be justified by the practice of standard authors. One of the best examples of unadulterated English, of the age in which it was written, is the admirable letter of Anne Boleyn to her brutal husband, Henry VIII., in which letter the sorrows of the calumniated queen are depicted in a language which was the spontaneous offspring of the heart. Her daughter Elizabeth, whose masculine mind was imbued with *classical* lore, under the tuition of the pedantic Ascham, wrote in the scholastic dialect which characterizes the English of that courtly pedagogue. 'The style of Sir Thomas Browne,' says Johnson, 'is a tissue of many languages; a mixture of heterogeneous words, brought together from distant regions, with terms originally appropriated to one art, and drawn by violence into the service of another. It is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please;

his tropes are harsh, and his combinations uncouth.' It was the vaunt of Browne, that, 'beside the dialects of different provinces, he understood *six* languages.' The English prose of Milton, with its lengthened periods, abounding in Latinisms and inversions, is read only by the curious, who are willing to dive into an ocean of words, in the hope of discovering pearls. Hume was reproached by Dr. Priestley, for departing from the *true* English idiom, and leaning to that of the French. And the same objection was made to the style of Gibbon, who also superadded the transposition, and rhetorical pomp, of the writers of antiquity. Both of these distinguished historians were conversant with the French language, which they wrote with ease and correctness; particularly the latter, whose first publication, the *Essay on the Study of Literature*, was in this elegant tongue.

A long residence abroad not only exercises an influence upon the modes of thinking of individuals — their tastes and judgments — but their native language is thereby apt to lose that raciness, which is its distinguishing feature. John B. Rousseau, and the Huguenot divine, Saurin, have been censured by critics for anomalies of expression, which have been stigmatized as the '*stile réfugiée*' — the refugee style — a departure from purity, which was the result of their intercourse with strangers in foreign lands. Gibbon confesses, in his *Memoirs*, that the perusal of the English writers, since the revolution, most seasonably contributed to restore the purity of his own language, 'which had been corrupted by the long use of a foreign idiom,' during his residence at Lausanne, in Switzerland.

'Our language,' says Johnson, 'for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original Teutonic character, and deviating toward a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavor to recall it, by making our ancient volumes the ground-work of style, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.'

Here let it be observed, that the great lexicographer does not point out to the student of English, the Greek and Latin as models of imitation, but our vernacular writers; whose works he emphatically denominates 'the wells of English undefiled, the pure sources of genuine diction.' 'A mixture of two languages,' says he, in another place, 'will produce a third, distinct from both; and they will always be mixed, where *the chief part of education and the most conspicuous accomplishment is skill in ancient or in foreign tongues*. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms, and exotic expressions.'

It is worthy of note, that Addison was sneeringly pronounced 'no great scholar,' by some critics of the *old school*, because he addicted himself chiefly to the study of the writers of his native tongue, as the proper ground-work of English style. The happy effects of this discernment, however, may be seen in his inimitable essays, wherein the true English idiom is united with a gracefulness

of manner, and an elegance and purity of expression, which have rendered this author the best model of refined diction in the language.

Locke, an undoubted authority in matters of education, in reprehending the scholastic method of making themes, objects to the Latin for this purpose, inasmuch as an English student may 'never have an occasion once to make a speech in it as long as he lives, after he becomes to be a man. For,' he adds, 'it is a language wherein the manner of expressing one's self is so far different from ours, that to be perfect in that, would very little improve the purity and facility of his English style.'

'To write and speak correctly,' says the same author, 'gives a grace, and gains a favorable attention, to what one has to say; and, since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, *that* is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English, may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality.'

'Through what language,' says our author, 'must American genius shine in oratory, charm in poetry, and instruct in history, philosophy, and other forms of literary composition? Through Greek and Latin? No, certainly; but through our mother tongue, forgetful of its descent from any other language. For the time is certainly coming, when that descent *will* be forgotten, or disregarded. The remembrance will not hang a perpetual incubus on our speech, detracting from its independence, and preventing its maturity. For the English tongue never will, nor can, be completely mature, until rendered so by *independent* cultivation.' This is as true, as that we should never have emerged from immaturity, as a nation, had we continued in our colonial dependance on Great Britain. An independent condition is essential to the perfection of all that is human. To suppose that the English language, which, in less than a century, will be spoken by three hundred millions of souls — first in standing among the races of men — to suppose that it will still be considered the nursling of the languages of those specks of earth called Italy and Greece, whose pride, pomp, and power have long since passed away, is the consummation of romance — not, to pronounce it the height of absurdity. Ages on ages after those languages shall have become — as become they must — the Sanscrit of letters, will the English tongue continue to improve in all the higher qualities of speech — and it will improve the more rapidly, from being cultivated alone, without any reference to the source from which it sprang.

In conclusion, we cannot forbear to say, that we have seldom perused a pamphlet, wherein matter to arouse reflection, and manner to invite it, are more skilfully blended, than in the discourse before us. The life of Professor Caldwell has been devoted to literature and science. He has long been favorably known by his various publications; and this last, on a subject of universal concern, is worthy of universal consideration.

## STANZAS.

THERE is a feeling, whose wild thrill  
 Awakes and slumbers once — once only ;  
 It bends our pride, it mocks our will,  
 Makes deserts glad, or cities lonely ;  
 Like the Greek fire that still blazed high,  
 Till all to which it clung was ashes,  
 That passion cannot wane nor die,  
 While life remains to feed its flashes.

WO, want, yea even the crust of crime,  
 The heart's dark soil may chill and harden,  
 And leave it in its early prime,  
 Unfertile as a blighted garden ;  
 But love — first love — in ruin nursed,  
 Seedling of Heaven, of growth eternal,  
 Will nestle in some spot uncursed,  
 And keep that spot for ever vernal.

EVEN when the dark, oblivious tomb  
 The lovely and the loved hath shrouded,  
 The very tears that mourn her doom,  
 But serve to keep love's light unclouded :  
 For death's keen arrow cannot slay  
 The memory of the loved he slaughters —  
 From life's bright stream they pass away,  
 But leave their shadow on its waters.

B.

## A BELL'S BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TWICE-TOLD TALES,' 'THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,' ETC.

HEARKEN to our neighbor with the iron tongue ! While I sit musing over my sheet of foolscap, he emphatically tells the hour, in tones loud enough for all the town to hear, though doubtless intended only as a gentle hint to myself, that I may begin his biography before the evening shall be farther wasted. Unquestionably, a personage in such an elevated position, and making so great a noise in the world, has a fair claim to the services of a biographer. He is the representative and most illustrious member of that innumerable class, whose characteristic feature is the tongue, and whose sole business, to clamor for the public good. If any of his noisy brethren, in our tongue-governed democracy, be envious of the superiority which I have assigned him, they have my free consent to hang themselves as high as he. And for his history, let not the reader apprehend an empty repetition of ding-dong-bell. He has been the passive hero of wonderful vicissitudes, with which I have chanced to become acquainted, possibly from his own mouth ; while the careless multitude supposed him to be talking merely of the time of day, or calling them to dinner or to church, or bidding drowsy people go bedward, or the dead to their graves. Many a revolution has it been his fate to go through, and invariably with a prodigious uproar. And whether or no he have told me his reminiscences, this at least is true, that the more I study his deep-toned language, the more sense, and sentiment, and soul, do I discover in it.

This bell — for we may as well drop our quaint personification — is of antique French manufacture, and the symbol of the cross betokens that it was meant to be suspended in the belfry of a Romish place of worship. The old people hereabout have a tradition, that a considerable part of the metal was supplied by a brass cannon, captured in one of the victories of Louis the Fourteenth over the Spaniards, and that a Bourbon princess threw her golden crucifix into the molten mass. It is said, likewise, that a bishop baptized and blessed the bell, and prayed that a heavenly influence might mingle with its tones. When all due ceremonies had been performed, the Grand Monarque bestowed the gift — than which none could resound his beneficence more loudly — on the Jesuits, who were then converting the American Indians to the spiritual dominion of the Pope. So the bell — our self-same bell, whose familiar voice we may hear at all hours, in the streets — this very bell sent forth its first-born accents from the tower of a log-built chapel, westward of Lake Champlain, and near the mighty stream of the Saint Lawrence. It was called Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. The peal went forth as if to redeem and consecrate the heathen wilderness. The wolf growled at the sound, as he prowled stealthily through the underbrush — the grim bear turned his back, and stalked sullenly away — the startled doe leaped up, and led her fawn into a deeper solitude. The red men wondered what awful voice was speaking amid the wind that roared through the tree-tops; and following reverentially its summons, the dark-robed fathers blessed them, as they drew near the cross-crowned chapel. In a little time, there was a crucifix on every dusky bosom. The Indians knelt beneath the lowly roof, worshipping in the same forms that were observed under the vast dome of Saint Peter's, when the Pope performed high mass in the presence of kneeling princes. All the religious festivals, that awoke the chiming bells of lofty cathedrals, called forth a peal from Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. Loudly rang the bell of the wilderness, while the streets of Paris echoed with rejoicings for the birthday of the Bourbon, or whenever France had triumphed on some European battle-field. And the solemn woods were saddened with a melancholy knell, as often as the thick-strewn leaves were swept away from the virgin soil, for the burial of an Indian chief.

Meantime, the bells of a hostile people and a hostile faith were ringing on Sabbaths and lecture-days, at Boston and other puritan towns. Their echoes died away hundreds of miles south-eastward of Our Lady's Chapel. But scouts had threaded the pathless desert that lay between, and, from behind the huge tree-trunks, perceived the Indians assembling at the summons of the bell. Some bore flaxen-haired scalps at their girdles, as if to lay those bloody trophies on Our Lady's altar. It was reported, and believed, all through New-England, that the Pope of Rome, and the King of France, had established this little chapel in the forest, for the purpose of stirring up the red men to a crusade against the English settlers. The latter took energetic measures to secure their religion and their lives. On the eve of an especial fast of the Romish church, while the bell tolled dismally, and the priests were chanting a doleful stave, a band of New-England rangers rushed from the surrounding woods. Fierce

shouts, and the report of musketry, pealed suddenly within the chapel. The ministering priests threw themselves before the altar, and were slain even on its steps. If, as antique traditions tell us, no grass will grow where the blood of martyrs has been shed, there should be a barren spot, to this very day, on the site of that desecrated altar.

While the blood was still plashing from step to step, the leader of the rangers seized a torch, and applied it to the drapery of the shrine. The flame and smoke arose, as from a burnt-sacrifice, at once illuminating and obscuring the whole interior of the chapel, now hiding the dead priests in a sable shroud, now revealing them and their slayers in one terrific glare. Some already wished that the altar-smoke could cover the deed from the sight of Heaven. But one of the rangers — a man of sanctified aspect, though his hands were bloody — approached the captain.

'Sir,' said he, 'our village meeting-house lacks a bell, and hitherto we have been fain to summon the good people to worship, by beat of drum. Give me, I pray you, the bell of this popish chapel, for the sake of the godly Mr. Rogers, who doubtless hath remembered us in the prayers of the congregation, ever since we began our march. Who can tell what share of this night's good success we owe to that holy man's wrestling with the Lord?'

'Nay, then,' answered the captain, 'if good Mr. Rogers hath holpen our enterprise, it is right that he should share the spoil. Take the bell and welcome, Deacon Lawson, if you will be at the trouble of carrying it home. Hitherto it hath spoken nothing but papistry, and that too in the French or Indian gibberish; but I warrant me, if Mr. Rogers consecrate it anew, it will talk like a good English and Protestant bell.'

So Deacon Lawson and half a score of his townsmen took down the bell, suspended it on a pole, and bore it away on their sturdy shoulders, meaning to carry it to the shore of Lake Champlain, and thence homeward by water. Far through the woods gleamed the flames of Our Lady's Chapel, flinging fantastic shadows from the clustered foliage, and glancing on brooks that had never caught the sunlight. As the rangers traversed the midnight forest, staggering under their heavy burden, the tongue of the bell gave many a tremendous stroke — clang, clang, clang! — a most doleful sound, as if it were tolling for the slaughter of the priests and the ruin of the chapel. Little dreamed Deacon Lawson and his townsmen that it was their own funeral knell. A war-party of Indians had heard the report of musketry, and seen the blaze of the chapel, and now were on the track of the rangers, summoned to vengeance by the bell's dismal murmurs. In the midst of a deep swamp, they made a sudden onset on the retreating foe. Good Deacon Lawson battled stoutly, but had his skull cloven by a tomahawk, and sank into the depths of the morass, with the ponderous bell above him. And, for many a year thereafter, our hero's voice was heard no more on earth, neither at the hour of worship, nor at festivals nor funerals.

And is he still buried in that unknown grave? Scarcely so, dear reader. Hark! How plainly we hear him at this moment, the spokesman of Time, proclaiming that it is nine o'clock at night!

We may therefore safely conclude, that some happy chance has restored him to upper air.

But there lay the bell, for many silent years ; and the wonder is, that he did not lie silent there a century, or perhaps a dozen centuries, till the world should have forgotten not only his voice, but the voices of the whole brotherhood of bells. How would the first accent of his iron tongue have startled his resurrectionists ! But he was not fated to be a subject of discussion among the antiquaries of far posterity. Near the close of the Old French War, a party of New-England axe-men, who preceded the march of Colonel Bradstreet toward Lake Ontario, were building a bridge of logs through a swamp. Plunging down a stake, one of these pioneers felt it graze against some hard, smooth substance. He called his comrades, and by their united efforts, the top of the bell was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to it, and thence passed over the horizontal limb of a tree. Heave-oh ! up they hoisted their prize, dripping with moisture, and festooned with verdant water-moss. As the base of the bell emerged from the swamp, the pioneers perceived that a skeleton was clinging with its bony fingers to the clapper, but immediately relaxing its nerveless grasp, sank back into the stagnant water. The bell then gave forth a sullen clang. No wonder that he was in haste to speak, after holding his tongue for such a length of time ! The pioneers shoved the bell to-and-fro, thus ringing a loud and heavy peal, which echoed widely through the forest, and reached the ears of Colonel Bradstreet, and his three thousand men. The soldiers paused on their march ; a feeling of religion, mingled with home-tenderness, overpowered their rude hearts ; each seemed to hear the clangor of the old church-bell, which had been familiar to him from infancy, and had tolled at the funerals of all his forefathers. By what magic had that holy sound strayed over the wide-murmuring ocean, and become audible amid the clash of arms, the loud crashing of the artillery over the rough wilderness-path, and the melancholy roar of the wind among the boughs !

The New-Englanders hid their prize in a shadowy nook, betwixt a large gray stone and the earthy roots of an overthrown tree ; and when the campaign was ended, they conveyed our friend to Boston, and put him up at auction on the side-walk of King-street. He was suspended, for the nonce, by a block and tackle, and being swung backward and forward, gave such loud and clear testimony to his own merits, that the auctioneer had no need to say a word. The highest bidder was a rich old representative from our town, who piously bestowed the bell on the meeting-house where he had been a worshipper for half a century. The good man had his reward. By a strange coincidence, the very first duty of the sexton, after the bell had been hoisted into the belfry, was to toll the funeral knell of the donor. Soon, however, those doleful echoes were drowned by a triumphant peal for the surrender of Quebec.

Ever since that period, our hero has occupied the same elevated station, and has put in his word on all matters of public importance, civil, military, or religious. On the day when Independence was first proclaimed in the street beneath, he uttered a peal which many

deemed ominous and fearful, rather than triumphant. But he has told the same story these sixty years, and none mistake his meaning now. When Washington, in the fullness of his glory, rode through our flower-strewn streets, this was the tongue that bade the Father of his Country welcome! Again the same voice was heard when La Fayette came to gather in his half-century's harvest of gratitude. Meantime, vast changes have been going on below. His voice, which once floated over a little provincial sea-port, is now reverberated between brick edifices, and strikes the ear amid the buzz and tumult of a city. On the Sabbaths of olden time, the summons of the bell was obeyed by a picturesque and varied throng; stately gentlemen in purple velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, white wigs, and gold-laced hats, stepping with grave courtesy beside ladies in flowered satin gowns, and hoop-petticoats of majestic circumference; while behind followed a liveried slave or bondsman, bearing the psalm-book and a stove for his mistress's feet. The commonalty, clad in homely garb, gave precedence to their betters at the door of the meeting-house, as if admitting that there were distinctions between them, even in the sight of God. Yet, as their coffins were borne one after another through the street, the bell has tolled a requiem for all alike. What mattered it, whether or no there were a silver scutcheon on the coffin-lid? 'Open thy bosom, Mother Earth!' Thus spake the bell. 'Another of thy children is coming to his long rest. Take him to thy bosom, and let him slumber in peace.' Thus spake the bell, and Mother Earth received her child. With the self-same tones will the present generation be ushered to the embraces of their mother; and Mother Earth will still receive her children. Is not thy tongue a-weary, mournful talker of two centuries? Oh, funeral bell! wilt thou never be shattered with thine own melancholy strokes? Yea; and a trumpet-call shall arouse the sleepers, whom thy heavy clang could awake no more!

Again—again, thy voice, reminding me that I am wasting the 'midnight oil.' In my lonely fantasy, I can scarce believe that other mortals have caught the sound, or that it vibrates elsewhere than in my secret soul. But to many hast thou spoken. Anxious men have heard thee on their sleepless pillows, and bethought themselves anew of to-morrow's care. In a brief interval of wakefulness, the sons of toil have heard thee, and say, 'Is so much of our quiet slumber spent?—is the morning so near at hand?' Crime has heard thee, and mutters, 'Now is the very hour!' Despair answers thee, 'Thus much of this weary life is gone!' The young mother, on her bed of pain and ecstasy, has counted thy echoing strokes, and dates from them her first-born's share of life and immortality. The bride-groom and the bride have listened, and feel that their night of rapture flits like a dream away. Thine accents have fallen faintly on the ear of the dying man, and warned him that, ere thou speakest again, his spirit shall have passed whither no voice of time can ever reach. Alas for the departing traveller, if thy voice—the voice of fleeting time—have taught him no lessons for Eternity!



## THE DEPARTURE OF PAUL.

‘For I am now ready to be offered; and the time of my departure is at hand.’

DAY dawned on old Miletus. Castle wall,  
And minaret, and dome, seemed bathed in gold :  
Through the carved arches of Apollo's shrine,  
Within the pillared temple of the gods,  
Obliquely streamed the tide of morning light.  
Along the harbor's marge floated quaint barques  
From Lesser Asia; where, in other days,  
And darker, too, towered high, in warlike guise,  
Rich Persia's fleets. From out the laurelled groves  
Where rapt Timotheus struck his early lyre,  
Issued sweet sounds that wiled gray Thalés oft,  
And drew the eye of Anaximénés —  
His fixed and stern-browed eye — from off the page  
Of his philosophy. The traveller  
Passed seldom through the streets : the caravans  
Infrequent through the silent gates; and walked  
But slowly to the vacant merchant stalls.  
The Dydomæan god gave to the sun  
His shadows; and the Sybil's Cave reared up  
Its hideous mouth, and welcome made to day.  
The brow of Cælus, in whose wrinkles hid  
The Seven Sleepers, threw the shades of Night  
From o'er its front, as woman throws her locks  
Of raven back. The dews thrilled dyingly  
Along the parks, that poured their fragrance out,  
Like balmy streamlets — and unnumbered founts  
Scattered their leaping waters like a shower  
Of pearls. The hanging gardens drooped their leaves  
Beside the turret: and the high tower gave  
Its sentries rest. The misted fields, where sheep  
Were crouching, and whose bleatings spoke the wealth  
Of the Miletians, and the kingly walks  
Where none but Caria's nobles trod, rolled up  
Their dewy shroud, and gave it to be twined  
Around the bosom of the morning sky.

'T was beautiful! 't was wondrous beautiful!  
Yet there were scenes more beautiful than these —  
On which were poured a purer light than Morn's —  
Where sweeter music flowed — where bright flowers bloomed  
More fair and fragrant — where the waters gushed  
Fresher and pearlier: for our God was there!

Paul gathered with the elders. From the church  
At Ephesus, his parting summons called  
A chosen band of mighty men — of men 'equipped  
From God,' and mighty through His grace. They pressed  
To bide his charge — in morning's hush to hear  
The voice that worldlings deemed 'contemptible.'  
Ages had fled — ages of thought for God —  
Since first he trod their shores. A lowly man  
In stature, with a meek and quiet step,  
Yet with an eye that pierced the gazer through,  
From the first day that Asia greeted him,  
Down to the last, he had been ever — PAUL.

Morning, and noon, and night, 'mid tears and sweat,  
And prayers, he still was PAUL. His tears were wiped  
With stones; his drops of bloody sweat with chains;  
His prayers responded to by stripes; his words  
Of love, and faith, and truth, by prison cells;  
Still was he as at first — great, brave, and holy PAUL.

The hour had come. From all he saw, he turned  
 His eye, as Daniel erst his glance of hope,  
 Toward far Jerusalem. With pilgrim haste,  
 Shod for his journey, every hour's delay  
 Whetted his longings for the Pentacost.  
 He heard the trumpet-call; he saw the tents;  
 The branches twined in bowers; and the dim cloud  
 Of incense, like the floating light that beamed  
 From the Shechinar, marked the great Hallel.  
 And as he gathered strength for his last words,  
 His soul came down from every flight, and lodged  
 Upon them. Every one bore up his heart:  
 He seemed to place it in their hands, that they  
 Might read the secret throbbings of his soul.  
 The veins were mountains he had crossed; each drop  
 Of blood flowed as a sea, and told of storms  
 That he had weathered; every tendril twined  
 Itself to fetters; and the cavities  
 Looked deep, like dungeons. Every throb proclaimed,  
 With tongueless voice, and yet aloud and oft,  
 His testimonies for the living God.

And now they rose to part. The soul of Paul  
 Yet throbbed with high and fond imaginings;  
 His bosom held all hearts in his; and they  
 Gave up the current of their thoughts, to flow  
 In channels hallowed by his eloquence.  
 His life was scanned. His charge was said. And now  
 Once more and last he turned his eye toward  
 The city of his love. Giving himself  
 To prayer, as birds stretch out their wings aloft,  
 He took his brethren to the mercy seat,  
 And left them there. Commending them and all  
 To God, and weeping freely as he spake,  
 He gently drew himself from their embrace,  
 And onward went toward the Pentacost.

C. W. D.

## A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.

WHEN man was banished from the garden of Eden, he received the dread sentence that the ground should be cursed for his sake, and that in sorrow should he eat of it all the days of his life. We are all aware that this language, however true in its general application, is not to be understood in a literal and exclusive sense. Man was told that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles; but it also produces flowers to delight, and fruits to nourish him. The Infinite Being has said that the days of our life shall be marked with sorrow, and they are; but the afflictions to which we are subject are attended with blessed antidotes: moral sources of enjoyment are given us, as fruits and flowers for the soul, and the teachings of interest, as well as the impulses of gratitude, should lead us to consider with attention those gifts which enlarge the capacities of the spirit, and call forth the affections of the heart. And such a gift is POETRY.

If it be asked, 'What is poetry?' we must confess ourselves unable to afford a minute definition; for, like the unearthly visitants which the fears of superstition have occasionally summoned to the world, she fascinates the senses, but eludes the grasp of the beholder,

and stands before him, visible, powerful, yet impalpable. The various occupations and pursuits of life may be explained with clearness and accuracy, for they have been created and divided by man; but poetry is *above*, and not *of* man, and he cannot, by any array of words, set forth its subtlety, its peculiarities, its perfection, its loveliness, and its universal power. Can the painter place the arched rainbow, or the glittering dew-drop on the canvass? Can the sculptor invest his image with a soul? Can the sympathies that mysteriously connect us, the unfledged thoughts that rush tumultuously through the brain, be subjected to the process of analysis, and the power of demonstration?

It seems equally impossible to define poetry. We may pile word upon word, and sentence upon sentence, to attain the object, but the result of our labors, like that of the builders of the tower of Babel, will be discomfiture and confusion; and poetry will still exist, defying the power of language, and soaring above the reach of description. It may naturally be inquired, then, 'Cannot poetry be defined? Do we know of what we speak, when we allude to it?'

We do; for many of its definitions, to a certain extent, are correct: they tell us what poetry is, in a peculiar aspect, but fail to give us sufficiently comprehensive views. We may safely assume the position, that poetry always addresses itself either to the imagination, or the feelings, or to both.

The word poet is derived from the Greek ποιέω, 'I create,' and its etymological signification is, therefore, *the Creator*.

Shakspeare has adopted this meaning in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream':

'The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
And as imagination *bodies forth*  
*The forms of things unknown*, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation, and a name.'

But even the definition of Shakspeare falls far short of conveying to the mind a complete idea of the poet: indeed, the inventor of unnatural or supernatural characters, the poet of ghosts, witches, and fairies, is neither the most useful, nor the most fascinating of his class. The poet of *nature* stands preëminent — not the one who 'bodies forth the forms of things unknown,' but he who takes known and familiar subjects, and presents them to the eye with such beauty, delicacy, and force, that we view them in a new light, and connect them with delightful associations. It is the province of Poetry, by some beautiful thought, some apt comparison, some fine illustration, some well-woven fiction, or eloquent exclamation, to fix on the memory the subject of which she speaks; and if it be one connected with the cause of truth, if it be a correct sentiment, or a moral or religious precept, poetry makes it sink deeper into the heart, and take a stronger hold on the feelings. Thus we have often heard that it is right to love our enemies, but the bard adds, 'like a sandal tree that sheds perfume on the axe that fells it.'

It is not our intention to speak particularly of the conventional classifications and divisions of poetry, but merely to offer a few

general remarks on the subject, intended, in some slight degree, to set forth its value and its interest.

Its mechanical part is a useful subject for the poet himself, but it is only a medium, and not a necessary one, for the conveyance of ideas, since poetry may be expressed in what is called prose; and its peculiar eloquence need not of necessity be communicated to the world in accordance with the rules of versification.

'T is not the chime and flow of words that move  
In measured file, and metrical array;  
'T is not the union of returning sounds,  
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,  
And quantity, and accent, that can give  
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,  
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.  
'T is a mysterious feeling, which combines  
Man with the world around him, in a chain  
Woven of flowers.'

But although poetry is not unavoidably dependent upon arbitrary rules, it is not to be denied, that it is *verse*, in its general acceptation; and it is perfectly natural that it should be: the laws which govern poetry are evidently useful in their operation; they tend to preserve a general harmony of expression, which is itself a part of poetry; for those passages in prose works which are classed with the productions of the muse, certainly possess this melodious flow; and to the position assumed with regard to the meaning of poetry, we may add, that it is connected with harmony of expression. Here, then, we see the utility of the restrictions by which the poet chooses to be bound, and perceive that the laws of poetry facilitate its composition, and maintain its distinctiveness.

If a writer's ear be so delicate and accurate, that he can pen his sentences with the same harmony which the rules of versification tend to produce, the absence of the arbitrary divisions and accentuations would not prevent his compositions from deserving the name of poetry. But this has been seldom attempted, as there are very few who do not find the laws of metre convenient. All those most distinguished as poets, have written in verse; and although poetry may occasionally appear, without its distinctive peculiarities, the utility of these mechanical arrangements will be seen at a glance.

There is a mysterious relationship between poetry and music: there is melody in the reading of poetry; and the feelings aroused by the breathings of music, are kindred to those which poetry excites; and when they unite their peculiar attractions, the combined spell opens a new source of enchantment, enthralling alike the senses and the soul. But poetry may well hold a higher place in our estimation than music. Unlike the latter, it can distinctly relate the facts of history, and the fancies of fiction, and can summon to our view figures and scenes, with a truth and vividness defying the skill of the limner. The faculty of composing poetry is a gift peculiar to a few; but the power of appreciating it, is open to all. We can all love and admire it, because it addresses the common feelings of humanity; its spirit is universal; it can affect, arouse, inspire, delight, and improve us all.

However powerful the influence of education, it can never make

a poet : we may feel the want of one, and look anxiously for the appearance of some Homer, or Shakspeare, or Milton; but no means within the power of man can bring him forth, if the spirit is wanting : and perhaps, at the same time, independent of factitious aid, and ignorant of those who are willing to exert it, a poet may arise to 'wake and warm the world,' and exist in the sympathies and affections of its inhabitants, as long as that world shall last.

Poetry is emphatically a *gift*, but as we have already remarked, it is not for an initiated few only to receive the advantages to be derived from it. Like the source of light, it may be a wonder and a mystery, but it is made for all mankind, and sends its rays alike

'On palace couch and cottage bed.'

It may rouse the admiration and the sympathy of the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, and of all those who have the common feelings, passions, and desires of humanity.

It is chiefly to this universal power of poetry, that we shall call the reader's attention in this essay — a power that

'Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

We know there are many who, influenced by some prejudice, or ignorant of their own capabilities of enjoyment, will think, and perhaps say, that poetry has no charms for them; and who, guided by the operation of an ill-formed opinion, studiously close their eyes to its fascinating and permanent attractions. We ask but of such, that before they finally abjure poetry, they place themselves in a situation to feel its influence : they would not fail soon to acknowledge that they had despised only because they had neglected it; they would exclaim, with a voice of exultation : 'We have discovered an ever-living fountain of crystal waters, where angels might wash, and be purer.'

Whatever may be our situation in life, we may all be benefitted by encouraging an attachment to poetry. It opens to us new sources of pleasure and enjoyment, not such as can only be purchased by immense wealth, and severe application, but such as are available to the humblest and the poorest : it

'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

In truth,

'The world is full of poetry; the air  
Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled  
And mantled with its beauty.'

There is an objection to poetry, very generally prevalent, which debars many from a participation in its pure and elevated enjoyments. 'Poetry,' it is often said, 'is not *practical* !'

And here let us observe, that this word *practical*, is too often used in a limited sense, and represents only that which, at very first view, is palpably and incontrovertibly useful. Indeed, to go farther, it is sometimes an '*ignus fatuus*,' and means merely an array of figures,

or a collection of facts, without any very minute reference to the demonstrative character of the figures, or the conclusive tendency of the facts. A practical man, of this latter class, to use BULWER's language, 'hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love for facts. If you could speak to him out of the multiplication-table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus: 'When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' he would think you a shallow fellow, a mere theorist; but if you were to say to him: 'One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823, wheat was forty-nine shillings, hop grounds let from ten to twelve shillings per acre, and you must therefore confess that, 'when abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' the practical man would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbor, 'That's the man for my money: you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech.' Alas! for such practical men! They confine themselves within a narrow circle, and look upon all beyond as idleness and folly. They do not pause to view the ultimate results of things; they do not see the softening, the refining, the exalting effects of poetry; they do not perceive its influence on national character, and its connection with morals and religion; they only look to the facts, that it does not tell them how to keep accounts — to buy, to sell, to manufacture, nor to speculate — that it is not always profitable, as a trade, and that it does not add to one's reputation on 'Change; and thus they come to the conclusion that it is undeserving of encouragement. Such men are willing to drag all who are above them down to their own level; to make the whole world one great arena of selfishness; to root with barbarous hand from our pathway every fruit and flower, and leave nothing but 'thorns and thistles' behind. There is too much intellect in the world, for the general success of such narrow views of utility; and the human mind is not always nor every where to be bound by fetters that disgrace and pollute it.

Neele, in the commencement of his Lectures on English Poetry, says: 'In introducing poetry to your notice, I am constrained to confess, that it is a mere superfluity and ornament.' With all deference, we must question the truth of the poet's remark: indeed, in the course of a few succeeding lines, he himself contradicts his previous 'confession,' and observes that, 'there is a *mental* appetite, which is as necessary to satisfy, as the *corporeal* one.' There are maladies of the mind which are even more destructive than those of the body; and which, as the sound of the sweet harp of David drove the demon out of Saul, have been known to yield to the soothing influence of poetry. Nations the most illustrious in arts and arms, have also been the most celebrated for their cultivation of letters; and when the monuments of those arts, and the achievements of those arms, have passed away from the face of the earth, they have transmitted their fame to the remotest ages, through the medium of literature alone.

The canvass fritters into shreds, and the column moulders into ruin; the voice of music is mute, and the beautiful expression of sculpture is a blank and a gloomy void; the right hand of the mechanist forgets its cunning, and the arm of the warrior becomes powerless in the grave; *but the lyre of the poet still vibrates. Ages*

listen to his song and honor it ; and while the pencil of Appelles, and the chisel of Phidias, and the sword of Cæsar, and the engine of Archimedes, live only in the breath of tradition, or on the page of history, or in some perishable and imperfect fragment, the pen of Homer, of Virgil, or of Shakspeare, is an instrument of power as mighty and magical, as when first the gifted finger of the poet grasped it. Is poetry then — the sweet comforter of the mind diseased — the electric chain wherewith ages past, present, and future are bound — the mighty and magical power swaying the hearts and moulding the actions of men — a ‘mere superfluity and ornament ?’ No, no: it is not: and the young poet who made the assertion, undervalued the gift of which he was a possessor ; and we conceive that no full and correct exposition can be made of the benefits of poetry, without treating it as *practical*, in its final tendencies.

England is the only powerful nation with whom we have ever been at war. A little more than half a century since, we were placed in that peculiar relation toward her, which is calculated of all others to beget feelings of deadly hostility ; and the people of both countries naturally fostered sentiments of aversion to each other, and magnified all attributed political vices, and national defects. Not a quarter of a century has passed away, since a war of several years’ duration was waged with Great Britain, when old feelings of hatred were revived, and from the smouldering ashes of past dissensions, a new flame was kindled, that made the hearts of the American people burn with indignation, and caused them to speak with additional severity of the nation which had so recently given them fresh grounds for enmity. Other causes of dispute and discussion have arisen between the two countries ; but notwithstanding all these reasons for mutual ill-feeling, we may safely say, that in the affairs of no nation do the people of the United States take a deeper or a kindlier interest, than in those of Great Britain, and that toward no people do they entertain more friendly and respectful sentiments. The impression made on the American people by the English poets, will never be effaced ! It preserved its influence in the stormiest days of the revolution ; it had a ‘still small voice,’ even amid the din of battle ; it now aids in preserving those amicable relations between the two countries, which are a present source of satisfaction to both ; and if not weakened by some new and unexpected subject of angry controversy, will continue to brighten and strengthen the bands of an honorable friendship.

Above all poets who have contributed to make this impression, Shakspeare stands preëminent. His works are known and admired by all classes, in both countries, and his potent influence has moulded their feelings, and swayed their minds. The words of Sprague, in his fine ode to the deathless bard of Avon, are those ‘of truth and soberness :’

‘Our Roman-hearted fathers broke  
Thy parent empire’s galling yoke ;  
But thou, harmonious monarch of the mind,  
Around their sons a gentle chain shall bind,  
Once more in thee shall Albion’s sceptre wave,  
And what her mighty Lion lost, her mightier Swan shall save.’

After a long and fearful lethargy, the spirit of liberty in Greece

exhibited signs of réanimation, and the glad tidings sent a thrill of joy to every lover of free institutions. We knew that the Greeks had degenerated; we were acquainted with their faults and their vices; but Greece was the land of Homer; the tones of his lyre still breathed in our ears; he had written as with a diamond the glory and the greatness of Greece upon our hearts; he had shown to us her trials and her fortitude; he had exhibited her heroes and her statesmen; he had sung of her battles and her victories; we sympathized with her in her misfortunes — we rejoiced in her prosperity; and when degenerate and disgraced, but not despairing, Greece lifted up her hands for succor — when the voice of her lamentation came mournfully over the Atlantic waves — we could not find it in our hearts to resist its power, and were led to relieve the unfortunate, not only by that present misery which we saw, but also by that past greatness which her poets had revealed to us.

The enthusiasm which was excited some years since, in behalf of unfortunate and oppressed Poland, was none the less ardent for the sympathy excited by CAMPBELL. He had written of the wrongs of that injured nation, of the bravery of her people, and of the devoted courage of her favorite warrior; he had summoned before our mind's eye that last scene in which the soldier acted, when

'Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.'

We saw the energies of Poland prostrated by the ruthless vengeance of the Autocrat; we saw

'On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-died waters murmuring far below;  
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.'

Poland became still more endeared to us by the eloquence of the poet; and when she again determined to resist the rod of the oppressor, our hearts and our prayers were with her, and we proved our good wishes in a more substantial manner than by mere expressions of sympathy.

Few attachments are so strong that they cannot be increased; and poetry seems to make more powerful the beatings of a patriotic heart, and the aspirations of a patriotic mind. How spirit-stirring are the fine lines of Drake to our national banner! They seem to make us regard with still more fervent affection what we thought we had already loved to the utmost. Who, on reading that beautiful production, but has responded with a quickening pulse, and a prouder feeling, to the closing exclamation:

'Forever wave that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?  
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!'

This allusion to our national song, reminds us, that there is a wide field in which the American poet may employ himself, much to the increase of his own fame, and the good of his country. *We want more national songs.* Casual observers cannot appreciate their import-



ance. They give a tone to the feelings of a nation; they unite the hearts of a people; and by creating a harmonious pulsation of patriotic fervor, they oppose a barrier to the inroads of discord and disunion. We should have songs to cheer the heart of the mariner on the bosom of the perilous ocean; songs for the farmer and the mechanic; songs for the country and the town; all, as far as practicable, containing some appropriate sentiment — all directing our attachments to our common country — all strictly and truly *American*: and we should have *one* proud song, suited to all — one national anthem, that, like the *Marseilles Hymn*, of France, or the *Ranz de Vaches*, of Switzerland, should be dear to the bosom of every age, sex, and condition — that should be lisped by infancy, sung by budding youth, and vigorous manhood, and repeated in the tremulous accents of old age; a song that, like the war-torch of Scotland, which is carried with enthusiasm from clan to clan, should be handed down from generation to generation — the ‘song of songs’ of the American people.\* But aside from patriotic songs, there are many which confirm our love for domestic life, and virtuous conduct. A moral aphorism, which, when prosaically stated, might be considered merely as a dull saw, may, when skilfully woven in a popular song, prove a powerful auxiliary to the cause of truth.

Poetry can adapt herself to all ages. She can weave a simple ballad for childhood, or a fervent song for the youth ripening into manhood: she has her pictures of fireside happiness, and domestic comfort, for the parent, and her voice has a tone for the ear of the aged. She can adapt herself to all conditions; she has her simple and affecting narratives, for the poor and the humble; she has a trumpet-voice for the soldier, and the statesman, and a most refined speech for the scholar. She will be our companion at all times, and in all seasons; she will give an additional zest to prosperity; and when the season of adversity shall arrive, she will comfort the wounded spirit, and bind up the broken heart.

Miriam and Moses, the first authors, were poets; and their song of thanksgiving, on passing the Red Sea, has been styled ‘at once the most ancient monument, and a master-piece of poetic composition;’ and before the invention of letters, the religion, the laws, and the history of the different nations were handed down to posterity through the medium of poetry. Sculpture and painting are the fruits of long experience and unwearied care; and they have been gradually improved from the rudest imitations of nature to their present state; but poetry dates her mortal existence with the birth of mankind; and although the poet may employ his gift for unworthy purposes, it is still an emanation from the Deity:

‘As sunshine broken by the rill,  
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.’

And the most groundless and anomalous objections urged against poetry, are those which proceed from religious men. One great objection, on the part of such men, is the perversion of poetry to

\* We are heartily with our correspondent in this matter. ‘Yankee Doodle,’ as a national air, has neither dignity nor melody to recommend it. EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

improper uses. As well might they tell the patriot not to draw the sword in behalf of his country, because it is the weapon of the oppressor; as well might they cast away the Book of Life, because its meaning is distorted by fools and fanatics. Poetry is most grand, when connected with religious subjects; and in her purest and most sublime personification, she does not, like Ajax, defy the lightning and the God who made it, but like the ethereal beings around the throne of heaven, she veils her burning eyes with her resplendent wings, when in the solemn presence of the Almighty. He who has no love for poetry, may lay to heart the precepts of the Bible; but there is a light upon the pages of that book which he sees not; there is a harmony in its language which he hears not; for there is a vein of poetry, pure, simple, and sublime, running through the whole sacred volume.

No Christian will pretend to doubt, that the language of the Bible is the very language best calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; neither will any Christian deny, that it is intended for the perusal of man, in all ages, countries, and conditions; and if the language of this book is poetry, it naturally follows that the most useful instructions and sublime truths should really exert the greatest influence on mankind, when communicated to the world through this fascinating medium. We meet with poetry on the very threshold of the Bible. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' How simple and how significant! — how appropriate, yet how poetical! How well is the language adapted to describe the operations of a supreme being! No perplexing reflections, no obstacles: 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' He said, 'Let there be light, *and there was light!*'

We not only find poetry, in the abstract, in the Scriptures, but it has been maintained that a portion of the contents of that volume are written in accordance with certain rules of composition, approximating in some degree to those which govern poetry, in its most exclusive sense. 'Parallelism,' says Lowth, 'is a certain equality, resemblance, or relationship, between the members of each period; so that in one or more lines or members of the same period, things shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other, by a kind of rule or measure.'

The following are examples of parallel couplets, which have been quoted from the Old and New Testaments:

'Seek ye Jehovah while he may be found,  
Call upon him while he is near.'

'Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea;  
His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.'

'My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

'The memory of the just is blessed,  
But the name of the wicked shall rot.'

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,  
But deceitful are the kisses of an enemy.'

'If ye keep my commandments,  
Ye shall abide in my love ;  
Even as I have kept my father's commandments,  
And abide in his love.'

'I planted,  
Apollos watered,  
But God made to grow :  
So that neither he who planteth, is any thing,  
Nor he that watereth,  
But God, who maketh to grow.'

Are tenderness, or sublimity, or simplicity of expression, elements of poetry ? They are all in the Bible. Does poetry imply the invention of fictions ? Look at the parables. Must it embrace comparisons and figures ? Behold them in the Book of books. Take any of its attempted definitions, and they will all correspond with portions of the sacred volume.

In the New-Testament, we not only find poetry in its instructions, its descriptions, its parables, and its prophecies, but there is a majesty, a beauty, and an intellectuality in the action, embodying some of the finest elements of poetry. In the old dispensation, we read more of the frailties and the vices of men, but in the gospel we become acquainted with the perfect character and sublime conduct of Christ. A mediator is sent to reform, to save, the world. Had he appeared in all the paraphernalia of earthly pomp and regal splendor — had he descended as a conqueror, with his marshalled host, and glittering array — the passing vanities of earth might have seemed invested with a more sacred character.

But he came not thus. He was born in a manger, and died on the cross. He took advantage of no elevated situation in life ; but poor, persecuted, and oppressed, he exhibited in stronger relief the grandeur of the soul, and the uses of adversity. Apart even from his divine character, the history of his life makes a deep impression upon the poetic mind ; an impression so deep, that it wrung from the infidel Rousseau, the celebrated expression, when, alluding to the moral sublimity attending the last hours of Christ, he exclaims : 'SOCRATES died like a philosopher, but JESUS CHRIST like a God !' Take from us the belief in a future existence, and Poetry is shorn of her beams ; but let her discuss those subjects connected with our immortal destiny, and she assumes an appearance of inexpressible glory ; she strips us for a time of our earthly garments, that we may follow her to the pure river of life, and like the repentant tear which the Peri conveyed to the angel, removes the crystal bar which binds the gates of paradise.

Poetry is the appropriate handmaid of Religion ; and says Wolfe : 'The homage of Voltaire to the muse's piety remains a bright memorial of her allegiance to Christianity.' When the powers of hell seemed for a time to prevail, and his principles had given a shock to the faith of Europe, the daring blasphemer ventured to approach the dramatic muse ; but no inspiration would she vouchsafe to dignify the sentiments of impiety and atheism. He found that no impassioned emotion could be roused — no tragic interest excited — no generous and lofty feeling called into action, where those dark and chilling feelings pervade. He complied with the only terms upon

which the muse would impart her favors ; and the tragedies of Voltaire displayed the loveliness of Christianity, below indeed what a Christian would feel, but almost beyond what unbelieving Genius could conceive. Such was the victory of Poetry, when she arrested the Apostate, while marching onward to the desolation of mankind ; when the champion of modern philosophy fell down before the altar she had raised, and breathed forth the incense of an infidel's adoration ! When he came, like the disobedient prophet, that he might curse the people of God, and behold, ' he blessed them altogether.'

We are well assured that poetry, although sometimes seen in connection with error, even as the sons of God held companionship with the daughters of men, is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed to this imperfect world. She is not the offspring of human invention ; for unlike those arts and sciences which were given to man in an elementary state, she sprang, Minerva-like, into existence, perfect in her proportions, mature in her strength, and gorgeous in her pendency. The Christian can trace her divine origin with the utmost certainty, and behold with an unclouded vision, that she is born of God, and baptized with inspiration. She invests all things with an extrinsic glory ; she diffuses a new light upon the face of nature ; she weans us from the rule of our passions, and the dominion of our lusts, and reveals the golden ladder that leads from earth to heaven.

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L A M E N T .

## I.

How bright the sun's declining rays  
 Glitter on yonder gilded spire !  
 How sweet the evening zephyr plays  
 Through those old trees, that seem on fire !  
 Beneath those trees how oft I've strayed  
 With MARY, rapture in my eyes !  
 But now, alas ! beneath their shade  
 All that remains of MARY lies !

## II.

Oh ! can I ere the scene forget ?  
 'T was such an evening — this the place,  
 That first the lovely girl I met,  
 And gazed upon her angel face.  
 The west, at day's departure blushed,  
 And brightened to a crimson hue ;  
 Her cheek with kindred tints was flushed,  
 And ah ! her sun was sinking too !

## III.

She died ! — and at that very hour  
 Hope broke her wand and pleasure fled.  
 Life is a charm hath lost its power —  
 The enchantress of my days is dead !  
 That sun, those scenes where oft I've strayed  
 Transported, I no longer prize ;  
 For now, alas ! beneath their shade  
 All that remains of MARY lies !

J. C.

## THE LADY AND THE PAINTER:

A FRAGMENT FROM THE 'FIDGET PAPERS,' BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DANCING GIRL.'

THE house of Mrs. Rivers, a beautiful widow, stood in a fashionable *quartier* of the fair city of Boston, and now, when it was rumored that her recent illness had yielded to seclusion; and the most charming of physicians, her door was besieged with acquaintances, eager to offer their hollow congratulations, and their baseless compliments.

The first was a pale poet, in a seedy coat; one of that *pseudo* class, who bring the 'divine art' into discredit. He rang the bell with a tremulous air, for such thread-bare followers of the muses are ever afraid of your spruce lacquey in livery. Mr. Epic was called a follower of the muses, probably because he never overtook them. He was the author of the 'Genius of Washington,' a poem in eighty-four cantos, which might be said to possess the gift of immortality, since it would take a man an age to read it. If poetry be indeed a drug, this was an opiate, for its effects were most somniferous, and so pervading, that even an article in the *Aboriginal Review*, composed chiefly of extracts from the poem, put the five old ladies, who supported that quarterly, into a deep sleep, from which they never awoke.

'Is Mrs. Rivers at home?' asked the poet.

'She is. Wipe your shoes. Walk up. You know the way:' replied the aristocratic servant.

Silently and stealthily the poor poet ascended the lordly stair-case, and was soon in the presence of his patroness.

Again the bell rang, and again the pampered lacquey, having finished a flirtation with the chambermaid, answered the door, and admitted and showed up Walter Mortham.

Miss Sallow, an old maid, and her aunt, Mrs. Caution, the former in a saffron gown and black bonnet, for she was a *bas bleu*, and the latter in pink silk, for she had been a beauty, next presented themselves for admission.

Another pull at the bell. Capt. Percy, an English traveller, is the present summoner. A long pause ensues, during which the captain is concocting a paragraph about American servants, and by the time he has weighed and rejected several phrases, the door opens, and he is rejoiced with the information that Mrs. Rivers receives visitors. John has now lost his temper at the number of calls upon his time, and coolly says: 'Captain, you're such an old acquaintance, you may as well come in without ringing.'

And now, reader, perhaps you have been left too long waiting in the vestibule, and so, performing the part of gentleman-usher, I will present you in due form. Suppose the Rubicon to be passed, and yourself to be seated — at your ease, of course — in the presence of one of the loveliest women that your eyes ever rested on.

Seated on an ottoman, in a half recumbent posture, which her convalescent state rendered at once graceful and appropriate, Mrs. Adelaide Rivers received her friends with the air of an unbending goddess, or an affable sultana. Hers was a form, ripe, full, and rounded, charming alike by its contours and its attitudes; large, but not over-

sized ; in short, such a form as we fancifully attribute to an empress. The perfect regularity of her features atoned for their want of any marked expression ; and then her eye ! — soft, large, and lustrous, it beamed upon you as if its pretty owner really had a soul. Her hair was of course dark — but for her dress, (dark also, by the way,) I must refer you to her milliner. In the language of her friends, Mrs. Rivers was a 'very sweet woman : ' those who read her verses, thought she was a dull one, but they were no test, for Mr. Epic was engaged to furnish them at a penny a line. If the lady had been content with the homage bestowed upon her charms, she would have enjoyed a due celebrity, or if her success had been proportionate to her efforts, it would have been universal. Her voice was formed to give utterance to the thoughts of poets, in the strains of music, not to dwell upon their merits or their faults in the language of the critics. When she spoke the soft nothings of fashionable conversation, you admired, but when she attempted to win applause by eloquence, you pitied her ; not that she did not sometimes surprise you with a bright idea, but because her conversation was unequal, and it was thus she merited the title of the 'mock Corinne.'

To some of her visitors the reader has been introduced : there were others at the levee of Mrs. Rivers, of more or less importance ; but as they took little part in conversation, we shall pass them over in the silence they maintained.

'This is a very extraordinary book,' said Mrs. Rivers, in allusion to the recently published journal of an actress, 'and full of talent ; but there are many reasons to prevent its popularity. I *could* say such things of her, if she were not your countrywoman, Captain Percy.'

'Oh, 'Gad ! madam,' answered the gallant captain, 'pray do n't spare her on that account. For my part, I think that very circumstance will give a relish to your satire. One does n't care what happens to a stranger, but the misfortune of a next-door neighbor amuses one excessively. 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the scandal.'"

'Your position is hardly tenable, Sir,' said the poet in the seedy coat ; 'and I think if you read my 'Genius of Washington,' which contains some hints about patriotism, you will be convinced.'

'Very probably, but not *till* then,' replied the gallant captain. A word about Captain Percy. He was handsome, and an Englishman, and that was enough to secure admission into the first society in Boston. Moreover, he was furnished with undoubted credentials, and was allied to one of the most ancient families in Great Britain. No wonder then that aristocratic old gentlemen invited him to dine, that fashionable young men imitated his dress, and that sentimental young ladies fell in love with his black whiskers and his blacker eyes. No wonder that his very oaths became popular, and that even the orthodox professed to be hard of hearing when he swore so elegantly. 'What a waltzer !' cried girls with pretty feet ; 'what a love !' cried girls with pretty fortunes. 'A Percy !' sighed the novel-readers. 'Born in Alnwick Castle !' said the admirers of Halleck — (and who does not admire him ?)

'To return to 'wicked Fanny,' said a lady ; 'she will be very

unpopular. All the young gentlemen who formerly admired her, will be her enemies, because she did not marry them — and all the young ladies will abuse her, because she won the hearts of all the young gentlemen.'

'The young gentlemen were infidels,' said the slayer of men, 'if they forsook the true divinity,' bowing very low to Mrs. Rivers. Mrs. Rivers was enchanted. How strange that vanity should give currency to the false coin of flattery!

'You have given one reason for the fair F — 's unpopularity,' said Walter Mortham, turning to the lady who last spoke — 'but there is yet another — she has written a good book.'

'A good book!' exclaimed several voices.

'With a leaven of untruth, I grant — but still a good book,' said Walter.

'Nothing is good which is untrue,' said the poet, with a sententious air.

'A very talented book then,' resumed young Mortham. 'A mediocre affair is much more likely to make its author, than a very brilliant one. We may patronize mediocrity, but we cannot pardon talent. Very good books are read, but not bought; like gold, they are too precious to circulate. Yet it is from these very good books, so secretly referred to, and little talked about, that the current wit of the day is purloined; and as we hate the sight of one we've borrowed money of, so we abuse an author, to conceal our obligation to him.'

'You are fond of paradoxes,' said Mrs. Rivers. '*Mais apropos des bottes*, have you read the new poems by an old publisher? They are the most charming things, and bound so prettily, that the very outside enchants you.'

'I dislike the poems,' said the poor poet.

'Why?' inquired Captain Percy.

'Because the author is rich,' replied the bard; 'and for another reason — because he put his name to a book of which I was the author.'

'Egad!' cried Percy, 'you were much indebted to him. He might have ruined you.'

'How?' inquired Mr. Epic.

'By saying that you wrote it.'

'The age of poetry has passed away,' said Miss Sallow, sentimentally.

'Say rather this is the old age of poetry,' observed Mrs. Caution.

'The golden age of poets has been gone for centuries,' said Mr. Epic.

'You say truly,' said Mr. Mortham. 'Poems were the luxuries of a knightly age. The minstrels then were loved and cherished as they should be, for the noblest and the bravest vied in their endeavors to do them honor. Their songs of war cheered the rude soldiers on the march, and nerved their arms for battle — nor did the minstrels shrink from plunging into the conflict, to dignify even valor by their countenance.'

'How the times are altered!' said the man of war. 'For now instead of fighting with their enemies, they only squabble with each other.'

'Then when the battle was fought and won,' continued Mortham, 'with what pride were they received in the festal halls! — with what exultation did they strike their harps in honor of the noble lords who led them on to victory!'

'Now-a-days,' said Percy, 'they only sing of themselves.'

'And then their reward,' continued the orator; 'the smiles of lovely ladies — and sometimes the honor of knighthood conferred for minstrelsy and prowess.'

'The reverse is now the case,' said Percy, 'for instead of poets becoming knights, knights become poets.'

It is not my intention to detail the conversation of the guests of Mrs. Rivers. It is sufficient to remark that they did not separate until she had proposed a visit to the studio of a young painter on the following day.

RAPHAEL RANDOLPH was one of those unfortunate young men of genius, whose lot it is to struggle with the most distressing embarrassments, before their talent is acknowledged — an artist who for many years found it difficult to obtain even the materials wherewith to work. From his very boyhood, a love for the fine arts had been his passion and his bane — at once his solace and his torment. He had wasted away the golden hours of his youth in dreams of the bright ideal — wasted, did I say? Pah! I am speaking in the common-place language of this working-day world. His visionary fervor bore him onward through struggles that would have crushed a riper mind and a more robust body. What reality was to others, imagination was to him. Its purple light hovered over his head, and shed a gleam upon his way. Yet there were times when the rays of hope faded entirely away, and left him with all his genius darkling like Milton deprived of sight. These were moments, when the idea flashed upon him — scorching his heart and brain, and almost crazing him — that he had mistaken his abilities — that his pencil was destitute of skill, and his mind of genius, and that, despised by his contemporaries, he should go down to the cold grave, forgotten. It is this fear, common to all men of true genius, which carries the bitterness of death with it, and which not even popular applause can banish.

The painter strode to and fro in his confined study. It was crowded with pictures, *because* they were worthy of a purchaser. Here was the Venus Anadyomene, lovely as a poet's dream; there the bride of Neptune floating in her sea-shell. In another corner, frowned the gloomy countenance of a knight of the middle ages, clad in iron mail, with eyes following the movement of the artist who had called him to life, like the demon of Frankenstein, asking for a soul. Noble and lady, warrior and priest, looked side by side from their mysterious canvass. You might lose yourself in the contemplation of battles, if you were of a military turn — of storms and shipwrecks, if you loved the sea — of Arcadian loveliness, if you were enamored of the land. Over these the painter passed a hurried glance of *pride*; but he paused before one picture, and viewed it with the rapt gaze of *love*. It represented a fair being, young, but yet a woman, soft and ethereal as the snowy cloud that floats over the blue



sky of noon. The rose tint melted on her pearly cheek, and her bright flowing locks cast a golden gloom upon her radiant brow. And from the mellow shade of those 'amber-dropping' tresses, her lustrous eyes beamed forth with the very soul of tenderness. Her parted lips seemed ready to give utterance to the vows of love. It was such a picture, in short, as even genius is capable of producing, only in moments of undoubted inspiration.

'Beautiful painting!' cried the artist, with pride; 'thou art inferior only to thy bright original. Alas! that she should have crossed my path in a distant land, and then only for an instant! — but that instant was enough to stamp her radiant image on my heart and brain forever, to wear out only with my life. Oh! sunny Italy! when shall I revisit thy pleasant shore? When shall I again bask beneath the cloudless sky of Florence the Fair? Yet it is not for love of thy master-pieces of art, of thy Eden of a climate, that I would tread thy shores again: no — though I hardly dare own it to myself — it is in the hope of meeting that angelic and unknown girl, and linking her destiny with mine.'

Here he was interrupted in his wild soliloquy, by the entrance of visitors — Mrs. Rivers and the gallant Percy — Walter Mortham and his sister. The first object which met the eyes of Walter, was the beautiful portrait which the artist justly regarded as his master-piece. He uttered an exclamation of delight, and asked the painter if it were a fancy-piece. Randolph blushed deeply, but answered in the affirmative.

'I thought it was a Venus,' said Mrs. Rivers.

'And I that it was your portrait, madam,' said the gallant captain, 'and was about to remark, that although the likeness was apparent, it was not very flattering.'

Mrs. Rivers smiled, sighed, and cast down her eyes. Venturing again to raise them, she encountered the glance of Miss Sallow, looking down upon her from a splendid frame, with a 'green and yellow melancholy.'

'So!' said Mrs. Rivers, pointing to the portrait, 'I see, Mr. Randolph, you have the ancient custom of serving up a death's head to your friends.'

'Does that picture belong to Miss Sallow!'

'No, madam,' replied the artist. 'She refused to pay me for it.'

'Why, pray?' asked the lady.

'Because it was a likeness, madam.'

'A pretty person to patronize the fine arts!' exclaimed Percy.

'Nay, now,' said Mrs. Rivers, 'you must n't say that, for any one who looks in her face, can see that she *paints herself*.'

'*Paints herself*! — very good!' cried the captain. 'Well, you must allow that she has some accomplishments — she plays on the piano.'

'That's only to display her hands,' said Mrs. Rivers. 'She thinks their whiteness will compensate for her gamboge complexion.'

'She's like a gold watch — yellow face, and slender hands,' said Walter.

'Like a *repeater*,' suggested Mrs. Rivers, 'for she never keeps a secret.'

'Or like a repeater,' said Walter, 'because she's silent in company, or only sounds once an hour, to remind you of the time of day.'

'Or like an almanac,' continued he, 'for you can get nothing out of her but the state of the weather.'

'Come, come, Walter,' said Emily Mortham, 'spare her, do. If you abuse her so much, I shall think you're in love with her. It is lucky for us that Mr. Epic isn't here, for he is an admirer of hers.'

'He's the only person that admires her,' said Walter, 'and she is even with him, for she is the only person who admires him.'

'Come, come,' cried Mrs. Rivers, 'you mustn't abuse my author.'

'Author!' exclaimed Percy; 'he's the author of nothing but facts; his wit is all borrowed.'

While this conversation was going on, the poor artist stood apart, with folded arms, mortified to find that his pictures were of secondary consideration to the fashionable talkers. Perhaps Emily Mortham, with a woman's penetration, read something of his feelings, for she pointed out some of Randolph's favorites to Captain Percy, and they examined them together. Mrs. Rivers, who pretended to a taste for the fine arts, and had taken lessons in painting for a quarter, afforded Randolph the benefit of her criticism. She praised this picture, and censured that, and was very learned on drawing and fore-shortening. At length, leaning on the arm of Walter, she paused before the lovely head which the artist almost worshipped as Pygmalion did his statue.

'A fancy sketch, I think you said,' observed the lady, quietly, raising her glass and scanning the work.

The artist bowed.

'Well, well, I should have judged so, for the tints are out of nature; beside, who ever saw a woman with hair of that color and dark eyes united? But, notwithstanding, it is tolerable; there are *some* touches which are really not bad. You want study and care, my young friend. I think I perceive evidences of haste in your composition. But don't be discouraged — I dare say you'll mend,' she added with an affable smile. Then she continued, addressing herself partly to Walter, 'I must not forget that my errand here was to encourage, not to criticize. Pray, Sir, have you any scraps?'

'What, madam?' asked the artist, with a bewildered stare.

Unwilling that his precipitation should ruin his chance of a market, Walter kindly explained, that Mrs. Rivers wished to know if he had any vignette water-color sketches, suitable for ornamenting albums, etc. 'Think, my friend,' said he; 'have you no loose sketches in your port-folio?'

Randolph eagerly snatched a port-folio, and threw it open on the table. It was full of the most exquisite little designs — bridges, water-falls, cattle, brigands' heads, fragments of Gothic churches, beautiful *morceaux*, which an artist lives to garner up. Mrs. Rivers examined them with the eye of a purchaser and a connoisseur, frequently appealing to the tortured artist to confirm the justice of her criticisms. The dialogue ran something in the following manner.

'Ha! this landscape is well done — very well. But don't you think it wants a wash of bistre in the fore-ground, and a deepening of neutral tint upon the hills?'

'There is no doubting your judgment,' said the artist.

'I think,' continued the lady, 'that your perspective is faulty. Care, my young friend, in these little details, and upon a small scale, is all-important. Depend upon it, you'll never rise without it. Mr. Tinto would never have retired on a fortune, if he had neglected them.'

'Who, madam, was Mr. Tinto, if I may be so bold as to ask?'

'Oh! the gentleman who took likenesses by the *camera lucida*. Well,' she said, at length, after having selected two or three sheets of sketches, 'what are these worth to you?'

'They are trifles, madam, hardly worth your acceptance.'

'No, no — you must n't talk in that way, young man. Professional men should never throw away their labor. Take this purse. I wish it contained more, for your sake: and,' she added, with sentiment, perceiving that the artist was about to empty it, 'keep the purse, to remind that you have *one* friend, at least, who sympathizes with your struggles.'

The poor painter bowed in speechless gratitude. As soon as he was alone, he emptied the purse. It contained *four-and-sixpence*! So much for the patroness of the fine arts!

## THE HOPE OF RETURN.

### I.

THE hope of return — oh how grateful the theme —  
How thrilling the vision, how blissful the dream!  
Though the moments may linger, though distant the day,  
Still sighing and sadness are quench'd in its ray;  
'Tis the exile's reliance when sorrow invades,  
When light after light from life's firmament fades,  
When dreams more delusive have flitted away,  
And the visions that gladden'd, no longer are gay.

### II.

Oh! the hope of return, to the mother whose smile  
Could dissipate sadness, and sorrow beguile,  
To the father whose glance I've exultingly met —  
And no meed half so proud hath awaited me yet —  
To the sister whose tenderness steadfast though calm,  
Not distance could lessen, nor danger disarm,  
To the friends whose remembrance time cannot chill,  
And whose home in the heart not the stranger can fill.

### III.

Oh the hope of return! — 't is inwrought with the breath,  
And strengthens the love that is stronger than death;  
When the doubt and the danger have ceased to perplex,  
And the toil and the tumult to harass and vex —  
When the glitter no longer eludeth the grasp,  
And the gold we have toiled for securely we clasp,  
Oh then be the hope which hath guided us on,  
Like a harbinger holy, embodied and won!

## WILSON CONWORTH.

## CHAPTER VI.

'Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters.'

OTHELLO.

It is always pleasant to look forward to exertion; to satisfy the upbraidings of conscience by resolutions of amendment, to begin at some time to come. I returned to college with a determination to study; for in setting out in any project, I always pleased myself with the idea that I intended to do right. The present I enjoyed to please my impulse. To-morrow was always a day of reformation with me.

A young man grows faster, morally, during his first college vacation, than ever afterward. His rank as a collegian — no slight honor, when comparatively few think themselves able to send their children to college — his initiation into fashionable life — the first sip of the delicious cup of pleasure — the passing from boy to man — all tend to push him forward in his opinions of himself. He returns to college with large accessions of pride and vanity, great regard for dress, some notions of love and matrimony, and has probably settled upon his profession.

The attention bestowed upon the collegian which was denied the school-boy; the deference he observes to his opinion, particularly in his own family, and among his maiden aunts; the favoring smiles of the young ladies, and the good-natured welcome of the old ones, who hope he may, at some time not far distant, be a fit subject for their matrimonial operations, have raised him already so far, that if you endeavor to recall his attention to his school days, he seems to have forgotten the meaning of the words. Observe his supercilious smile, as that heir-expectant of the freshman-class passes him in the street. Do but look at his studious avoidance of his school-boy acquaintances. Mark his astonishment as some ingenuous, thoughtless, happy youngster, too much occupied with his sports to regard his dignity, invites him to a game of ball on the common. What! a member of college be seen upon the common, playing ball with *boys*! Extraordinary indeed! It is an insult, and he goes and tells his mother how his feelings have been injured.

I returned to college with some taste for dress, a decided desire to be distinguished for something — I did not much care what — and a considerable sum of money in my pocket.

In the interim we had all learnt politeness; we who had, at first, met with the diffidence of boys, now exchanged cordial and well-bred greetings; companionships were formed, and intimacies grew around us. I was unfortunate. Tom Reine had spent his vacation in the most depraved dissipation. He came back with his pockets empty of every thing except tavern bills and dunning letters. He wished to borrow money, and attached himself to me. I cared little for money, and, at that time, never had heard of imprisonment for debt. I supposed every body paid their debts; for me to owe a person, was a mortification. So I freely gave him all the money I had,

‘for a few days,’ as he said. He got out of difficulty by the means, and felt grateful. Even he would sometimes study, and urge me to it. He assisted me in my Greek lessons, lent me books, told me of good novels, and gave me several. I was in his room or he in mine continually. Whenever Tom had a frolic in his room, I was there, of course. I never knew how to refuse. I had no idea of consequences.

I dare say my simplicity was a fund of amusement to my fellow students. I asked many questions, and always expressed any thought of my mind in perfect openness, and must have betrayed much ignorance upon subjects it is thought a credit for a young man to know. I do not recollect that I had ever, up to this time of my life, told a falsehood in any important matter; and I was esteemed, for I really was, an honorable boy. To be unsophisticated, after one term at college, is no common praise.

One afternoon, as we were smoking in my room, and drinking porter, which effervesced in considerable noise, the tutor came suddenly upon us. Seeing what we were about, he retired. Presently I was summoned to his room by his freshman, or the one who has the privilege of living under him, by running of errands.

After endeavoring to magnify my offence in my own eyes, as one which demanded the severest punishment, he excited my fears, by saying he should report me to the government, and he could not say what would be the consequence. Considering all as lost, and rendered desperate by his cruel and ungentlemanly manner of treating me, I retorted upon him, and without ceremony left his room.

The affair having taken place in my room, I was considered the chief offender. I really felt much ashamed of my conduct; and had I been dealt with mildly by the tutor, and affectionately advised of the nature of my fault, and its consequences, a confidence might have been created to my lasting good. Had he been a benevolent man, and acquainted with young minds — as surely every one should be who deals with youth — I should have been saved much misery. But no: I had offended him; his malice must be satisfied. Accordingly I was reported to the government, with every circumstance of exaggeration, and received a ‘public.’ It was noised, as I thought, all over college. My pride was lacerated to the quick. I felt disgraced. I trembled when I thought of my father. I begged the president, with tears, that he might not be made acquainted with it. My request availed with him. But my character in my own eyes was blasted. I never could look any one in the face again. All was irrecoverably lost. Such was my simplicity. *Publics* were very common; and the elder students seemed to care for them, only because they lowered the rank for parts, and were the forerunners of suspension.

My companions endeavored to laugh me out of my sensibility; and I believe they really felt sorry for me, although it was esteemed a good joke. But it was my first humiliation in this way. I spent my time alone, and wept as I have never wept since. I thought of my father, my own mother, and stretched out my sympathies to find some object I could dwell upon for consolation. My thoughts, in this way, ran back to my happy years; and then I would ask my-

self how I could live under such a disgrace. It is the nature of sensibility to increase its own sorrow — to feed it from all the springs of tears we possess. If wretched, it calls up the picture of seasons when it was happy; if deserted, it dwells on fidelity; and if dying, it turns its eyes upon the gay living world.

Time healed my wounds, but it also hardened my heart. I hated tutor H ——. We recited to him every day. It seemed to me that he took delight in *screwing* me; and if I knew myself to be in the right, and possessed of my lesson, when he stopped me, I invariably got into a passion. I looked upon him as the author of my disgrace, and he seemed, even to my class-mates, to take delight in exciting my temper — hoping, no doubt, that I should be hurried into some act that would make me liable to college law. I avoided his department all I could, and thereby lost one of the most valuable courses of study — mathematics.

Tutor H —— was a low-bred man, who had been a charity scholar, and is a good specimen of the *traps* about college. Originally a black-smith, and with iron nerves, he took it into his head to get sick, and turn his attention to the *harder* studies. He got through college with some credit as a scholar; but was more remarkable for his unpopularity, on account of his meanness of character. After being graduated, he was made proctor, or spy, on account of his skill in ferreting — second to none, not even Read or Hays, to one of whom he is said to be distantly related. He was wont to say to the ladies, to whom he boasted of his mighty prowess, ‘that he loved to bring the sons of gentlemen down.’ In his day, he got forty students expelled; sixty-five suspended; more than a thousand ‘*publics*’ were given by his means; and he gave *privates* himself every day, by way of an appetite. He was an enormous eater — carnivorous — and when a student, fresh from the forge, he gained himself some notoriety by biting a nail in two parts with his teeth. Such was my enemy.

The government of the college was, in my day, composed of many sound men. Who can ever forget our venerable president W ——, with his round and benevolent face, his easy manners, his Christian love for the whole world? He was so pure and upright himself, that he never suspected wrong in others. Eminent as a divine, and man of polite learning, conscious of his own powers, he became too careless of his reputation as an orator. His manner in the pulpit was so familiar and easy, that to the undiscerning he seemed to lack in dignity of thought as well as of delivery. With more pedantry and more ostentation, he would have enjoyed at large a higher reputation, although he would have lost by it that beautiful simplicity which gained him so much love in private, and those ‘troops of friends’ who, with tears, witnessed his resignation.

Our professors ranked among the first men of the age. There was the heavy Dr. H ——, the polished Dr. F ——, and the nervous Dr. T ——; and although seldom seen, once the divine, then the learned and elegant scholar, and afterward the aspiring Mr. S ——, a man remarkable for many things — his fine writing, his public speeches, his labored efforts after distinction; who did shine as a speech-maker when Greece and chivalry were the subjects of dis-

course, but who proves in himself that statesmen must be something else than fine scholars. He has sunk, in public estimation, in spite of his wealth, his connexions, his reserve, and ostentation, into that place from which he can never emerge.

Beside, we had fine scholars who pursued learning for its own sake, and thought not of fame. I well recollect our venerable professor P ——. He was a student at Greek. He seemed to care for, to think of, nothing else. Dressed in a long, old-fashioned surtout, with long boots, and small clothes, and broad-brimmed hat, how often has he travelled the finely-gravelled walk to University-Hall, repeating Greek poetry, and enacting over in his mind the plays of Sophocles and Euripides — hugging his *Majora* the *το χυλο* of his life. With long strides, and perhaps in musing mood, I now see him, as he gains the steps to the hall. Behind, half laughing at his attitudes, half trembling for fear of being taken up, if the lesson is hard, follow the college boys. Taking three stairs at a jump, the learned professor is already seated, and has commenced the operation of rubbing his hands, and bowing to his book, as the God of his idolatry. The students pour in, but he does not deign a look at them; he is already deeply engaged upon some passage, or conning a new reading. By and by he looks up with a stare, and collects his thoughts to the business in hand, and does it most thoroughly.

In after life, as his pupils remember his seclusion, his purity of life, his almost entirely intellectual existence — for he has lived alone, eat alone, and studied alone all his days — they regret, as I do, the ridicule we attached to his character, and to his high pursuits. He is one among many, who are unknown in their day and generation. His toils and vigils are for the cause of learning; and for every drop of blood dried up in his veins, a brilliant gem is added to the jewels of the mind. As travel, business, or pleasure shall carry back the sons of H — to her classic shades, and they wander amid the monuments of Mount Auburn, over no grave will so many hot tears be shed, or kind benedictions offered, as over that which shall enclose the remains of that much-loved professor. Our theological professor was never made to shine in public. His labors were the labors of thought, upon subjects too deep and too important to afford him time to cater for popular incense in flowery style and pulpit cloquence. The moralist, the essayist, the discourser upon well-established truths, can only hope for popularity by handling his topics with new ornaments and vivid coloring. He must be eloquent, and graceful, and thrilling, to rouse the attention and to enchain it; but the polemical writer cannot be too simple.

The sermons of Dr. W — were esteemed dry, by general hearers; but he was the chief corner stone of a new system: he had the weight of great responsibilities pressing upon him. He could not spend time in making himself agreeable; his object was to lay strong and deep the true principles of true Christianity, and to leave the gilding, and carving, and adorning to others. He was formed for the closet, and not for the pulpit. The opinions of many depended upon the movements of his pen. This professor will receive his meed from posterity and from his God. He was a mild, domestic man, who seemed to depend little upon the world or the world's praise for his happiness.

My impression is, that our government was composed of men who were better suited to make books than to be governors over young men, except in a few instances. We had one professor who was up to any thing. He was a complete speculator. He knew all vices and tricks, probably from experience. He was an iron-fisted fellow, with a most unscholar-like look and air, although it is said he is a good measurer of land, and can make himself quite agreeable to his superiors. To the students, his subjects, he was a tyrant. He vented his spleen by confusing his class at recitation by a variety of little plans, which no generous mind could ever conceive.

I mean no disrespect to the *respectable* officers of this college. They were generally good men, as the world will testify; but some of them had the failings of mortality — a fact rarely acknowledged of the clergy and the officers of a college. But how unfit are book-worms to form practical rules of government! We needed a man of the world at the head of our college; and they have got one now, I think; a ripe scholar, to boot. The fact is, that men unacquainted with the world, except from books, had to deal with young men, who were a great deal in the world, by some means or other. It was quite an object with the government, sometimes, to obtain a case admitting of severe punishment, for the sake of awing down the petty faults not large enough to get hold of. Some suffered severely for the sake of the general good; with a show of justice, too, which left the poor victim no hope of escape on any side. It was a kind of decimation, which belongs only to cases of great civil necessity.

I began to read a little at this time. I recollect well that I commenced my regular reading with Colley Cibber's *Lives*, which I read faithfully, as a task imposed upon myself, by some one's advice, from beginning to end. My own taste, however, soon led me into a kind of reading more congenial to my natural disposition. I had at this time given up all hopes of rank in the class, and my only desire was to live easily, get a degree, and avoid suspension. This year I read Irving, Scott, and Miss Edgeworth, Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, and *Man of the World*. The *Man of Feeling* was my favorite of all books — that, and the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; for I was sufficiently well educated to drink in the idea of things all beauty from beginning to end.

These books, although they gave a sickly tinge to my character, were of great service to me on one account: they gave me a taste for reading. I have often remained in my room for weeks, under the plea of sickness, for the sake of getting time to read. I devoured every thing — history, biography, romance and poetry. Essays had great charms for me, and I read the forty volumes of the *British Essayists* in course: so that although I had the reputation of an idler, and one fond of frolics, still my college life was not spent so totally without employment. I waded through Hume and Gibbon, but I apprehend with little benefit. I was induced to undertake these works, because I had been complimented as a great reader, and I began to aim at the name. This I might have attained without the labor; but I merely wished to believe myself something; so I read the works faithfully from beginning to end.

Occasionally I was drawn into scrapes, because I did not know



how to refuse, and I loved excitement ; but at this period, I had no fixed habits of dissipation. The reaction of high excitement was terrible to me. I could not bear the slightest elevation of feeling, even laughter, without a painful depression afterward. After one party, I was ready for another, for I could not read nor be alone ; so that for three weeks of seclusion, I generally spent one of idleness and folly. I attended the theatre upon these occasions, played billiards, and rode about the country, in defiance of all college rules.

I was now in my second year, and my father began to suspect that his eldest son was not quite perfect. Bills of large amount were sent to him, and I stood exposed to his eyes in my true character. So, to avoid temptation, he hired a room for me out of college, at a great expense, and I lived alone. Here I spent some of the happiest hours of my life. My room overlooked the river, and beyond it commanded a delightful view of the country, cultivated as a garden. The college-grounds, finely intersected with gravel walks, and shaded by venerable trees, were a pleasant resort in the evening. Surely there is every thing about this college to inspire a love of learning ; a library filled with the choicest books ; society partaking of the literary taste of the institution ; removal from every thing that is gross and worldly. The student may live in a world of letters, and find constant matter for pleasant occupation.

Freed entirely from all cares of a pecuniary nature, with good health and friends who were looking at my course with the strongest interest, why was I a fool ? I did not see then as I do now. My situation was too easy. I did not estimate my advantages. I was like the natives of golden regions, spurning the precious ore, because it is so common. My *Majora* was interlined ; I could *tic* my Latin, and get off ; mathematics I neglected, and I loved to write my theses. My time was spent in reading. Day and night books were in my hands. I lived in a world of romance. Scott's *Pirate* was my favorite book — the character of Minna Troil the perfection of my ideas of woman. I read of her, and thought of my Catholic cousin. I indulged in the most extravagant fancies. I worshipped her — looked toward the place where she lived — placed myself by her side in imagination — kissed her dewy cheek — knelt at her feet, and poured out the rapturous emotions of my soul. I was a fictitious lover, and suffered and joyed, as if actually going through the scenes I imagined.

All this was entirely owing to my reading. My mind, having no proper objects of interest, spent itself in these vagaries. Force will find a vent ; and the force of my mind ran to swell this channel. The exclusively imaginative works, in which, of late, I had been engaged, had brought out the qualities of the imagination, at the expense of more steady thoughts.

At this period of my life, my character underwent important changes. Tastes were fixed which have never been eradicated. It was fortunate that the books I read were of good moral tendency, or rather of not a bad moral tendency. If Bulwer had written at that day, I feel that the consequences would have been injurious to me beyond calculation. Not that Mr. Bulwer's works are bad in themselves, but they lay bare the depravity of the human heart ;

they cause us to mistrust human nature, and create a contempt for man, which he undoubtedly deserves; but such thoughts, taking root in a young mind, interfere with the thousand incentives to exertion, which the respect we bear the world and the world's honors, furnishes. The great objections I should make to Bulwer's writings, are, that they have exposed the shallowness of the world, and substituted nothing for the delusions he has deprived us of. We rise from the perusal of his works with much the same feelings a Catholic may be supposed to indulge, who finds himself shaken in his faith. He is without a religion, and he is desolate.

But have we any right to blame this gifted sifter of mankind? No. We must right ourselves as we can. The present age in England may suffer from his common sense doctrine, which has divested the peerage of its infallibility, but posterity will venerate his name. With a bold hand he has seized the very senate by the beard, and shaken the aristocratic powder from their pates. They look like other men; and the people of England have awakened to a sense of their rights.

From Miss Edgeworth's 'Ennui' I reaped great good. The 'Man of Feeling' rather improved the kindness of my heart. Scott gave me ideas of regality, and threw light upon my historical reading. I had my head full of scraps of poetry once — although I relished it, generally, far less than prose — which I used to bring out upon every occasion I could make, because it was thought *literary* to do so; but I have got over such puppyism. I sported Latin, for the same reason. How silly I must have appeared, to men who knew the human heart!

If you are a young man, weary reader, beware how you quote poetry, and more careful how you write it — at least to publish. The eyes of old heads are upon you, which fathom your shallow vanity, pity your boyish enthusiasm, and your false views. Keep your tongue close, in select societies, where you discover quiet-looking men, who seem wrapped in their own thoughts, and not to be aware of your existence. Their eyes are upon you. They were once like you. The mist has been cleared from their sight. They see in, around, and upon you. You are an object of curious speculation to them. Beware!

I have said I had no great love for poetry. There was one poem, however, which I did read with unalloyed pleasure — Moore's 'Loves of the Angels.' I read it, because I loved the book. I could repeat almost the whole of it, for it came unbidden to my mind. One passage I shall never forget:

'It was in dreams that first I stole  
In gentle mastery o'er her mind,  
In that rich twilight of the soul,  
When reason's beam, half hid behind  
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds  
Each shadowy shape that fancy builds.'

I thought, and still think, this one of the finest passages in poetry, for versification, truth, music, and language. To say nothing of the pretty alliteration, 'shadowy shape,' it is perfect in measure and cadence. What can equal the bright fantasy of a dream, unless it

be a 'rich twilight?' Has not the soul its morning, when it rouses itself up, its noon of quiet and repose? — and then the eventide comes on, the cares of day are banished, and it yields itself to the luxuries of domestic bliss, the pleasures of song and intellect; and the anticipation of these delights makes the 'rich twilight' of the poet. He has drawn from out of 'visible nature' that which alone can express a high state of moral and mental rest.

Those angels loved after my own heart. I could sympathize with the depth of their devotion. And then the constancy of Zaraph and Nama! Such a conclusion! How exalted! Her eyes were like my cousin's. I was a second Zaraph. I was reclining upon a grassy hill — the gorgeous sun was setting — we (I did not know exactly who) were conversing upon high events. She came to call me. Her impatient love could not delay. I was the happiest of men. Alas! what scenes of idle dreaming did my room, that year, witness! Toward the close of it, one day, as I was indulging in one of these golden dreams of unreal bliss, playing king or lover, savage or saint, martyr or hero, to myself, with my feet on the fender, and a cigar in my mouth, the president's *fresh* came in, and handed me a suspension-bill, and left me, with a mock bow. I opened it. It was a suspension for — *idleness!*

#### WHY ARE WE HERE?

##### I.

Why are we here? The infant wail,  
While nestling in its mother's breast,  
With feeble tone begins the tale,  
Then passes to a better rest:  
A fleeting smile — a falling tear —  
Why are we here? — why are we here?

##### II.

Why are we here? The bud of hope,  
That springs in childhood's happy hour,  
Lies crushed ere yet its blossoms ope,  
Beneath dull care's all-with'ring power:  
Fit emblem of man's weak career —  
Why are we here? — why are we here?

##### III.

Why are we here? As brief as frail  
Is man's maturity and prime;  
Lone wand'rer down life's stormy vale —  
Swift voyager of fleeting time!  
A breath — a thought — and death is near —  
Why are we here? — why are we here?

##### IV.

Why are we here? That silvery hair,  
Those palsied limbs, bespeak decay;  
Those feeble eyeballs' sightless glare,  
Too surely tell life's closing day.  
The trial o'er — man on his bier —  
Why are we here? — why are we here?

## V.

Why are we here? Behold yon star,  
 In splendor beaming o'er the sea!  
 E'en thus the souls of virtue are,  
 When purged from earth, from sorrow free:  
 In heaven no sorrow can appear;  
 For this we're here — for this we're here!

## VI.

Why are we here? Who could but choose,  
 Though thrice earth's cares beset the road,  
 To toil life's chequer'd journey through,  
 And dwell eternally with God?  
 To fit us for that glorious sphere —  
 For this we're here — for this we're here!

A. M. M.

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 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROOMSTICK.
 

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR VILLAGE,' 'THE OLD CHURCH,' 'MARINE FREEBOOTER,' ETC.

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IT has of late become quite fashionable to immortalize the world's people in the form of biography. But as no one has had sufficient sagacity to discover *my* virtues, or candor to declare them, I am determined to immortalize myself. I do not intend to go down 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung;' and although my enemies may consider me egotistical, yet I must say, with the poet, that whatever may be my deserved fame,

'Like Garcia's, let me hear it.'

Many years ago, when the continent was new, I recollect that I was a small sapling, in a vast unpruned wilderness, and completely overshadowed by the giant trees that waved above me. The red man wandered wild and free through the solitude, and at eve couched himself upon the earth, beneath my tender branches. Around me was scattered all the wild magnificence of nature. Cataracts thundered, and in the twilight of the morning their rolling mists floated up and caught the red beams of the ascending sun. The little stream wimpled down the mossy declivity, and flowers of many a hue gathered about its margin. In the winter, dense bodies of snow descended upon our leafy evergreen roof, and threw a deep shadow below, imparting imaginings of a Lapland night. At times, in the solemn hush of midnight, some regal pine would crash away, and roar in its fall, like the thunder of heaven. The wolf, the bear, the panther, and the deer passed rapidly by, gaunt and starving, and the Indian, their lord, followed on, with death in his eye. No white man had then ever trod the earth whereon I stood; the red man reigned supreme over the territory around.

But as I grew up to the stature of a tree, I saw with pain the tribes, one by one, melting away. Like the snow upon the sunny slopes, they wasted, and their arms became weak, as the beams of civilization warmed around them. They grew impatient and restless, and, in a moody and broken spirit, burst the strings of their bows, and flung them to the winds. They saw their sovereignty depart —

their throne and sceptre usurped — their kingdom no more — their father's graves bore the imprint of other footsteps — and they looked upon the wreck like Caius Marius on poor fallen Carthage !

The game, too, by instinct, commenced their emigration. No longer screened by the green shadows of the forest, they sought another home by the wild shores of the Pacific. The echo of the woodman's axe was no music to them, and each blow started them from their forest reveries. They, too, followed the Indians, and destruction then commenced with greater fury than ever.

At last, in the course of events, my turn came. I was then a goodly tree, and held my head as high as almost any brother by my side. I recollect a little thick, chubby personage came waddling along, with an axe upon his shoulder, muttering against his ill fortune, and leaning against my trunk, swore that wood-chopping was nothing but slavery, and no man, with the least spark of freedom, would ever be caught at it. He said his master had no more heart than a rock ; that he saw about as much of society as an owl, owing to his sequestered employment ; and he had a good mind, he said, to quit the business, and join the army, as General Washington was much in want of volunteers. After discharging the bile from his stomach, he seemed to feel better ; and commenced in good earnest to hack away. The consequence was, that I soon expired, though not exactly without a groan. My limbs were handsomely trimmed up, and some part burnt, while other portions were transported to a certain establishment, and there converted into broom-sticks, and finally into a broom itself.

The process of manufacturing cannot much interest my readers. The proceeding is a common one, without much novelty or poetry to recommend it. I might say, in a fanciful way, that here I was baptized, as I received my name, or rather changed it. I had for a long time been an ornament to the forest ; now I was to become the *thing* of a kitchen — to be handled by servants, house-wives, etc. But in the first place, I had the satisfaction of being placed, or rather hung, in front of the village store. A hole had been bored through my head, a leather string run through, and I was thus exposed for sale to the highest bidder. I recollect being witness to many confidential interviews which passed between the merchant and his clerk. The former, in a supposed confidential way, began one night to boast of the profits arising from having his yard-stick some sixteenth of an inch too short. The world, he said, obtained a living by knavery — why should not he help to play the game ? The lawyer fleeced his clients — the doctor his patients ; large salaries commanded the genius of the pulpit ; in fact, there was trickery in all business, and all professions, and why should not he live by the same means ? He then asked the clerk if the sugar had been sanded, the rum watered, and the goods marked up. He proposed, among other things, to get up a dissolution, and sell all the goods off ' *AT COST,*' as they had now an unusual quantity of the old stock on hand, and that would be the only method of effecting an entire sale of every thing.

I must confess I was astonished at such a colloquy ; but being

dumb, I could not of course express my feelings. Oh, how I wished that some one would drop in and purchase me ! But each one urged some objection, and it was long before I found a master.

At last a poor ragged-looking outcast staggered up to me, and grasping my head, steadied himself into the store, where a bargain was soon under way. He was, indeed, a pitiable object. His shoe gaped open at the toe, and the dirty woollen yarn fluttered from the orifice. His pantaloons and coat altogether outrivalled Joseph's in color, and the rainbow into the bargain. Oh, he had a beautiful face ! It was all dotted with little red spots, which shone and bloomed, in palpable relief. There was a rheumy substance flowing continually from his eyes, and the lashes which were—or rather *had* been—bathing therein, were now completely scalded away. His breath was quite unlike the spicy gales of the east ; and some one declared in my hearing that it was inflammable. I soon saw that the man was no friend of the merchant's. It might be that there was not sufficient confidence reposed in his paper. Cash was insisted upon, but the buyer as strongly insisted upon credit. At last, however, the merchant got the best of the argument, and I was purchased.

My new master and I started for home, but, alas ! we did not reach it. He became extremely weary, from various causes, and dropping behind a hedge, he fell asleep, and so remained until morning. While he was in a state of insensibility, a sly urchin came by, and after mischievously tying him to the fence, grasped me with great eagerness, and ran away. He carried me along on his shoulder, 'whistling as he went, for want of thought,' until he came to a rapid river that ran by the road side, where he flung me in, and away I launched, like a dart, far down the rapid tide.

I recollect as I came to a still, deep spot in the river, I beheld a fisherman sitting very quietly under the shadow of a bank, in patient hope of a nibble. He looked like a statue—so calm—so placid—so composed. Nothing sublunary appeared to trouble him. The little bubbles and foam played round his line—the small whirlpools gathered here and there, taking the saw-dust in their circles—and every now and then some 'trout in speckled pride' threw himself above the tranquil surface of the waters. I saw the fisherman, and he saw me. With what anxiety he watched me ! As I neared the shore, he rose upon his feet, and reaching afar with his pole, endeavored to draw me to the shore ; but he lost his balance, and toppling over, away he went. We floated in company down to the shallows, where he struggled upon his feet, and paused to take breath. Having no time to waste, I could not tarry with him ; so bidding him 'good morning,' I pursued my solitary way.

Onward and onward I moved, until I reached a little mill-dam, and floating idly into the floom of a cloth-dressing establishment, became entangled under the wheel, on the 'apron,' and soon brought the whole concern to a pause. The head-water on the wheel was extremely light ; and being of good substantial oak, my beauty was but slightly marred. Soon, however, the foreman came down, his mouth overflowing with oaths, and denounced all the floating trash that ever swam on water ; and when, at last, he reached me, I was

jerked out with great spite, and, with an imprecation, thrown into the race-way.

At last, I wheeled into a quiet little pool, almost buried by the creeping herbage that gathered above it. I had not remained long in this situation, before I heard a rustling among the vines, and presently a sweet form burst through, and stood watching me in silence. The waters never before mirrored a lovelier face. She was extremely plain and simple in her costume, but every thing about her exhibited great care and cleanliness. She reached out her hand, and grasped me; and after eyeing me quite curiously, hurried away with me toward the house. I was taken into a little cottage, where every thing indicated what the world terms poverty. Ah! how little the world knows of what constitutes real happiness! There were no shining mirrors — no draped damask swaying to every breeze — no Brussels carpeting to tread upon — but *nature* was there: hill, valley, rock, and pure breezes, were the wealth and treasures of this spot.

The whole family consisted only of a mother, and three children who gathered around, and many were the surmises passed upon me. I might have floated off with the last freshet; perhaps some unruly urchin had plunged me into the stream, or some other strange accident might have befallen me. And then they reasoned, that it was wrong to take possession of me. They finally concluded, however, to adopt me, and I soon became an inmate of the family. I could scarcely have fallen into hands where I should have been obliged to be more industrious. Neatness and order were the predominant qualities of the household. To appearance, every one was happy; and the hours as they passed, were welcomed by cheerful and contented hearts. The family rose in the twilight of the morning, and the sluggard never entered their doors. Unfortunately my residence here was doomed to be a brief one. One summer day, a poor tattered-looking being came in, and solicited alms. As benevolence was a prominent feature in the character of the inmates, he was soon supplied with the necessaries of life, and to all appearance was extremely grateful for their charity. As he passed out, however, he seized, partially concealed, and bore me away in triumph. He seemed greatly to pride himself on his success, and then immediately began planning to himself schemes to obtain more plunder. With this villain I kept company many days; and the art and deception which he used to excite the pity and liberality of his dupes, would scarcely be credited. At last, my peregrinations were brought to a close, and my master sat me up in a corner, in his own house. This house was situated in a valley between two towering hills — a fit spot for one who pursued its occupant's line of business. The rooms were crowded with plunder, and the children, who had been bred to the employment of their father, were as wicked in appearance as reality. I was often amused in watching them, while engaged in their decorations, previous to a sally forth in pursuit of sympathy. How they studied the passions — the melancholy whine — the instantaneous shedding of tears! What charity would not bestow, vice obtained by theft. This little company dispersed themselves over a wide extent of country, and weeks frequently passed ere their return. I often wished that the power of speech had been bestowed upon me. Then, I

thought, I would make an exposition of my master's wicked house. But, alas! I lost my head here, and this is the simple tale of my decapitation.

My master remarked to my mistress that the day was a cloudy one, and the skies indicated rain. She begged leave to differ—it was too cool to rain. He declared he had known it rain when it was much cooler. She averred that there could be no such thing. He said she was always in the opposition. She maintained he was 'no better than he should be.' This he conceived to be no less than slander outright, and spitefully spit in her face. She, in return, caught me up, and anon, thick and fast fell the blows upon her 't' other half.' At last my head flew off in the conflict, and being thus ruined, I was thrown far down the declivity, and consigned, as supposed, to oblivion.

It so happened, that a fine boy, who was rambling among the hills, saw me in my prostrate condition, and like the good Samaritan, took compassion upon my exposed situation. Catching me up, he bore me along in the capacity of a walking-staff. He was just at that romantic age when hope colored the future with her most gorgeous hues. Rustic and simple, the world was a mystery to him, and he lived in imagination a hundred lives. How insensible he appeared to the fact that he was linking his heart to those hills and streams, by a cord too firm for the world ever to sunder—that images were engraving themselves upon his soul which would live forever! He was dreaming of ambition: wealth, learning, power, dominion, were his gods. Poor child! Although I am a broomstick, yet let me moralize. And I would ask, could this biography reach him, if he ever turned, in the busy pathway of life, to those pure hills that shadowed the cottage of his nativity? I would ask him, if the recollection of those spots are not living fountains to his thirsty soul? Oh! he has *not* forgotten their woody aisles—the summer wind that twinkled the foliage of the trees—the rainbow glories that hung there in beauty, when silent autumn came on with solemn pace. The tiny brook that fell leaping from on high, turned his wheel, while he gazed mutely by, in young astonishment. He hears again, in fancy, the deep bay of his dog reverberating afar among the rocks; the chatter of the squirrel, that provoked him from his secure eyrie on high, breaks once more upon his busy ear. Sweet, indeed, are such reminiscences! They are the only pure balm for the troubled spirit. But to return.

The little urchin who took charge of me, after rambling for many hours, conveyed me home, where I was quietly placed in the corner of the room. The first objects which I observed on my arrival, were two young ladies, of very pleasing appearance. I soon learned that they were orphans, and resorted to needle-work for a livelihood. The village itself was quite a conspicuous little spot, and distinguished for the pride and gentility of its people. But a false pride tyrannized over these two ladies. They were ashamed of their employment. Standing quietly in my corner, listening to the ceaseless stitch of the needle, I have seen the whole stock and business disappear by a solitary rap at the door. They would then shake the wrinkles from



their dresses, gather a stray curl to its proper place, assume a convivial demeanor, and declare to their company that slaves only labored for a living. How ignorant they affected themselves in regard to industry! But the strangest delusion of all, was the supposition that the world was ignorant of their schemes. The world knew them all; and many is the joke that has been uttered by young bucks, in my presence, on this subject, when the ladies had for a moment left the room.

Had the power of speech been granted me, methinks I might have given them some good counsel. I would have charged them never to be ashamed of industry, let the nature of their employment be what it might. Industry is always honorable. The sluggard is a nuisance to society. And young ladies ought to consider that such conduct is only throwing a brief deception around them, which must disappear, when marriage at last overtakes them. She who has been instrumental in deceiving a lover, generally receives her punishment at the hands of a husband. And the world are not always deceived, though such may be the opinion of those who play the game. When this is the case, contempt and scorn are the natural consequence.

While I was an inmate in this family, I had an opportunity of witnessing another poor specimen of humanity. He occupied a front room, in the second story of the house, and had been for years a victim to patent medicines. He had read the manifold advertisements of these articles, until he imagined himself possessed of every disease in Christendom. Around his apartment, arranged in rows, might be seen the productions of the whole host of empirics, from Adam downward. Poor deluded soul! Pale and emaciated, he crawled around his room, suffering more from imagination than ten thousand realities could have inflicted. He murmured at every change in the weather. The damp morning incurred his bitter denunciations; the clear sky was too bracing for his consumptive constitution; in short, no change of climate or season was acceptable to him. He daily died a hundred deaths in fearing one. He kept in attendance a quack physician, who invariably steamed him once a week, to prepare his system, as he said, for the mysterious medicine which was to follow. He condoled often with his patient in thus being so unfortunately afflicted, and declared that it was not so much his fee which he desired, as it was to be a philanthropist to mankind. The fact was, the patient had been blessed with a good stock of health; but in a weak moment, he submitted to quackery; and from that period, had been undergoing the process of slow murder. From morning until night, and from night until morning again, I have listened to his '*ugh! — ugh! — ugh!*' — his groans — his sighs. Still, he was made to believe that 'he was mending fast;' and even while the quack was declaring that he would 'yet see good days, and be a blessing to his friends,' *he died!*

In this family, I had been used for almost every purpose. On Mondays I was engaged to stir up the clothes, as they hang boiling and bubbling over the fire. Three days at least in the week I was hurled at the fowls and pigs, when they encroached too near the kitchen door. Sometimes I might be seen bracing

up the door of the larder — sometimes tearing down the silver web of the spider — and then hurrying through the garret, threatening death to the rats and other vermin, that dared to exhibit their eyes. At last, one of the boys ran me into a hoe, and away I went, scratching among the cucumbers, and corn, and dew-sprinkled cabbages : in truth, I employed the whole summer in the labors of horticulture. When I was not busy, I was generally to be found quietly hanging in the pear tree, and, as was supposed, in perfect security. But a different fate awaited me. One dark night, I heard a cautious footstep approaching. I found myself suddenly grasped, and detached from the limb to which I hung. I was hurried instantly away — for I was kidnapped ! My master was a gentleman very commonly clad, and his breath had a peculiar flavor. He had not proceeded far, before he separated me from the hoe itself, and pocketing the steel, threw me into one of the neighboring pastures, amid the dewy grass. My bed was a cool one, yet it was somewhat ameliorated by being near the fence. I had not remained long in this position, when a person approached, and commenced warily throwing down the rails upon me. After a few moments, he began calling his sheep, guiding them safely through the aperture, saying, as they passed : ‘ It is very unfortunate to have unruly flocks, that will, in spite of yourself, infringe upon your neighbor’s ground ! ’ I thought as much. But what surprised me more, was the fact, that no flock passed the other way. This was owing, possibly, to the barrenness of the pasture. On the following morning, the farmers *both* lamented the catastrophe, and trusted that such an occurrence might not happen again.

As I lay amid the green grass, my memory ran back over the winding pathway I had traversed, and I hope the reader with me. It was indeed a scene for reflection. The blue heavens bending above, were stamped with the golden stars — those fires that burn for ever, and yet are not quenched. As I gazed at them, the thought of their antiquity rushed upon me. It was that same blue-spangled curtain that hung on high above old Rome, when she rioted in all her luxury and magnificence. The shepherds who ‘ watched their flocks by night,’ were warned to study that living page for a light to guide them to the expected Messiah : the Arab, as he travelled the boundless fields of sand, trusted to those burning orbs, for they alone were his chart and compass. Well may the stars be called the ‘ poetry of heaven ! ’ Beyond the grasp of poor frail man, they light him from the cradle, and down to the sepulchre. Their beams are shed upon his monument, until *that* too is crumbled away, and no token remains to point the spot where his ashes lie. Could a voice be heard from their blue home, doubtless it would speak of a race that passed from our continent long ere the canvass of Columbus was furled upon our shores ; a race that preceded the Indian — a people whose *remains* are yet among us, but whose history lies deep in oblivion. Our harvests wave above their graves, and the plough turns up their bones from their couch of many centuries. But I am wandering again.

The pasture-boy caught me up one morning from my bed of repose, and threw me into the street, where I was discovered, and

picked up by a teamster, who carried me to the great emporium. On my arrival, I was presented, in compassion, to a lame mendicant, who conveyed me home to his filthy dwelling, and converted me into a crutch. Oh, the misery I beheld here! Pages could not record it. Disease, crime, poverty, were all united. How little do the opulent realize the situation of the poor in a great metropolis! But I must close. I am too miserable, in my miserable abode, to write farther.

H. H. R.

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THE MEMORIES OF LIFE.

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' Ah! still I gaze, and feel as one  
Who, travelling, marks a landscape pass'd,  
Where streams the influence of the sun,  
While cloud and storm are round him cast.'

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I know not years — yet have I lived long years,  
And known deep sorrow — and if beam of joy  
Have gleamed across my pathway, as I trod  
The valley of my pilgrimage, it seem'd  
As if in mockery — and the lustre fell  
Upon my spirit's front, like the cold light  
Upon the ice-mounts of the shining north.

No radiance has been mine, that lit the heart,  
But that which played upon its summit — all  
Without or warmth or glory. I have lived  
When life was but a pastime — and the beat  
Of the quick pulse was like no pendulum,  
That measures what it governs — but a rush  
Of the ungoverned waters, that spring forth  
And pass to sea in tumult. On that wave  
Rose the bright spirit of joy — and every swell  
Of the glad billow lifted while it bore  
A soul of joyousness — but sweeping down  
The pathway of sad change, the skies were chang'd,  
And the deep light departed. I was left  
A being over whom the sights and sounds  
Of earth had lost their power — a being bow'd  
As to new idols, and new worship. Thus,  
Without a heeded measure of my days,  
They passed to the great ocean. I beheld  
No value to them. Like a pendulum,  
They swung their weary duty — pattering  
The story of Time's passage; and to-day  
Telling the tale of yesterday — till years  
Pass'd in this nothingness, and I beheld  
Their history on my brow. I heard afar,  
Like the great anthem of the heaving sea,  
A sound come o'er my ear, when I recall'd  
The mem'ry of young joy — the beautiful,  
The many-voiced, and holy. I trode back  
The path where I had leapt when pulse was song,  
And every cadence music — when the sky  
Was but a habitation of bright hearts,  
That beat to melody — and gave the world  
A lustre and a loveliness that none  
Could season into being, though they seem'd  
Led by the best philosophy — a light  
That the soul gather'd from simplicity,  
And gazed on through this dome of all the stars!

## A WEEK IN CINCINNATI.

IN 1839.

'REALLY, this is a fine town,' exclaimed a drawling young Trollope, to an old man who stood tottering upon the verge of sixty and the side-walk, and who nodded assent, as I passed up Main-street. 'It may be,' thought I, 'for it has noble streets, beautiful buildings, capacious markets, lofty churches,' etc. So extending my walk a little, I ascended one of those everlasting hills in the rear of the city, and took a bird's-eye view of its magnitude and position, which embraces several square miles of surface, and whose *tout ensemble*, reflected upon the glassy waters of 'La Belle Riviere,' presents one of the most gorgeous and gratifying spectacles in the western world. The next morning, bright and early, I repeated my promenade, and before noon felt myself quite familiar with the boundaries of the town. I need not describe its beauties; for they are, or should be, as familiar as household words to those who cannot find it in their hearts to overlook such graphic delineations as those of Basil Hall, and Mad. Trollope, and, *par nobile fratrum*, Col. Hamilton, Maj. Ferrall, and Barrister Vigne. I therefore omit them, and recommend those who wish to have a correct idea of this eighth wonder of the western world, to visit it themselves; but by all means to go without letters:

'For if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them but of little use.'

For example: My first letter of introduction I presented to the postmaster; for I always make it a point, in a large city, to gain the early acquaintance of this man of letters, that I may be sure of getting my own punctually, and of hearing the latest and best news from the fountain-head. I called at a fashionable hour, and for once only enjoyed the sight and conversation of a deaf old man of sixty — a veritable Jacksonian, of the methodist persuasion — a multitudinous sect in this godly city, which, with Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, and others, have turned their little world upside down, and fulfilled to the very letter every thing which Mad. Trollope has revealed to us in her glowing descriptions of their demoralizing camp-meetings, and ultra revivals. I have sometimes attended them, and can bear witness, that in this instance, at least, the old lady has recorded the truth.

My next was such a letter as Chesterfield might have written, and was addressed to a merchant — one of the 'big bugs,' as they are called in the west. He had been president of a bank, insurance company, etc., but some how or other — and it is not uncommon in new countries — a change had come over his fortunes. He had lost his property, and with it his influence. He seemed broken-hearted, and, as I thought, in no disposition to share his misfortunes with a stranger. The chief and best reason I had for presenting the letter, was the pleasure it might give him to hear of the welfare of his former and absent friend.

I now selected from my budget, and fortified myself with, an introductory note from a gentleman of distinction — one of our foreign

ambassadors, and with which I hoped to be admitted to the centre of Almack's, if not to the very freedom of the city itself. It was addressed to a man of law — one of the world, and acquainted with its forms — a man of wealth, and who knew how to keep it. By 'particular request,' I joined a friend to meet him at his own house, the following evening, where, thought I, we shall be sure to see something of the 'domestic manners' of the Cincinnatians. We had scarcely been seated at his fire-side, and exchanged a word or two with his lady, when the barrister remarked that he had an express invitation for us to attend an evening party at one of the most fashionable drawing-rooms in the city. How could we refuse? It was at Mad. B — 's. The rooms were crowded. There was music and dancing as we entered, and 'all went merry as a marriage bell.' We were treated with all the kindness due to strangers so honorably introduced, and with marked hospitality; but where was the barrister, our friend? He had disappeared, *sans ceremonie*; and though I remained a sojourner in the city many days, ill of a tertian, I never knew what became of him; and to this day have never had an opportunity to discharge an obligation which rests upon my heart of hearts for his civility, nor thanked him for his condescension and his kindness.

The next evening — for, as a professional man, I have learned to time my visits according to the necessity of the case — I called and presented myself to the Magnus Apollo of the literary world of Cincinnati. I was introduced to his short acquaintance by a letter from his 'friend and class-mate,' who was himself an emigrant, and who now reposes in the valley of the shadow of death, on the banks of the Missouri. He was sitting at a centre-table, overshadowed with reviews, magazines, and pamphlets, seemingly arranging the 'last number' for the press, surrounded by his wife and very interesting family. His young and lovely daughter was there, with her scarlet robe and pink slippers, redolent of all those charms and virtues which Mad. Trollope has lavished upon her, in her 'Domestic Manners of the Americans;' and in one corner of the room sat the veritable old Trollope herself — rough-cast and misshapen — of coarse and vulgar expression, and a head, viewed phrenologically, of the very lowest order. She was a frequent intruder here, and gleaned many of her opinions upon literature and religion, if not of 'domestic manners,' from one who had been ten years a sojourner in the valley of the Mississippi. A second visit to this excellent reverend gentleman, gained me the promise of letters to the 'low countrie,' which, as in duty bound, I politely declined; and soon set forward with the liveliest anticipations of what my horoscope would reveal to me in a second visit to the sunny south:

'That region where the sun 's so bright —  
The air so mild, the wine so light.'

But here let me remark, that the people of Cincinnati are not wanting in hospitality: by no means; and whatever Mad. Trollope — good easy soul — may have thought of their 'expressive silence,' in regard to her own person, she should have cordially forgiven them, in consideration of the overpowering civilities not long

before extended to one whose name as well as her own now 'smells of the blood of an Englishman.' It seems that a gentleman of color, of more than ordinary shrewdness and attraction, had strayed away from his lawful owner in Louisiana, and gone to sport awhile his feather in the virgin city of the west. He had adorned his curly pate with a wig and a prodigious pair of whiskers, and embellished his sooty person with a flaming sword, uniform, and epaulettes, and announced himself as the son or nephew of *Major General Ross*, of *Bladensburg* memory. No sooner was it whispered abroad that a distinguished military gentleman had entered the city, than every thing was set in motion to render his stay agreeable, and make time dance away with down upon its feet. He was a perfect *Marlboro'* with the gentlemen, and with the ladies, he was for all the world like love among the roses. Their fluttering little hearts could find no rest, while a simper or a smile was seen to play around the 'ebony and topaz' lips of the gallant captain.

'Alas! what was love made for,  
If 't is not the same,  
Through joy and through sorrow,  
Through torment and shame?'

He now enjoyed the freedom of the city, and entered, unquestioned and most welcome, the theatre and assemblies; and not a route, nor dinner party, nor a musical soirée, nor a conversazione, could be had, unless darkened by the presence of this stick of ebony. He was now the reigning toast of 'all parties,' and hand and glove with those who granted him the freedom of their boxes at the theatre, where he nightly added perfume to the violet, and at times was so entranced by the 'spirit of his dream,' as seemingly to 'die of a rose in aromatic pain.' But can the Ethiopian change his skin? We believe not. And so it turned out; for one evening the *soi-disant* captain, having forgotten his engagement at a fashionable supper party, which had been expressly made, and was in waiting, for his excellency, the gentlemen—perhaps some of the ladies—became rather uneasy, if not alarmed, for his safety, and a servant was despatched to learn the cause of his cruel absence. He returned quite breathless, but with the laughing devil in his eye, and made known to his mistress and the company that 'Massa Captain Ross' was engaged at a scrub-ball, given in honor of 'de fair sec,' who were about to emigrate to the borders of Canada. What immediate effect this message had upon the party, and especially the ladies, I could never learn; though it is said there is not one of them, to this day, who hears the name of Captain Ross repeated, whose heart is not moved as by the sound of a trumpet.

Cincinnati abounds in churches. There are more, I think, than are needed, and many more, I dare say, than are useful. Many of them are built up by means of schisms and dissensions, and instead of contributing the greatest possible happiness to the greatest number, they reverse the maxim, and contribute the greatest possible misery to the greatest number. The dullest sermon upon the dullest subject I think I ever heard, was from one of their pulpits. The church music is execrable, and the lovers of harmony, it was said,

could only have their ears regaled with the concord of sweet sounds, by going into a little chapel where one of the faculty of medicine dispenses the gospel to a handful of hearers who call themselves Swedenborgians. A beautiful Unitarian church recently erected, is an ornament to the city. The Rev. Mr. —, from Boston, made the society a visit a while since, and his pulpit oratory was much admired. The ladies, dear creatures, were enraptured with him; and I was told by a sweet little fairy, that they actually halted at a confectioner's on their way from church, and called for ice-creams! 'Good,' said I: '*Je noterai cela, Madame, dans mon livre.*'

I cannot say much for the literature of Cincinnati, though there are persons there who are themselves literary, and who would have us believe it to be the Athens of the West. There are several good book-stores and reading-rooms, an Athenæum, a Franklin Institute, etc. But these latter, I could see, were not well patronized nor attended. The magazines and reviews lie covered with dust upon the tables, and were seldom disturbed. There is a circulating library attached to the Athenæum, containing a few historical works, and a score or two of novels. At the Franklin Institute, I heard a young man, who was self-taught, and who was ambitious of being thought both literary and scientific, lecture upon painting and sculpture. His remarks upon the former were drawn chiefly from the life and writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the latter from Winckelman. He was an adept in music, too, and it was said played sweetly upon the guitar.

There is a medical college here, which has been a fruitful source of evil, as well as of good, to the city. It has struggled through several long and bitter wars — *medica bella* — and many grievous dissensions and angry jealousies have threatened its very foundation. For several years, more legalized quackery issued from its walls than any other medical institution probably in the United States. It has recently undergone another and another reform, and promises, under a new direction, to be more serviceable to the public; though it may still be regarded as *le forge des docteurs*, as Professor Configliachi would say, which annually sends forth many a tyro, who had better be tilling the soil of the west, than in constant apprehension of breaking the sixth commandment.

The freedom of elections here, as in all new towns and communities, where the population is so restless and fluctuating, is a source of great and increasing evil, not easy to be corrected. It will eventually, I fear, destroy our free institutions, and sap the very foundations of that glorious liberty which we have so long and preëminently enjoyed. 'Corruption wins not more than honesty,' said Woolsey, though now-a-days the reverse of the maxim seems to be politically true. We take an example from this city, the truth of which was guaranteed to us by one of her own citizens, and which may serve both to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.'

It seems that a scheming, cunning fellow, from the back woods, who had been bred a lawyer, or rather half-bred — and which brings to mind the old saw, that half a loaf is better than no bread — emigrated to this city with the determination of improving his condition, and if possible, to gain a post of honor in the political world. He

could not have come to a better market. To find an opportunity to win upon the favor of all and sundry of the republican citizens, he condescended to begin his career as a hawker of gingerbread, etc. He 'toted' a wheel-barrow with cake and ale, and other fine edibles, throughout the city, until he gained the acquaintance of, and became familiar with, every man and *beast* that could give him a vote. By chance, he passed the mayor's office, or some other court of justice, at the moment that a fellow citizen had been arraigned for petty larceny, or some such offence, and who needed counsel to rescue him from his 'durance vile.' He proffered *his* services, and they were accepted — the '*rectus in curia*' to the contrary notwithstanding. The plea was successful, and the prisoner discharged, amid the deafening shouts of the multitude, who had assembled to hear the gingerbread-pedlar advocate the claims of the prisoner, and prove the strength of the maxim, that it is better for ninety-and-nine guilty persons to escape punishment, than for one innocent man to suffer. From this moment, he considered his fortune as made, and the vote of the city as his own. He forthwith offered himself as a candidate for the *first* office in the gift of the people, viz: that of state representative; and strange to say, though true, he distanced his opponent, who was a military gentleman, of high standing, and who had long before gained bright laurels in fighting the battles of his country. The 'sovereign people' will no doubt advance the political interests of the gingerbread-merchant, who may yet prove a formidable rival to *Jack Downing*, and live to be hailed as the 'greatest and best' in the federal city. What reflections might we make here! — but we forbear; for 'it is painful,' as Somerville has feelingly remarked, 'to reflect on the degeneracy of modern times — on the unnatural excitement of low ambition, which instigates every beggar to tread on the heels of every gentleman, and every gentleman pant to be a king.'

There is a good theatre in the city, which, in the winter season, is often well and fully attended. There are regular public assemblies and cotillion-parties, also, to which strangers are admitted, and which are indeed very agreeable. We attended one of the most brilliant and fashionable for the season, held on Washington's birth-night, at the Bazaar, a famous building erected at the expense and ruin of Madame Trollope, who was never more shocked in her life, she says, than when she saw the fair 'wall flowers' attached to the ceiling, 'putting their sweet-meats and creams in their laps,' and thus, independent of the gentlemen, enjoying their 'sweet, but sad and sulky repast.' I confess it seemed to me a little outré, but then it is 'eminently characteristic of the country,' as she says, and what could we do? Quadrilles and cotillions were the order of the night, and we spent most of it in gazing at the fairy forms and smiling faces which surrounded us, and which, as Yorick would say, made the very locks shake upon our shoulders. 'Pray who is that Hebe-like lady,' said I to my friend, 'that forms the centre of attraction, round which are revolving many lesser stars, in that lively cotillion? She is beautiful; and he that feels himself weak, should pray to Heaven to guard him from such eyes as those.'

'Oh!' said he, with a deep and expressive sigh, 'she is the daughter



of Mrs. H — , who lives in Broadway, and who keeps the most fashionable boarding-house in the city.'

'And who is this approaching us, that 'walks in beauty like the queen of cloudless climes and starry skies?' She too is lovely.'

'Yes,' said he, laying his hand upon his heart, 'she is a Miss T — , whose mother also keeps a boarding-house, and she is one of the belles of the city.'

Again I turned, and beheld a sylph-like form mingling in the dance, in which she sported lighter than a zephyr, and was about bartering my heart away through the medium of my friend, when I saw the blood mantle his cheek.

'Stay,' said he, 'she is the daughter of a respectable, nay, fashionable lady, who lives in Broadway, and whose house is the most *recherché* for private boarders in the west.'

'Well?' said I.

'Nay, be done,' exclaimed he; 'let us away.'

'Oh!' said I, 'once more: here — here is Miss G — , and Miss S — ,'

'Oh! they are both, they are *all* living in the same style,' replied he; and so saying, he dropped my arm, and sought refreshment in the ante-room.

I turned and addressed myself to the veriest coquette in the city; flirted with, and flattered her, until I felt my heart beat, and hers evidently began to flutter. When I left her, she gave me a sweet smile — *such* a smile! — oh, I shall never forget it, though it was the smile of one whom I had never seen before, and probably shall never meet again.

In the suburbs of the city, there is an Indian mound, which we visited. It was erected, heaven knows when, or for what purpose. Could it be a retreat from the rising waters? There are hills, half a mile distant, that overlook the moon, and which could not be inundated, except by a second deluge. Could it serve as a burial-place for the tribes who erected it? There is not a single shadow of the remains of any human being, or any appearance that could indicate its ever having been intended as a Golgotha, or place of sculls. We walked over it. The wild beasts of the forest had trodden there before us. We entered it, and traversed its long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, till we almost needed the thread of Ariadne to bring us out. We paused and meditated, as others no doubt had done before us, and felt as if there might be something more there than was dreamed of in our philosophy. What a scene for an antiquary! I was about pencilling in my note-book the thoughts and impressions produced by it, when the appearance of the guide led me to inquire how long he thought these hollow avenues had existed, and what tribe of Indians could have fashioned them. 'Oh,' said he, with great *nonchalance*, 'not long I reckon, I cut 'em myself.' 'Shade of Phidias!' I exclaimed, and hastened homeward, muttering 'curses not loud but deep,' against this shadow of mortality, who could find it in his heart to cheat me of such delightful illusions.

I had now seen all the lions of Cincinnati; had laughed at its theatre, slept in its churches, smelt of Dorfue's 'hell,' and gazed at the Picture-Gallery; had visited its Athenæum and Franklin Insti-

tute, and supped at its Bazaar ; had yawned in its schools, and court-rooms, feasted at its hotels and boarding-houses, lounged in its book-stores, and flirted with the ladies. 'And now,' thought I, 'how odd it is that Mad. Trollope should have been dissatisfied and unhappy, and that she should have shaken off the dust of her feet, and in the agony of her heart exclaimed :

' Good Heaven ! deliver me from this dire place,  
And all the after actions of my life  
Shall mark my penitence !'

To those of moderate expectations, and ordinary ambition, we sincerely recommend to abide in Cincinnati. 'T is the Florence of America for cheap living, and not the least of its attractions is, that while we may find much to interest us — many things to admire, and some to love — we may enjoy all the necessaries of life, and its luxuries, even, and draw our family and friends around us, and seem 'passing rich, with forty pounds a year.'

AN M. D.

#### BLACK PLUME.

##### A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.

'A noble race ! but they are gone,  
With their old forests wide and deep,  
And we have built our homes upon  
Fields where their generations sleep.'

BRYANT.

When dim in shade those meadows lay,  
That in the distance stretch away ;  
When deer yon river sought in droves,  
And of its pleasant waters drank,  
Before the tall primeval groves  
Receded from the bank ;  
On this commanding swell of ground,  
That overlooks the scene around,  
With his red subjects of the wood,  
A sachem dwelt, **BLACK PLUME** by name,  
And bounded through his veins the blood  
Of a long line of chiefs of fame.  
By nature moulded was his form  
To brave the fight or fearful storm,  
And vied his high, heroic deeds  
In number with the wampum beads  
Inwoven with the war-belt tied,  
In knot of crimson, at his side.  
One arm alone could bend his bow,  
With sinews of the big elk strung :  
The gory spoils of many a foe  
In his bark cabin hung ;  
And tufted scalps of conflict spoke,  
While drying in the wreathy smoke.

The **Black Plume** had a gentle child,  
A rose-bud blushing in the wild,  
Who well could quench the kindling fire  
Of rash resentment in her sire,  
Or calm by soft, caressing art  
The troubled fountains of his heart ;  
When sad and weary he came back,  
Without one victim from the chase :

Her brow was shaded by the black,  
 Long tresses of her race,  
 And shone her dark eye like the rill,  
 Descending, star-lit, from the hill.  
 The wildness of her accents clear  
 Accorded with the woodland well,  
 And when her soft voice on the ear  
 Of haughty Black Plume fell,  
 His scar-indented brow would wear  
 An aspect unallied to care,  
 And smiles, like dawn illuming night,  
 His warrior-countenance would light.

One morning in the month of flowers,  
 While dew hung twinkling in the bowers,  
 The chief took down his bow unstrung,  
 And round his ample shoulders flung  
 A hunting robe of painted skins —  
 Then lacing on his moccasins,  
 While nodded haughtily his crest  
 Of sable hue, his child addressed :

'How lovingly the mist is twining  
 Its blue arms round the mountain,  
 While golden-vested day is shining  
 On reedy pool and fountain :  
 The pleasant winds begin to rouse  
 From rest the dark, inwoven boughs,  
 And by their murmur seem to chide  
 The hunter for his long delay :  
 The tangled glen and forest wide  
 Shall tribute to my woodcraft pay ;  
 The sharp edge of my fatal knife  
 Ere night shall rob the bear of life,  
 And my long shaft this day shall pierce  
 The mountain-wolf, with hunger fierce,  
 Or, from his throne of giant rocks,  
 The bird of victory shall bring —  
 What prouder trophy for thy locks  
 Than plumage of his wing ?'

Like one of peril nigh, afraid,  
 His trembling daughter answer made :

'Oh, go not forth in quest of game !  
 My mother, who hath long been dead,  
 In visions of the midnight came,  
 And with a warning gesture said,  
 'Rose of the Senecas, give ear !  
 The foe, the Chippewa, is near !'  
 Affrighted by the dream, I woke,  
 And felt a wild, foreboding thrill ;  
 For, warbled on the solemn oak,  
 That shades our lodge, the whip-po-will.  
 I sought, a second time, my bed,  
 And sleep my pillow visited :  
 My long-lost mother came once more,  
 And, her thin hand uplifting, said,  
 In accents louder than before :  
 'Rose of the Senecas, beware !  
 The Chippewa has left his lair !'  
 I rose with fear oppressed : the east  
 Was radiant with the march of morn,  
 And bees were busy at their feast,  
 In blossoms newly born.'

'Thy bodings, ominous of ill,  
 May coward hearts with terror thrill,

But think not, dreamer, to affright  
My soul with visions of the night !  
The chieftain haughtily replied,  
And sought the wood with rapid stride.

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Noon passed — but from his forest track  
The quivered sachem came not back ;  
And when the close of day drew nigh,  
And gorgeous grew the western sky,  
In dumb expectancy before  
The vine-entwisted cabin door  
His daughter stood to welcome him,  
Emerging from the woodland dim.  
With ear intent she waited long  
To hear his whistle, or the song  
Sung by the people of her race,  
Returning homeward from the chase ;  
Then hurried like a startled fawn  
When arrows to the barb are drawn,  
And seeking gray old men, made known  
Her many fears, in trembling tone,  
And bade them send the runners out  
To search the greenwood round about.

Alarm was sounded, and a band,  
Acute of glance and strong of hand,  
Went sternly forth, for battle dress,  
Of their loved Sagamore in quest.  
The warriors, after searching well  
The deep morass and bosky dell,  
Came back with looks downcast in grief,  
Bearing the body of their chief.  
In his broad bosom stuck the knife,  
Red to the handle with his life,  
And the long scalp-lock that he wore,  
Was stiff with clotted drops of gore.  
His bearers felt a mournful pride,  
To think not vainly he had died,  
For even death could not relax  
His grasp upon his battle-axe,  
And near the fatal spot were found  
Three foemen lifeless on the ground.

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They buried him : the place is lone,  
Where stands his dark memorial stone,  
Like some rude watcher of the dead,  
In robes of green moss habited,  
And shaded by two dwarfish trees,  
That wrestle feebly with the breeze.  
Amid their boughs are never heard  
The low, wild warblings of the bird,  
Or the blithe chirp of squirrel black,  
When spring, in green apparel clad,  
With airs of purity comes back,  
To make the broad earth glad :  
When summer reigns, with cheek all bloom,  
To deck his grave no flower looks up,  
Enticing, by its sweet perfume,  
The wild bee to its cup.  
A few misshapen shrubs, that bear  
The whortleberry, rustle there ;  
But in my youth I thought ill luck  
Would fall on him who dared to pluck,  
Though, glittering in morning dew,  
Hung temptingly their berries blue.

W. H. C. H.

## THE CLERK'S YARN.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE OF THE SEA: IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

EIGHT bells rang merrily out along the decks of a noble corvette, as she dashed gracefully on her way through the long seas and sparkling waves of the Trades, in her course toward the Virgin Islands, whither she was bound on a cruise. A bright sky and a glorious moon were above her; while her white canvass, as it rose pile upon pile, and bellied to the soft, but constant breeze, looked like wreaths of untrodden snow on a mountain's side, in the pale and mellow light.

'My watch on deck!' exclaimed the master's mate of the fore-castle — a tall, raw-boned Virginian, of the old school of midshipmen — as he arose, when the first warning stroke of the bell fell on his ear, from three camp-stools, along which he had been stretching himself: 'it's my watch on deck. Hand me my pea-coat, Collins, and pass a chaw o' tobacco; none of your purser's allowance, 'ither. I must relieve the 'old soldier' who has been on post all the dog-watch;' and, suiting the action to the word, he ejected a quid from his mouth, that would have shamed in size the largest paper of Lorillard's fine-cut chewing tobacco, and supplied its place with another of equal dimensions. The master's mate adjusted carefully his pea-coat, and his quid, cast a wistful eye on the pile of hammocks which lay at the foot of the steerage-ladder, waiting to be slung for the night, and, raising a foot, was about to mount to the deck, when the form of the captain's clerk, who sat quietly in a corner, perusing the last page of a French novel, caught his eye.

'Come, Mr. Quills,' said he, 'come on deck, and spend an hour or two with me. You, who get half as much sleep again as one of our ground-tier berths, can easily afford the loss, this glorious night, without any very great sacrifice, 'ither. By-the-by, you promised to relate to me some strange adventure you met with in a merchant-man, and I am now ready to listen to it. I should not be surprised, however, if it contains no more serious incident than the capsizing of the coffee-pot, some morning, and the loss of a breakfast thereby; for I never knew a person who had crossed the Atlantic in a packet-ship, but had seen in a watch all the 'wonders of the deep,' the Psalmist tells us about — such as mountain waves, and the like, with an agreeable sprinkling of mermaids, water-spouts, and sea-serpents; while we poor devils, who spend most of our lives at sea, are perfectly content to think a wave as high as my old grandmother's brick barn, quite a wonder in its way. Come along, though, any how; you'll find me ——'

'At your old post, caulking it under the long-bow-chaser,' squeaked out a sucking mid., of some three month's standing, from the inner edge of the mess-table, where he was engaged in scrawling what he termed 'a letter' to his mother, which, although but half com-

pleted, was already graced with sundry and divers charts of the Black Sea, done in ink.

'Clap a stopper on your red rope, youngster,' retorted the first speaker, 'or I'll flatten in your head-sheets for you. Uncle Sam must be d — ly troubled with his surplus revenue, to waste it upon such hard bargains as you are — who, though you have a finger in every one's mess, muster in nobody's watch. Ah! I see you are writing to your mamma: mind and tell her, while you think of it, that the cook of the larboard mess has used for pudding-bags all the night-caps she stowed away so carefully in her dear boy's trunk, to keep its head from the cold; and that the nasty reefers have docked the tail of the flannel night-gown she made to keep it warm in the West Indies, to make a new suit of rigging for the captain's monkey.'

'I am in a watch,' pouted the youngster; 'I'm in Mr. Brace's watch; and mother thought it would be cold here, in winter; and 't was sister who put in the night-gown.'

'One of her own, perhaps,' rejoined the mate, laughing: 'if so —'

'I won't allow you to talk so of my mother and sister,' said the middy, bristling up: 'I'll demand gentlemanly satisfaction of you, Sir — I will —'

'Oh! pray do n't, pet: but since the wind sets so, I'm off — only blessings on the dear old lady's geographical acquirements, any how. Come, Quills.'

'I'll follow in a moment,' said the clerk: 'where shall I find you?'

'On the top-gallant fore-castle, by the fore-mast.' So saying, he mounted the ladder, and disappeared on deck. The clerk soon stowed away the book in his locker, and followed the midshipman.

The night was indeed a lovely one. The seas were sparkling gloriously in the beams of a tropical moon, whose bright rays, streaming through the rigging and spars, chequered the deck in a thousand fantastic forms of light and shade, and glancing upward from the black and polished guns, made her iron battery appear as if cast in molten silver. The constant and fresh breeze of the Trades had lulled every sail to sleep, and they towered aloft against the deep blue sky, till they looked scarcely the size of a pocket-hankerchief, and heaved and and struggled, like the bosom of some fair girl, as though they would burst the envious bonds that restrained their freer play. A few soft and fleecy clouds, such as are only seen in these bright regions, were chasing each other along the fields of ether, and while they had nothing threatening in their aspect, assumed a thousand ever-varying shapes, which delighted the eye, and rendered the scene less monotonous. Ever and anon, clouds of flying fish, startled by the passing ship, would rise from the bosom of the deep, and flutter away far over the waves, with all the gayety of land-birds. And at intervals, a dolphin might be marked, tracing his way through the liquid element, with the speed of an arrow, by the long rocket-like train of phosphorescent light which followed in his wake.

'You are sentimental to-night, Mr. Tackle,' said the clerk to the master's mate, who had not perceived his approach, and was leaning

against the forward-swifter of the fore-rigging, gazing ahead, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

'Devilish little sentiment in me, Mr. Quills; though my subject was tasty enough, for that matter: I was thinking if that d — d monkey, sitting out there on the sprit-sail yard, which played such a cursed trick with my best jacket t' other day, was only a roast goose, well stuffed with potatoes and onions, he and I would soon be on better terms than we are at present. We had pea-soup, you know, for dinner to day, and it's only slops at best; and though I swallowed the standing part of a gallon of it, I feel as empty now as a sailor's purse after a week's cruise ashore.'

'Why, Tackle, in case such a metamorphose should befall the poor monkey, I myself would not object to join your mess, as I do n't relish pea-soup, and made but a slight dinner on it. But I think I heard you give the girls at C — a touch of sentiment when we lay there, fitting for sea.'

'Ay, ay, one's forced to that now and then. Why, they expect it, as a matter of course; and after a cruise in the Tropics, if one could not tell them of spicy breezes, and orange groves, they'd set him down for a green-horn. Now, for my part, though I spun them a yarn, as long as a main-top bowline, about orange groves, full of lovely nymphs, and such boltherdash, I never saw but one grove of the kind, during all my cruising in the West Indies; and the fair damsel it contained was none other than a nigger wench, baking casaba bread on an old rusty griddle. She, too, was such a blasted fright, that the first luff's dog, which I had along with me, barked himself into a fit of the croup, at the mere sight of her. I have always thought, however, that the little blue-eyed girl we both admired so much, was quizzing me; for when I found myself hove short, and so tailed on a quotation, she set up a giggle at it.'

'What was it, pray?'

'Why,' said I, 'as the poet says of the arrival of Columbus in the West Indies,

— 'when woods of palm,  
And orange groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.'

'The devil you did! How the deuce could groves and trees blow over the seas?'

'So thought I, unless it might be in a hurricane; so I corrected myself, and said, 'I mean the leaves from the trees, of course, Miss;' but she smiled at that, too; and as there was nothing else to give her but the roots, I stopped at that, and hauled in for the supper table.'

'My dear fellow, the words are:

'When the land wind from woods of palm,  
And orange groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.'

'Well, well, 'land wind,' or 'sea breeze,' if you ever catch me prating sentiment or poetry to a woman again, slacken up all my lanyards in a gale of wind, and clap a rocky lee shore close aboard of me. I've no notion of being laughed at every time I foul my hawse, or shiver a little in the wind. But now for the yarn. Who

has the look-out? — ah! I see it is you, Smith. Run down, my good fellow, into the steerage, and bring up a couple of camp-stools. We can sit here, Quills, in the wake of the fore-mast, out of sight of the officer of the deck. Keep a bright look-out, Smith,' said the mate, when the stools were brought, and the companions seated, 'and if you see the officer coming forward, let me know it.'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' was the rejoinder; 'I'll keep an eye on him, and a bright look-out ahead, too.'

'Now, Quills, commence your yarn.'

'I had been,' began the clerk, 'for some three or four years in a counting-house, in New-York, when, one morning, I was called into my employer's private office, by the senior partner of the house, and informed that they were about loading a vessel with arms and munitions of war for the patriots of South America; and as the service required a trustworthy and experienced manager, they had concluded to appoint me supercargo, in case I was willing to accept the berth. I had often listened, with the greatest attention and delight, to romantic stories of the sea, which the masters and mates in my employer's service were in the habit of recounting, and had long anxiously looked forward to the period when my lucky stars would present such an opportunity for gratifying my ardent desire to see the world. As you may imagine, I embraced the offer without hesitation, and set about preparing myself for the voyage.'

'The vessel destined for the business, was a whacking brig, that had been built during the war, for a privateer, and pierced originally for eighteen guns. With great length and breadth of beam, she was remarkably sharp; had long raking masts, and a low hull; and sailed so fast, that, to use an expression of her captain, 'it was necessary to heave her to, now and then, to cool the rudder irons.' In those days, the West Indies swarmed with pirates; and as our cargo was valuable, we were armed with six guns, and carried a crew of eighteen men, to meet any attack those desperate marauders might make upon us. Our destination was the island of Curacoa, where the patriot privateers were in the habit of rendezvousing, to replenish their stores and sell their prizes. In the course of a week, we were loaded, and had sailed. Although miserably sea-sick, for the first two or three days, I shall never forget the emotions of awe and delight with which I was filled by the tumbling, boundless, and lonely sea. 'Here,' thought I, 'man is indeed free. Here are no bounds, no walls, no enclosures, to restrain him. No lords of the soil are here, to claim territory and to exclude his neighbors — no roads, no paths, to mark the route. No one is in the way of another; there is ample room and space for all.'

'We were running rapidly on our course, and had entered far into the latitude of the West India islands, when early one morning, the cry of '*Wreck, ho!*' from a man who had been sent aloft, on the top-gallant yard, to overhaul some of the steering sail gear, attracted the attention of every one, fore and aft, even to the old black cook, who issued from the galley, with a pan of ham and eggs in his hand, and became so absorbed in the interest of the scene, that some of the tars, possessed of more appetite than curiosity, lightened the dish of its savory contents, and afforded us a hearty laugh at poor Cuffee's



expense, who had not perceived the act, and expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the unaccountable disappearance of the skipper's breakfast.

'My interest became painfully wrought up, as we drew nearer the shorn hulk, which lay helpless, and apparently tenantless, in the trough of the sea; for of all objects of desolation and distress, none can present a more forlorn spectacle to my eye, or induce so sad a train of reflection, as a wreck at sea — unguided, and alone. She was a large ship, her masts gone by the board, and remnants of rigging hanging over the side, here and there, in such a careless manner, as seemed to indicate that no attempt had been made to repair the damages done her. The bulwark planking was torn off in several places from the staunchions; and her stern-boat, staved, hung from the davits by but one fall.

'The pirates have been here at work, and be d — d to 'em,' said the captain, who had been for some minutes intently reconnoitering her. 'Man the boat,' he added, turning to the chief mate; 'perhaps some poor fellow still survives on board. I have known men to escape, by concealing themselves until the incarnate devils had left their prey.'

'The jolly boat was instantly lowered, and I, with the chief mate, jumped into her, while the brig was hove to, a little to windward. In a few moments we were alongside the ship, and by the aid of the remnants of rigging, clambered easily upon deck, which was hardly reached, when a dog rushed out of the hurricane-house, with a fierce bark at first, and then with a piteous whine, came cringing and wagging his tail, up to me. But oh, Tackle! what a dreadful spectacle that deck presented! Gouts and dried puddles of blood almost covered it, and lay festering and putrefying in the sun and wind, sending forth a most intolerable odor. A death-like chill came over me, as I gazed around with horror; and I thought the very fountains of life would have curdled within me, as my mind glanced hastily at the retrospect. Pieces of human flesh, and hair matted in gore, were sticking to many places, and fragments of torn garments, some of them female, fluttered here and there. The hatches were all off, while broken boxes, torn and opened letters, and pieces of rich goods, thickly scattered around, certified, that the vessel had been thoroughly ransacked, and plundered of every thing valuable.

'As the dog, by his motions, seemed to beckon us toward the hurricane-house, we entered together, while some of the boat's crew descended into the hold, to see if any one was concealed there. As I stepped in, I perceived a man seated in a chair, with his face partially turned from me, leaning over a cot which swung from the beams over head, and which appeared to contain a human form. Before advancing farther in, I called to him, but received no answer: I called again, yet louder; still no reply, nor was any motion of any kind elicited. Thinking that he might be dead, although his position did not warrant the conclusion, I advanced to the opposite side of the cot, and faced him. As I approached, he raised his head, and gazing wildly in my face, cried:

'Ay! ay! murder me now, and I will thank you for the blow!'

'I come not to murder, but to save you, my friend,' said I: 'but who have you here?'

'I glanced my eye toward the figure on the cot. It was the form of a fair and exceedingly delicate girl, apparently scarce out of her teens; but the eyes were sealed in death, and gleamed from the unclosed lids with a glazed and waxy glare. The face was not strikingly handsome, for the lower lip pouted, and would have given a cross expression to the countenance, had not the defect been redeemed by a milder tura in the rest of the features, which wore that earnest, endearing look, which alone renders some women attractive. Her chestnut tresses were tangled about her face, and fell in loose ringlets over her snowy shoulders and bosom, and stains of blood were on the pillow. She seemed wasted, like one far gone in the consumption; and when I became cooler, and my senses more acute, I perceived that 'decay's effacing fingers' were already at work upon her.

'My friend,' said I, addressing her companion, who had assumed his former besotted expression, 'who are you? — what ship is this? — and how came you in this sad plight?'

'To these questions he made no reply, but buried his face in his hands, and groaned deeply.

'Come, come,' said the mate — who, though a rough, was a kind-hearted man — laying a hand on his shoulder, 'troubles that can't be cured must be endured; and we who go to sea, God knows, have our share of 'em. Our skipper has got some prime old New-England aboard; 't will raise your spirits. You shall have some of it.'

'The mate's rough attempt at consolation failed in its effect, however; and I thereupon proposed calling some of the crew into the cabin, to sew up the deceased in her cot, and bury her, before removing the survivor to our brig. The mate called two of the sailors, and set them at work to lash her up. So soon as they commenced, the stranger threw himself upon the body, and with tears streaming down his wan cheeks, cried out, in a voice of agony:

'Oh don't take her away from me! — don't hurt her! — she can be of no use to you now — she's dead! — her parents are dead! — she said she 'd be mine!' And then suddenly raising himself, he added, with a furious look: 'Hands off, villain!' and aimed a blow at the mate, which weak as he was, would inevitably have felled him to the deck, had not one of the sailors observed the intention, and arrested his arm in time to avert the stroke.

'Take him out,' said the mate; 'there is no use in keeping him here any longer. The man's mad.'

'No, no! don't take me out! I will *not* go hence! Dearest Ann — stop!' he said, passing his hand across his forehead, and seeming to collect his faculties; 'let me give her but one kiss, and then take me where you will.'

'He approached the corpse, bent down, and impressed one long impassioned kiss on the shrivelled lips, and turning wildly around, left the cabin.

'The preparations were soon completed; and having taken the precaution to cut off a lock of her hair, we were about passing her out of the cabin, to launch her overboard, when one of the sailors suggested that it might be as well to leave her where she was, and

to set the hull on fire; for some vessel might be injured, or sunk, by running into her in the night, and she could not be got into port without the greatest trouble; while, if the corpse were thrown into the sea, the sharks would get it before ten minutes had elapsed.

'The advice appeared judicious; and after hailing the brig, to obtain the captain's permission, we hastily collected a few articles, and having fired the hulk in two or three places, returned on board with the dog, and the unfortunate survivor, who allowed himself to be placed in the boat without saying a word, or making the slightest resistance. Heavy columns of smoke rising, for the greater part of the day, far astern of us, indicated the position of the burning ship; and painfully sad and acute were my feelings, when my mind reverted to the deserted girl, and her gleaming, ocean-rocked funeral pile.

'The remainder of our voyage was prosperous, and marked by the occurrence of no new adventure. The captain, mate, and myself endeavored, by all the means in our power, and by every show of kindness, to restore the spirits of our new passenger; and we were at last successful enough to remove in a great degree the abstraction of mind in which he was at first wrapped; though a deep melancholy still hung over him, which all our efforts were in vain exerted to dispel. He spoke but seldom, and then only in reply to questions put to him by one or other of us; and as he never adverted to his former history, delicacy forbade our hinting at the subject, although our curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch.

'We were delayed for some weeks in Curacao, in disposing of our cargo, and obtaining a new one, during which time, by unremitted attention and constant association, I had in a great measure won the stranger's confidence. As he became more communicative, he displayed in mind and manners all the polish of the gentleman. We were again at sea, and nearly in the same place where a few weeks before we had fallen in with the plundered ship, when the stranger suddenly broke the thread of some desultory discourse which he had been maintaining with me, as we sat together on the sky-light, by remarking:

'It was hereabout, my kind friend, that we first met. Here you found me in an awful situation indeed;' and his brow darkened as he spoke; 'you saved my life, too; but I now set so little value upon it, that I know not whether to thank you or not for the deed.'

'I deserve not your thanks,' said I, 'for I risked nothing in your behalf.'

'That may be true,' he interposed, 'that may be true; but few however, would have borne with my wayward humors, and exerted themselves to restore me to myself, as you have done, and I only regret that it does not lie in my power to make you a suitable return.' 'I have observed,' he continued, 'your curiosity to learn my adventures, and would have gratified it long since, but my mind shrank from the mere contemplation; and I felt how hard a task it would prove to relate them.'

'In case you had done it,' said I, 'you should, at any rate, have had my sympathies in your misfortunes, and such consolation as I was able to offer.'

“‘Some minds,’ he replied, ‘derive more pleasure from the play of their own sympathies, than from those of their friends, which are apt to be mingled with too great a spice of idle curiosity; and perhaps such is the case with my own. You shall hear my misfortunes, however, and then you will be better able to judge, whether, as they arose in part from my own indiscretions, they do or do not merit your sympathy.’

‘APPLES OF SODOM.’

’T is said that on the blackened shore  
Of that dull lake that slumbereth  
Where guilty Sodom stood of yore,  
Ere whelmed beneath her fiery death,  
A tree of stunted growth is found,  
Shading the dun, sulphureous ground,  
Whose fruit with colors fair and bright  
Attracts the thirsty traveller’s sight,  
And gives him hope of richer draught  
Than lip of luxury e’er quaffed;  
Eager he grasps the tempting prize —  
Eager divides the glowing rind;  
Alas! he loathes with bitter sighs  
The store his cheated senses find;  
Hope promised nectar — but disgust  
Presents him cinders — sulphur — dust!

Can such deceitful tree alone  
By the Dead Sea’s dark shores be shown?  
Ah! earth hath many a spot beside,  
With such delusive fruit supplied;  
So soft to touch, so fair to sight,  
That man its treasures seeks to win,  
And finds the vesture of delight  
Holds but a skeleton within.

Behold the tree Ambition rears —  
How fair its topmost bough appears!  
How, as it waveth to and fro,  
In gales which fame and fortune blow,  
Its golden apples flash and glow,  
In hope’s undimmed meridian sun,  
Dazzling the eyes of him below,  
Who deems the prize might well be won;  
He girds him for the long ascent,  
And branch and bough and limb are bent,  
As, straining to the giddy height,  
He keeps the treasure still in sight,  
Till to his panting lip is prest  
The fruit by hope so richly drest.

And is there that within to pay  
The toil and peril of the way?  
Doth nectar from its covering burst,  
To slake his hot, impatient thirst?  
No! that which seemed below so fair,  
Hath many a thorn implanted there,  
And nought the wounded hand can press  
From that rough rind, but bitterness.

Behold the graceful tree which grows  
Above the bower of Love’s repose!

The sportive sunbeams, flickering through  
 Its dancing leaves and clustering fruit,  
 Tinged with a soft, empurpled hue,  
 Mix with warm shadows at its root,  
 And form a dim, luxurious shade,  
 As for unbroken rapture made.  
 And will those glowing clusters keep  
 Their lovely promise to the eye?  
 Or shall the cheated gatherer weep  
 The touch of cold reality?  
 Those clusters crushed, to brain and heart,  
 A maddening rapture will impart,  
 Which must subside, and heart and brain  
 Will calmly feel and think again,  
 Yet feel and think that hope hath been  
 Beguiled and dazzled by the sheen  
 Of fruits which glorious promise made  
 Of bliss unmingled, undecayed.

Behold the tree of Wealth, which spreads  
 A thousand branches far around,  
 Each, like the banyan, weaving threads  
 For future roots to clasp the ground.  
 Lo! how it flashes on the sight  
 With golden fruit, so rich and bright,  
 That Atalanta's self might stay  
 To pluck at least one branch away:  
 Each breeze that sways the loaded limb,  
 Bears through the vistas long and dim  
 Soft-ringing music and faint wail,  
 Like golden bells in fairy tale;  
 And eye and ear the influence feel,  
 Till the heart dreams that bliss must flow  
 From that which offers to unseal  
 Each treasured wish that man can know.  
 And pain and labor, day by day,  
 Will man endure, to bear away  
 Those fruits, which to his upturned eye  
 Blaze with unmingled brilliancy.

The prize is gained — the golden skin  
 Severed, and what appears within?  
 The taint of care, the seeds of pain,  
 The blackened core of selfishness,  
 The draught that wakens thirst again,  
 The opiate sleep will never bless:  
 And more — the bitter drop of fear  
 That speaks of evil ever near.  
 Not all is sweet that seemeth fair,  
 Not all that richly glitters, gold;  
 The softest rose a thorn may bear,  
 The goodliest fruit a worm enfold.

There is one tree of fairer fruit  
 Than Love, Ambition, Wealth can show;  
 A tree whose wide, heav'n-planted root  
 Nor storm nor whirlwind can o'erthrow;  
 Its root Religion, pure and true —  
 Its stem is Virtue — and the dew  
 That bathes its branches comes from God,  
 And gives them strength to spread abroad,  
 Till in their mighty shadows rise  
 All charities of social ties;  
 All fadeless flowers of brightest hope,  
 All duties in their widest scope:  
 No eye such glorious fruit hath seen  
 As that which hangs abundant there,  
 Yet with the richness hid within,  
 No other richness can compare:

The heart hath not a secret pain  
Which that blessed fruit may not restrain ;  
No grief, no passion, and no pang,  
No secret care with venom'd fang,  
Which may not find relief or cure  
From fruit so precious and so pure.

Pluck thou that fruit, nor fear to taste —  
Thy fiercest thirst its juice can slake ;  
For all — rich, mighty, or abased —  
Its treasures hang — may all partake !

*Dorchester, February, 1837.*

J. H. C.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF 'AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

### NUMBER ONE.

#### THE PARVENUS.

'THE GIBLETS were seen here and there and every where : they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know ; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblets family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors who cared nothing about them ; of being squeezed and smothered and parboiled at nightly balls and evening tea-parties ; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed ; they turned up their noses at every thing that was not genteel ; and their superb manners and sublime affection at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.'

SALMAGUNDI.

'ALICE,' said Mary Liston to her sister, 'I have most delightful news to tell you. Dr. Penrose has been to see ma, and says that a trip to the Springs will do her more good than all his medicines. He recommended the White Sulphur, but Saratoga is to be the fashionable resort this summer, and I want your assistance in persuading pa to take the northern tour, as I believe that one watering place will do as well as another for ma, for you know she is only nervous.'

'Indeed, my dear sister,' said Alice, 'I cannot do this, for if Dr. Penrose thinks that the White Sulphur will be more beneficial to ma's health, we should surely consult this, rather than our own gratification.'

'Nonsense ! — a fig for Dr. Penrose !' exclaimed Mary ; that is just like you, Alice ; you seem determined to cross my wishes in every thing. But my heart is fixed on going to Saratoga, and I am determined to carry the point, in despite of all opposition.'

Mary Liston was the beauty and the favorite, and her easily-governed parents seldom denied her requests. As soon as one of her plans had succeeded, she brought forward another, which was, to take their new equipage with them, that they might pass among strangers for persons of wealth and consequence. Mr. Liston, although a foolishly-indulgent father, was a plain old man, and instead of studiously concealing his humble origin, made it a frequent subject of boasting, that he owed his fortune to his own exertions, and that he had risen from the poor orphan apprentice of a watch-maker and jeweller, to the high station he then held among merchants and bankers. With the strictest economy, and the closest management in business, he united the most lavish expenditure upon his family :

and he gratified Mary by consenting to purchase a carriage in New-York, for their use while at Saratoga, of which she should make choice. This amendment was as agreeable to her as the original scheme. In gaining this point, she found an able ally in her mother, who was soon won over by her daughter's powerful argument, that a display of wealth was the surest means of securing a splendid alliance. Having put her dearest wishes in a fair train for their fulfillment, her next step was to school her old father into the requisite gentility of manner.

'Mind, pa,' she said, 'you must never speak of the time when you were a watch-maker, for people of fashion will look on us with contempt, if you do, and you will ruin our prospects.'

'If there is any danger of injuring my daughters, in any one's estimation, by talking about it, I will not, if I can help it; but I cannot understand why a man should try to hide that which ought to be a source of pride to him; and I own it will be difficult for me to hold my tongue, when I see some whipper-snapper dandy of fortune, who has never earned a dollar in his life, turning up his nose at honest and industrious men, the producers of their own wealth, because he has been living in idleness on the boards that his father or grandfather left him.'

'But, pa, it is not genteel to acknowledge you have been a mechanic, for you know they are considered among the dregs of society.'

'The 'dregs of society,' indeed! Show me a fashionable family in our city, whose father or grandfather has not handled a tool, of some kind or another! Why, child, no one thought less of old Ben. Franklin, because he was a printer, or of Roger Sherman, on account of his being a shoe-maker. Those were glorious old times, when men were more respected for their character than their calling. But the world is strangely altered, I confess; and I suppose honest John Liston must go with the tide.'

Mary Liston and her mother were characteristic specimens of a class that is, unfortunately, a very numerous one in most of our commercial cities — those whose newly-acquired wealth is ostentatiously displayed, as a means of elevating them into 'good society.' The most cherished wish of Mrs. Liston's heart, was to see her daughters take a high stand in the fashionable world, and her first step was to place them at a school where the rank of the pupils was more carefully inquired into than the capability of their instructors. She charged them to cultivate the acquaintance of those who would be of greatest advantage to them in future. Alice followed the *letter* of her mother's instructions; for her friends were chosen among the intelligent and the virtuous, without any regard to their wealth or fashion. But Mary was quickly initiated into their *spirit* — for, with the skill of a courtier, she soon ingratiated herself into the favor of those whose parents belonged to the highest circles of society. But when the important period of her 'coming out' had arrived, she met with many disappointments. A few who still felt something of their school-friendship toward her, occasionally returned her visits; but she was often fated to meet the 'cut direct,' or the distant bow of unwilling recognition, from those whose acquaintance she was most

desirous of retaining. The mother and the daughter were not easily repelled ; and with an energy and perseverance worthy a better cause, they continued to repeat their advances, in despite of repulsion, until they at last gained quiet possession of the outworks of that citadel they had so long been besieging. Though Mrs. Liston endeavoured to shake off all her old friends, whose presence was a continual memento of her former obscurity, yet some of them possessed a pertinacity equal to her own ; and it was quite amusing to see the variety of characters who sometimes happened to meet in her drawing-room as morning visitors. The annoying fact that Mrs. C — had met Mrs. B — , was frequently a source of as much vexation to them, as it was a subject of ridicule to those who had so lately admitted them into their society.

When the Listons arrived at New-York, Mary was delighted with every thing she saw. The dashing equipages — the crowds of stylish women and foreign-looking coxcombs that thronged the fashionable promenades — the display of wealth in the lofty mansions, with their richly-furnished drawing-rooms — so completely fascinated her, that she was anxious to prolong their stay far beyond the time fixed on for their departure to Saratoga. But with the retiring Alice, the bustle and gayety of the city made her often sigh for the rural quiet and the green fields of Arlington, her father's summer residence. Her refined tastes and intellectual pursuits were so opposite to the enjoyments and pleasures of her fashionable mother and sister, that they thought her a strange being, and feared that she would never be a credit to their family.

Mary was fully compensated for leaving New-York, when she found among the visitors at Saratoga several titled Europeans. She looked on them with reverence, as beings of a superior order ; and her happiness was complete, when she afterward received a formal introduction to the Count de — and Don Alonzo — . Their imperfectly-pronounced English was music to her ear, and their words of idle gallantry were favorably interpreted as proofs of an awakening attachment. Bright visions of foreign courts began to float before her fancy, and she pictured herself as a newly-admitted member of their polished circles, with the alluring title of countess or donna. But she was soon after destined to find a powerful rival to the favor of the count, in a school acquaintance, Emily Courtney, who, with her parents and sister, arrived at the Springs a few days after the Listons.

Mary was seated beside a lately acquired friend from New-York, when the Courtneys first entered the drawing-room. Sophia, the younger sister, advanced toward her with a friendly familiarity, which was hastily repulsed, by a cold and distant salutation. Her fashionable friend noticed her manner, and as soon as the warm-hearted Sophia had left them, she said : ' They are from your own city, I believe ; who are they ? '

' They belong to our class of *parvenus*,' replied Mary, ' and have presumed upon their school acquaintance, I suppose, for we have never visited them. Their father was a tobacconist, and accumulated a large fortune by retailing snuff and segars. He has lately built a new front, and added an additional story, to his dwelling, and has



even set up a carriage, with servants in livery. It is ludicrous to see the airs of his family, for from their display, a stranger might mistake them for persons of consequence.'

Upon the same day on which the Courtneys made their appearance at Saratoga, an invalid mother and daughter came as visitors to the Springs, for the reestablishment of their health. They were very plainly attired, and had no gentlemen with them, as escorts. And when the usual inquiry was made among the groups of fashionable idlers, Mary and her friend remarked 'that, from the appearance they made, they of course could be nobody.' Both the young lady and her mother formed a perfect contrast to Emily Courtney and Mary Liston, the two representatives of their respective families. The graceful ease and simplicity of their manners, so different from the hauteur and affected gentility of the would-be fashionable, the quiet courtesy with which they answered the inquiries of the most humble in that mixed assemblage, showed to those who were capable of judging, that they were persons of the highest refinement, and the best society. But with the '*nouveau riche*,' their unpretending and almost unfashionable style of dress, and the absence of every thing like a display of wealth, or of self-importance, was a sufficient evidence of their want of consequence.

The interesting daughter, fearing that her mother was faint from the fatigue of travelling, advanced toward Mary, to request the loan of her richly-jewelled *vinaigrette*, which she was rather ostentatiously displaying. She of course could not refuse it, but it was tendered with as much rudeness as could be made consistent with her wish to act the fine lady.

The simple loan was gracefully acknowledged, but the manner in which it was granted, escaped the notice of the lovely girl, whose anxiety for her mother prevented her from observing it. As soon as she had turned from Miss Liston and her friend, the former observed, with a contemptuous smile: 'I suppose it is the first time she has handled diamonds.'

This remark was overheard by an elderly lady, sitting near them, and turning to Mary, she said:

'It is quite possible, young lady, that a grand-daughter of — may not be able to appreciate their cost or their value so well as the daughter of a watch-maker and jeweller — but it is probable, that she has both seen and worn more than ever sparkled in your father's case.'

Poor Mary was so overwhelmed by this unexpected rebuke, and by the altered bearing of her New-York friend, that she could say nothing in reply. She thought, and truly too, that the Courtneys were the source from whence the old lady's information was derived, and her rival, Emily, became more an object of hatred than ever.

The beauty and accomplishments of Emily Courtney so fascinated the count, that he soon became a declared and accepted lover. Mary Liston then turned all her schemes of conquest upon the whiskered don, and every day tended to confirm her hopes of success.

The self-styled don had been the private secretary of a nobleman, high in favor at the Spanish court. Ambitious and designing, as well as avaricious and unprincipled, he scrupled at no means, how-

ever villanous or dishonorable, by which he could hope to add to his rank or his fortune. He became the willing tool of his depraved master, and at last committed an act at his instigation, which made his immediate departure from the country the only means of safety for himself and his patron. Before it was discovered, the nobleman procured him a lucrative foreign appointment, as the reward of his villany. Finding his income insufficient for the extravagant vices and habits in which he indulged, he was anxious to add to it by a wealthy alliance, and also to provide for his anticipated dismissal from his situation. Mary Liston was the first golden opportunity thrown in his way by fortune. He saw she could be easily secured, but he knew that 'all is not gold that glitters,' and wished to make, in this case, 'assurance doubly sure.'

At a brilliant ball, given at a fashionable hotel, Emily Courtney and Mary Liston were the rival belles of the evening. In one of the intervals between the dance and the waltz, Emily, with her lover, the count, and two or three others, were engaged in an animated discussion upon the various styles of female beauty. Among the group, was the quondam friend of Mary Liston, who had carefully avoided all intercourse with her, since she received the startling information of her obscure origin. A gentleman who stood beside her, addressing himself to Emily, said :

'Your city, Miss Courtney, has long been famed for the beauty of its women ; and its celebrity has been justly won, if one may judge from its present representatives. Miss Liston is certainly a lovely creature, and if it would not be trespassing on your kindness, you would render me your debtor, by requesting the favor of an introduction to her.'

Emily bowed haughtily, and replied : 'You will be under the necessity of applying to the lady next to you ; for Miss Liston's name is not admitted upon my visiting-list. I have never had the honor of meeting her among my acquaintance ; but the frequent attempts of her family to get into society, have given them, at least, notoriety — of a kind, however, not very enviable.'

How ludicrous and how inconsistent are the claims of distinction in our mongrel society ! We have often heard two families, of equal standing, thus speak of each other ; and those who are most dubious of their own right of place, generally express most contempt for those whose equality they must feel, while they scorn to acknowledge it.

It was during the evening of the ball, that Mary Liston's hopes met with final success. The don, in promenading through the room, overheard the following conversation between two fashionable fop-lings.

'What has brought you to the Springs, this summer, Horace ?' said one to the other : 'have you come here to mend your health ?'

'Ah no ! Fred., 't is from a cause more lamentable than that : it is with the hope of mending my condition ; for my purse has fallen into a distressing marasmus. My old uncle has just died, and cut me off without a shilling. The old fellow showed me his will, a year or two ago, in which he had left me his sole heir. And when, in a dangerous illness, last winter, he was thought to be dying, I

was so overjoyed at the thought of coming into immediate possession of such a fortune, as my own had nearly dwindled away, that I took three or four of my friends to a hotel, to treat them, in return for their hearty congratulations. We had a high carousal, I assure you; but as ill luck would have it, the decrepid old wretch sprang up again into second youth, like a Phoenix, and upon hearing of my frolic, from some kind friend or other, he threw his will into the fire, and made another, bequeathing his untold hoards to some charitable institution. But 'begone dull care!' I am as merry a dog as ever, in despite of this mischance. You have been here long enough, Fred., to spy out the land; can you tell me where is the finest chance for a profitable speculation?

'Such chances are very scarce, Horace; but there *are* two or three, that are at least worth trying for. There is an old Liston here, said to be worth a plum, and he has but two children, and both daughters; so you can have two birds to aim at, which you know, by all gamesters, is considered to offer a greater certainty of success than where there is but one.'

'But this plum — is the title good?' asked Horace.

'Indisputably so,' replied his friend: 'I have had it from the best authority. And the old man looks quite apoplectic.'

'Ha! this is best of all — for I do not like to wait long for dead men's shoes. I have had enough of that.'

The don was quite enraptured by the information he had overheard, and sought an early opportunity to offer himself to the acceptance of Mary Liston. This was soon found, and before the gay assembly had dispersed, Mary was triumphing in the proud thought of having secured a titled foreigner for her future husband.

The gentle and retiring Alice was also being wooed and won, to the surprise of her family, who had always looked upon her as being destined for an old maid. The bustle and gayety of Saratoga had so few charms for her, that she endeavored to absent herself from them, and spent most of her time in the solitude of her own room. She at last had the happiness of finding a congenial companion in a young lady, who was an invalid. A warm friendship soon sprang into greenness and beauty, between two young creatures whose tastes and pursuits were so nearly assimilated, and so different from the gay crowd around them. The friend of Alice had an only brother, to whom she was fondly attached. He arrived at Saratoga a short time after their intimacy commenced. The favorite theme of Helen Stanley, when talking to Edward, was her dear Alice — her kindness to her in sickness — her attention to her every wish — the virtues of her heart, and the graces of her highly cultivated mind. Edward Stanley felt grateful to Alice for all that she had been to his sister, and the respect and esteem which her character awakened in his heart, after becoming acquainted with her, soon deepened into a devoted attachment.

A few days previous to the time fixed on for the departure of the Listons from Saratoga, Edward revealed the state of his feelings toward Alice, and requested permission to ask her father's consent to their engagement. He told her that his situation would not justify an immediate union, but his prospects of success in his profession

were flattering, and that he hoped in a few years to claim her as his bride, if he should be so happy as to find his proposals sanctioned by her parents.

Mrs. Liston and Mary were indignant when they heard of it, and told Alice it was mortifying to them to think of her thus lowering herself, by entering into an engagement with a poor physician, whose only support was to be derived from his profession. But their opposition, in this instance, had no effect on Mr. Liston, and he said that as he had permitted them to have their own way in choosing a Spaniard as his future son-in-law, he was determined that Alice should make her own selection. The various testimonials that he had received of the character and high standing of Edward Stanley, so fully met his approval, that he gave a free consent to their future union.

The marriage of Mary Liston with Don — , which took place soon after their return, created quite a sensation. Mrs. Liston and the donna had the gratification of finding that this union with a titled foreigner placed them at once among the *élite* of society, and Mary had also the additional satisfaction of a complete triumph over her former rival; for the volatile count had forgotten his engagement with Emily Courtney a few weeks after her departure from Saratoga. His heart was like a mirror, for it only bore the image of the beauty before him, and a new face quickly filled up the space that Emily had left.

The don and his beautiful bride were the favorite subjects of conversation in the fashionable world; and nothing could exceed the continual gayety and the extravagant display in which the first year of their marriage was passed. All seemed delighted to honor them, and their presence was considered quite an enviable accession to any assemblage.

But their splendid career was as short as it was brilliant; for as soon as the villanous act which had induced the don to leave his country, was traced to him as its perpetrator, an order was despatched from the government, depriving him of his appointment, and proclaiming his real station and character. His former patron suffered the fate he deserved, and his tool owed his safety to his obscurity. As soon as the news reached America, he was suddenly deposed from the assumed rank of a Spanish grandee, to the son of a Castilian cobbler, and a dependant on his father-in-law, old John Liston. In the midst of the mortification under which Mary and her mother were writhing, Alice received a letter from Edward Stanley, informing her that he had entered into a lucrative partnership with an old physician, whose ill health obliged him to relinquish most of his practice, and requesting her to name an early day for their union. A few weeks after the receipt of this letter, Alice, attired in a plain travelling habit, was united to the one she had so wisely chosen, and accompanied by her husband and his sister, took her departure for her adopted home, where she was to enter into the calm, hearth-side enjoyments of domestic life.

The unhappy Mary's chagrin and discomfiture were as complete as had been her brilliant triumph, and she shrank from her former gay associates, and became a prey to discontent and ill humor. The

quondam don soon found his level in a company of low gamblers, and ceased to give his wife even the semblance of attention. This, however, was no deprivation to her, for he had become as much an object of her loathing as he once was of her pride. Honest John Liston would have turned him from his house, but for the intercession of Mary and her mother, who, for the sake of appearances, were willing to retain him as an inmate.

About a year after the marriage of Alice, her father was reading with tears of joy one of her affectionate letters, he had just received, in which she was describing the beauty and infantile graces of his little namesake, John Liston Stanley. While it was still lying open before him, a gentleman came into the counting-room and presented him a draft for a large amount, upon which his own signature was endorsed. The first glance was sufficient to pronounce it a forgery, and with the energy and perseverance of a much younger man, he started to trace it to its source. He was successful; but to his dismay, he found the forger to be his son-in-law — the husband of his Mary! For the sake of his unfortunate daughter, he determined to pay the note, hoping by this means to conceal his villany from the world, but resolving that he should no longer remain under his roof.

He hastened to his home, with the forged draft in his hand. As soon as he saw his wife, he bitterly exclaimed: 'See the wretched effects of your craving ambition! The husband of our Mary is a forger and a villain. To save her from the mortification of his public exposure, I will pay this draft, though it will nearly ruin me. But wife! wife! we are both justly punished. I threw no check on your aspiring notions, for I too was pleased with the world's hollow flatteries. Mary was our pride and our cherished idol, but she is miserably thrown away on the scape-gallows son of a Spanish cobbler, while our once neglected Alice is the happy and respected wife of an American husband — a high-minded and honorable man, whom, as a son or a son-in-law, the proudest in the land might feel prouder to own.'

G.

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STANZAS.

Oh! what is the gain of restless care,  
And what is Ambition's treasure,  
And what are the joys that worldlings share,  
In their haunts of sickly pleasure?  
The shade with its silence — oh! is it not sweet,  
And to lie in the sun by the fountain,  
And the wild flower's scent at eve to meet,  
And to rove o'er the plain and the mountain?

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,  
The violet mark'd as 't is springing,  
The zephyr heard as at eve it sighs,  
The blackbird loved for its singing?  
Oh! there alone can the heart be gay,  
The thought be free from sorrow,  
And soft the night and short the day,  
And welcome again the morrow.

W. S.

## PÈRE LA CHAISE.

'VOILA, mes frères, à quoi se termineront enfin les desirs, les espérances, les conseils, et les entreprises des hommes : voilà ou viendront enfin échouer les vaines réflexions des sages et des esprits forts, les doutes et les incertitudes éternelles des incrédules, les vastes projets des conquérans, les monumens de la gloire humaine, les soins de l'ambition, les distinctions des talens, les inquiétudes de la fortune, la prospérité des empires et toutes les revolutions frivoles de la terre !' MASSILLON.

AND this is then the region of the dead !  
This paradisa! garden of sweet sounds,  
Fragrance, and gentle hues, and warmest sunshine,  
Is but th' unenvied heritage of the dead —  
Of the dull forms, who, with closed eyes, and hearts  
That wear no consciousness, come to lie down  
In sternest silence here : to know no touch  
Of Nature's joy — to taste no proffered gift  
From her magnificent hand — to drink  
Less warmth from every kindly ray of heaven,  
Than the insensate marble of their tombs !

Here mortal eye finds the pale king of shades  
Reclined 'mid sunniest forms of life and joyance.  
Here fair flowers bloom — th' accacia and the vine,  
With their soft buds, and dark umbrageous trees  
Shine on their glossy robes of green perennial :  
Here myriad birds, in measured roundels, make  
Music of all the air, and insects rise,  
Inebriate with life, on their light wings,  
Dancing along the margin of the rill,  
Where the west winds, with new-rose odors laden,  
Crisp the cool lapsing waves. Yet can all this —  
The touching harmony of natural things,  
And quarried marble into sculpture wrought  
By the skilled master-hand — e'er make the grave  
A place of coveted beauty ? Can they clothe  
In winning smiles the lineaments of death ?  
Or change his withering bosom to a spot  
Where the warm-throbbing heart would yearn to rest ?

And yet a something of strange loveliness  
Should mark the place where earth's fond children come  
To sleep within her all-embracing arms ;  
Where age arrives at last, with faltering step,  
His pilgrimage to close, and manhood rests,  
Slaking the hectic fever of the heart  
In cool Lethæan waves — where youth is lured  
From the rude conflicts of the noisy world,  
And infancy, a bird of sunnier climes,  
Has, nestling, found a calm and genial home.  
'Tis a luxurious couch, fanned with spiced air,  
And with rich concert of sweet voices lulled.  
Would these serenely-slumbering dead exchange  
Their quiet pillows here, once more to sport  
With life's thrice-gilded toys ? Should some bold arm,  
Strong as the weird Arabian's, who called forth  
Th' enmarbled city to re-breathing life,  
Now disenchant these cold insensate forms,  
Wrench from the grave the vassals of his realm,  
And their Promethean spark relume, would they,  
Rejoicing on their way, go to re-tread  
The labyrinthine vistas of the world,  
React their part of hopes and fears, and all  
Th' ingenious tricks that busy mortals play,

Nor cast one wistful glance to this green earth,  
The kind indulgent mother, cradling them  
To deep repose?

But is this such deep rest?  
In this long sleep of death 'what dreams' have come!  
We know these hearts are hushed — these clayey forms  
Resolved once more to dust — but in what scene,  
In what strange scene, remote beyond the reach  
Of narrow-rounded mortal ken, dwells now  
Th' undying spirit — the heaven-ignited light —  
Th' incorporeal essence of the human thought?  
Roams it along those rich Elysian fields  
Of amaranthine flowers and golden fruit  
Eterne — the dream of old? — or restlessly  
Extravagant and pale, revisiteth it  
The homes familiar to its days of nature,  
Lapt in mysterious visible being, through which  
Gleam midnight stars, yet in deep winds unmoved,  
So thin yet strong, shaking the living heart  
With dread imaginings? or doth it pass  
In glory clothed from orb to orb afar,  
Winging the empyreal way harmoniously,  
With flights of radiant angels hand in hand?

Tell us, ye dead! open your ice-bound lips,  
And tell the living of their coming doom!  
By the strong tie that binds us — ye who once  
Sojourned in clay, fashioned as these our forms,  
And trod with us upon our common earth,  
Bearing our weakness, strength, and shaded fears,  
And every working of humanity,  
And we who shall go down, your fellow-dust,  
To the dark confines of your charnel-house —  
Tell us of that strange home! The mysteries  
That veil our dread hereafter-state, unfold!  
Say, doth it shape our wildest dreams of bliss,  
Or in annihilation's nothingness  
Mock shrinking man's less harrowing conceits?

Is there no voice? A thousand lips are here,  
And not one answering voice to our deep call!  
The dead are mute: but in the living heart  
Is dwelling now a sweet and soothing strain,  
As music of the spheres:

'The blest Redeemer  
Liveth. The God whose days are without end  
Shall stand in glorious majesty on earth;  
And these dull ashes, quickening into life,  
A robe of incorruption shall put on  
His presence to attend. Cease, mortal heart!  
This restless, longing search to pierce the clouds  
O'ershadowing the silent vale of gloom:  
Content 'tis open to His eye who formed  
The visible roundure of the world most fair:  
The narrow compass of thy years adorn  
With life-becoming graces, and when night  
About thy heart shall close, lie down to rest  
Grateful on the green bosom of the earth  
That coming hour in perfect trust to wait,  
When heaven's enthroned king unveiled shall sit,  
And thou, a changed spirit, on *that* brow,  
To whose clear lustre th' unapproachable sun  
Is but a darkling shadow, may'st read thy place  
'Midst chosen ministering saints at his right hand.'

## OLLAPODIANA.

## NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

'GIVE you good den,' Reader. We have been deprived of each other's companionship for several weeks, and for my part I am becoming lonesome without your eye. I love that you should scrutinize my sentences — appreciate a good thing, if I happen to acquit myself thereof — and use that thrice blessed quality of forgiveness with respect to a bad one. It pleases me to think that eyes whose mortal glance will probably never meet my own, may linger for a moment on my page, and that some thought may be conveyed, through those starry and lustrous media, to a spirit not displeased.

SOME of my contemporaries have supposed that the estate of a Benedict forbiddeth the resident therein to disport himself as aforetime, in the flowery fields of fancy, and to bombulate at random through the remembered groves of the academy, or the rich gardens of imaginative delight. Verily this is not so. To the right-minded man, all these enjoyments are increased; the ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied; he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering *solus* through a vale of tears, with no one to share with him his gouts of optical salt water, wots not of. As a beloved friend once said unto me: 'When a good man weds, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace — full of all pleasant sights, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' One's dreams may not all be realized, for *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand fold sweeter, than any dreams — those shadowy and impalpable though gorgeous entities, that flit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

—— 'of Zion's fountains,  
When love, and hope, and joy were hers,  
And beautiful upon her mountains,  
The feet of angel messengers.'

No common boon is it — we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer — to enjoy 'a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness, from a bride without guile; and close beside you, in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!'

OLD JOHN MILTON, whose pale statue looks down upon me with 'ful gret solempnite' from his niche, as I write, enlarges with



great gusto upon the married state, and his verdict has been quoted a thousand times ; but I believe that respectable gentleman, and tolerable author, found at last that the state matrimonial, as far as himself was concerned, was not so delectable as the airy tongue of fancy had syllabled to his ear. But the truth is, Milton was not a fair judge. He was no more fitted to possess a wife, than Richard the Third was. The reason is obvious. He was engaged in the construction of gorgeous castles in the air : spirits that 'play i' the plighted clouds' were his familiars ; and the battles that he superintended in heaven, and the hot work that he had of it in the other place, were enough to keep him in a perfect and constant fever. How could such a man come down to the bread-and-butter concerns of every day life ? — the gentle hint of Mr. Russell the tailor, with whom he boarded in Bunhill Fields, that it was about time to elevate the pecuniary *quid pro quo* for victuals and drink that had fulfilled their offices in his incarnate tabernacle ? How could he go to the green grocer's, and get a cabbage for Mrs. Milton, or any thing of that sort, when he was busy in populating Pandemonium ? or see about procuring for himself a new pair of unwhisperables from his host, when he was engaged in arranging a throne for Apollyon, and drawing the convention of his peers together, to make speeches, and discuss matters of public interest ? Indeed, his kingdom was not of this world ; his mind soared away from the dim dust and smoke of London, up to the gates of Paradise, to pastures of eternal verdure, rivers of refreshing waters, and thoroughfares of bullion, glistening in the violet and golden radiance of an unfading sky. Supposing that one of his little responsibilities had bawled in his ear for a sugar-plum, just at the moment when he had got Satan into one of his heaviest fights, a kind of gravy running from his wounds ? Would he not have exclaimed, petulantly, (in the identical words which he puts into the mouth of the Arch-fiend,) 'Oh hell !' It is quite likely — and perhaps followed up the ejaculation with a box upon the ear of the young offender. The truth is, he was always *in nubibus*, or else above them ; his mental retina expanding, and drinking in the imperishable and glorious prospects of the upper world. He had not the serenity of Shakspeare. His wing was not so strong ; but like 'the sail broad vans' of the Great Enemy, he waved them as if they were moved by the impetuous rush of a whirlwind. For the common things of this work-day world, he cared little or nothing. He was *among* men, but not *of* them. The only woman that he ever sincerely loved, was Eve. He attended to her with constant devotion. He pranked her pathway with roses ; he spread around her the amaranth bowers and banks of Eden and Asphodel ; and the land which he bequeathed her was, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'well watered and timbered.' He hated Satan 'as he did the devil ;' and I am inclined to think that he has exaggerated the demerits of that famous individual.

But I am wandering. I demand back my spirit for other matters.

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READER o' mine, have you been sleighing this winter ? There were some three days of the genuine weather for that object, in the

Philadelphia meridian, and the improvement thereof was great. Every one partook of the general joy. Little dogs ran like mad through the streets, and their barks were a mingling of laughter and yell, evidently the produce of excessive *animal* spirits. It was delightful to embark in a full sleigh, bells ringing cheerfully in the ear, the city lessening in the distance at one's back, and the broad white waste of the country expanding to the eye! There is a sense of chastened solemnity about the dull brown woods, mingling afar with the pale blueness of the distance, and the crimson of an evening sky, fading gradually behind their branches,

‘While soft, on icy pool and stream,  
Their pencilled shadows fall.’

I hardly know of any thing which carries me more forcibly back to younger and purer days, than a winter's scene. There is something in sleigh-ride remembrances that stirs a potent witchery of pleasure in the very depths of the heart. Sometimes when, after a heavy fall of snow, a southern wind has arisen, bringing rain upon its wings, and when the breath of Boreas has afterward breathed over it, in competition with his *opposite* neighbor, a gloss shines over the whole face of the earth; and, as the sun rises or goes down, the entire radius of the horizon seems like a waving ocean of blue and gold! *Then* to see the sun go down, or to see it rise! *Then* to see the large dazzling stars in the vault of midnight, or the moon walking in brightness, or suspended like a vast balloon of transparent light in heaven! Then the soul goes up to God: there is an eloquence in the stillness of the night; the ear *hums with silence*, and fairy voices seem breathing from the snow. The unclouded grandeur of Omnipotence kindles the mind: there is solemnity in the howl of the watch-dog from the hill-side—in the sluggish clouds, rolling their languid and fleecy skirts upward from the horizon.

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SLEIGH-RIDING and skating are my delights. Give me a satisfactory pair of *high-dutchers*, curled fantastically over the toe of my boots, the straps nicely adjusted, the line of steel ringing and thrilling along my *sole*, the Delaware or Fair-Mount dam for my theatre, and I can enact more wonders than a man—playing such tricks before high heaven, that a disinterested angel might bend complacently from his pavilion in the upper air, to scrutinize my gyrations, and see how I performed.

Sliding down hill, on the other hand, is an eminent bore. I wonder at my urchin infatuation in having ever patronized it. There is such a world of labor, and such a meagre amount of pleasure. One half of it, to use an appropriate phrase, is ‘up-hill business.’ If there are any young countrymen among my readers who have a lake in their neighborhood, I can tell them of a system greatly in vogue when I was a student. The following is the recipe:

Take a pole, say twenty feet long; place it on a little upright stick of wood, cut so that at the top two branches may be removed, so as to be something in the shape of a letter Y: let this be fastened

in solid ice, when the lake is right firmly encrusted, and safe as a floor : then place the pole at the bottom of the triangle described by the branches of the upright stick ; let a long rope be at the end of the pole, and at the end of the rope a sled, with runners that cross each other at right angles, under a high box, filled with boys and girls, properly seated. Two stout fellows can easily turn the pole in the cavity of the Y, something in the way in which an oar is pulled in a regatta. Wait a moment, reader, I beseech you, and see the effect, when the impulse has crept to the rope's end. The sled starts like a comet behind time : it describes a far-off circle, widening and widening ; the passengers can scarcely see ; they breathe quickly but happily ; and I verily believe that (being conscious of safety, even were the ice as thin as a wafer,) any goodly company of young people thus engaged can enjoy a very satisfactory prologue to the sensations of an aéronaut on a trip, and feel as Virgil did when he begged Mæcenas to rank him among the lyric poets :

' Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.'

TALKING of poets and prologues, bids me discourse of the great merit of SHAKSPEARE in these impressive productions. His prologues are seldom spoken ; stage people exclude them from the public, and it is only now and then that they become closet familiars with the scholar. Shakspeare's prologues teem with meaning and description. Strong, brief, and simple, they are yet full of adventure and action. Take the following as an example. It is the opening of '*Troilus and Cressida*.'

' In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece,  
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore  
Their crowns regal, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia ; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy ; within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps — and that's the quarrel.

' To Tenedos they come ;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike freightage ; now, on Dardan plains,  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples,  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Skerr up the sons of Troy,' etc.

WELL, after all, life itself is but a dim prologue to that day of days, when the curtain of eternity will be lifted, and 'the swelling act' begin ! The thought is a deep one. Here, we are begirt with mystery. The Past rises with its shadows, only to the eye of Imagination : of the Wrong that has flourished and been successful, we know not yet the destiny ; of the Right that has suffered, in weariness and

painfulness, we know not the reward. Who shall unravel the marvel, or dispel the illusion? Of the events which happened, reader, when we were yet 'in the dark night of our fore-beings,' or ever the stars, or the moon walking in brightness, or the sun — glorious shadow and faint type of God! — had touched our mortal vision, who shall tell? The time gone is a dream — the time to come, unknown. Truly did one of yore say, as he discoursed of sepulchral mementos, and turned his thoughts to the lofty structures of Egyptian ambition: 'Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and *turning old glories into dreams*. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she *mumbleth something*, but what it is, he heareth not.' Thus it is, that the position of our being defies all primary or ultimate inquiry. If we look back, there is a point where knowledge fades into conjecture; if onward, we stand upon the border of a sea which has but *one shore*, and whose heavings beyond are infinite and eternal! Of what avail is it, then, that we bend over the lore of antiquity, or wax pale over the lamp of midnight — that we walk in the fields, catching the faint utterance of the voice of God? We spend our strength for nought: the clouds roll with an uncomprehended impulse; the wave heaves, the verdure brightens, the wind turneth in its circuits — but what are we? We drink the sunshine and the breeze; passions warm us — doubt overshadows — hope inspires — fear haunts us: but we are still in mystery. Pleasure and pain are equally uncertain; the morrow is in a mist, and yesterday is nothing. Our friends die — God changes their countenance and takes them away — and where is the balm for so bitter a sting? It is to consider the earth as no abiding place; to rely on a power beyond our own; to disdain the sneer of the bigot, the hot language of the zealot, and to cherish in one's heart of hearts that essence of the beatitudes — *the religion of life*.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind:  
 No happier let us hope to find  
     To-morrow than to-day:  
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright—  
 Like them the present shall delight—  
     Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,  
 That into one engulfing sea  
     Are doomed to fall:  
 The sea of death — whose waves roll on,  
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
     And swallow all!

Alike the river's lordly pride,  
 Alike the humble rivulet's glide  
     To that sad wave;  
 Death levels poverty and pride,  
 And rich and poor sleep side by side,  
     Within the grave!

To *this* complexion, at last, must we come : and our questionings of the elements, or of the mind, are alike in vain. How often has passionate Grief invoked the hosts of heaven to restore the lost ! Yet when the clod has once fallen with its hollow sound upon the coffin-lid ; when its melancholy echo has sunk unheard over the tuneless ear of Death, who that has stood by, and heard the requiem for the departed soul, but has wondered for its flight ? Where is the heart that has not poured forth its plaint, amid the stillness of the night, when the ear

•  
'From echoing hill or thicket, oft has seemed  
To hear celestial voices ?'

It is then that the soul longs for *the astrologer's power* — the consultation of the stars. Among those orbs, gemming the night with lustre, where do the departed dwell ? Who can pierce the blue mystery above, to tell ? There they shine from age to age — glorious clusters, flooding the empyrean with paths of light, and looking down in beauty on the mutations of a 'wicked and perverse world !' Is it among those floating jewels, scattered from the crown of the Almighty, where the prismatic light gleams from the gates of Paradise, that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest ?

'Answer me, burning stars of night,  
Where hath the spirit gone,  
That past the reach of human sight  
Even as a breeze hath flown ?  
And the stars answer me : 'We roll  
In light and power on high,  
But of the never-dying soul,  
Ask that which cannot die !'

By the way, I would not speak too reverently of astrology ; for I consider it a mythological humbug, which was exploded at Belshazzar's feast. When that distinguished personage was in the midst of his entertainment — when the lamps shone brightly over fair women and brave men — there came a passage of supernatural chiromancy over against him on the wall of his palace, which he could not decipher. Scratching his royal head, in grievous doubt, he called unto him his astrologers and soothsayers, (celestial proof-readers,) but 'they could not make known unto him the interpretation of the thing.' Ever since reading this sketch of that princely dinner, I have had a great distrust of your star-gazers. I am of this mind with Browne : 'We do not reject or condemn a sober and regulated astrology ; we hold there is more truth therein than in astrologers ; in some more than many allow, yet in none so much as some pretend. We deny not the influence of the stars, but often suspect the due application thereof ; for though we should affirm that all things were in all things ; that heaven were but earth celestified, and earth but heaven terrestriated ; or that each part had an influence upon its divided affinity below, yet how to single out these relations, and duly to apply their actions, is a work oft-times to be effected by some revelation and *cabala* from above, rather than any philosophy or speculation here below. What power soever they have upon our bodies, it is not requisite they should destroy our reasons — that is, to make

us rely on the strength of Nature, when she is least able to relieve us; and when we conceive heaven against us, to refuse the assistance of the earth, created for us.'

TALKING of stars, leads me to astronomy, and from thence to the calculations of the exact sciences, whereby that prescience of the future, which approaches divinity, and seems to snatch a prerogative from the Almighty, is revealed. The *profanum vulgus*, even, have a dim but *indefinable* reverence for figurative lore. Thus TEDDY O'ROURKE, in the play, when he usurps the place of my learned friend, Doctor O'TOOLE, after the '*Salve Dominum!*' of Doctor FLAIL, and the puzzling reply of '*Scvmulum Tag'roogeen!*' goes on to bewilder himself in the mazes of 'cataphysics,' and the literature of 'the Thabans, the Russians, the Turks, and the rest of the Greeks,' and winds up with the knock-down conclusion, '*Thim's mathematics!*'

BUT that's neither here nor there. I wish to touch upon a subject familiar to every youth who has handled a pen while a student, and sat up till midnight to court the *nine*, when he should have been in bed by *ten*. I mean the producing of tributes for albums. Oh! bore of bores! How many despairing digits, at the command of young virgins, have ploughed themselves into the dandruff of the unpractised writer, in order to procure one or two ideas to dilute into an album! No one can tell the amount of misery that is inflicted in this way upon the youthful portions of mankind. There is no release from a thralldom of this kind; and if by dogged obstinacy you should happen to effect your redemption thence, you are like the 'Prisoner released from the Bastile,' whereof all juveniles have read. No one will know you; you will be cut by the lover of your bright-eyed cousin, and by herself. In fact, one might as well stipulate wantonly for a bad epitaph from a cutter of tomb-stones, as to attempt release from the scribbulative obligation. There is no discharge in that war of the pen. For me, I can say with the apostle, that if all I had recorded in albums, from a desire to preserve my female friendships, and to do what is denominated 'the *handsome* thing,' 'I suppose the world could not contain the books that had been written.'

Once, however, I was put to my trumps. A respectable milliner, who had made a beautiful bonnet for a cousin, desired her, as a special favor, to procure me to 'head the list' of contributors to her album. I received the volume. It was a *blank-book*, and the two first pages were devoted to memoranda of disposed-of millinett, dimity, ribbons, gros-de-naps, and so forth. The pages were ruled across in *blue*, and rectangularly, near the outer edge, in *red*, forming squares for the register of dollars and cents. A thought struck me, that I could make a novel *hit* in the *ars poetica*, by bringing in *figures* to my aid. '*Figures*,' thought I, 'are certainly allowable in poetry; and though I cannot flatter the vanity of the fair owner of this quarto, (for she was very nice and very pretty, except that one of her optics leared askew,) in my verse, perhaps I may do it in

my motto.' For that I drew upon the Scriptures : and the sum total of the whole followeth :

' TO MISS LUCRETIA SOPHONISBA MATILDA JERUSHA CATLING :

'Thou hast ravished my heart — thou hast ravished my heart with *one* of thine eyes! Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. How beautiful are thy feet, *with shoes!* Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-Rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus. How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!'

[From the *Canticles*, or the *Song of Songs*, as originally written by Solomon, and sung by him at Jerusalem, with great applause.]

Thou canst not hope, oh! nymph divine,		
That I should ever court the	- - -	9
Or that when passion's glow is done,		
My heart can ever love but	- - -	1
When from Hope's flower exhales the dew,		
Then Love's false smile deserts us	- - -	2
Then Fancy's radiance 'gins to flee,		
And life is robbed of all the	- - -	3
And Sorrow, sad, her tears must pour		
O'er cheeks where roses bloomed be	- - -	4 — 19
Yes! life's a scene all dim as Styx;		
Its joys are dear at	- - -	3/6
Its raptures fly so quickly hence,		
They're scarcely cheap at	- - -	18d
Oh! for the dreams that then survive!		
They are high at pennies	- - -	25
The breast no more is filled with heaven,		
When years it numbers	- - -	27
And yields it up to Manhood's fate,		
About the age of	- - -	28
Finds the world cold, and dim, and dirty,		
Ere the heart's annual court is	- - -	30
Alas! for all the joys that follow,		
I would not give a <i>quarter-dollar!</i>	- - -	25 — 1.97½
This, charming <i>artiste</i> , is the sum		
To which life's added items come.		
If into farther sums I stride,		
I see the figures multiplied.		
Subtract the profit ones from those		
Whose <i>all</i> to loss untimely goes,		
And in the aggregate you find		
Enough to assure the thinking mind		
That there's an overplus of evil,		
Enough to fright the very d — l!		
Thus, my dear maid, I send to you		
The balance of my metre due;		
Please scrutinize the above amount,		
And set it down in my account;		
A wink to a horse is as good as a nod —		
Your humble servant,	OLLAPOD.	

By the way, is it not wonderful, that though in relation to celestial prospects, figures cannot lie, yet in terrestrial matters they are mendacious to the last degree? It is even so. There are numerous improvements in our country, for example, which a few years ago would have been stigmatized as the dream of the minstrel, now apparent as the certainties of fact. Who, ten years since, would have thought of a *ship canal* from the lakes to the ocean! — passing through fertile regions, bearing the white sail on its waters, the

wealth of the interior, and the stores of Ormus or of Ind on its bosom ! Yet a few years, and the wilderness which once was barren, shall resound with the hum of commerce, be dimmed with the smoke of cities, and astonished with the bustle of mercantile life. We are not a stationary people : we go onward ; and if the best spirit that ever was filled of yore with high dreams of hope for the country, were now among us, what would be the scene of its vision ? *Imagination* furls her wing, and lets *Reality* take the lead.

But I forbear. I am at my sheet's edge. Hereafter I will seize the theme, now but begun,

——— ' and bear it with me, as the storm  
Bears the cloud onward.'

Till then, gentle reader, I am wholly thine,

OLLAPOD.

#### T I M E .

HAIL, mighty potentate ! whose right arm sways  
The sceptre of a power that has no bound,  
Save in the will of Him whose fiat lays  
All other empires prostrate, and the sound  
Of whose almighty voice alone can raze  
Their pomp, and power, and beauty to the ground :  
All mortal tongues their homage pay to thee,  
Whose empire ends but in eternity !

Where was thy earliest reign ? — did the pale light  
Of the first star mark where its course begun ?  
Or the unbroken darkness of that night  
Which brooded over chaos, ere the sun  
Was hung in heaven, or all the planets bright  
Around his brilliant orb their course had run ?  
No tongue can answer — all the earth is dumb !  
Thou art, thou hast been, and thou art to come.

Thy rapid chariot wheels, unheard, sweep by,  
By careless man unnoticed and unknown ;  
Thy wingéd coursers like the lightning fly,  
And like its faded path thy track is strown,  
As when its vivid flashes rend the sky,  
And crush alike the hovel and the throne —  
The haughty monarch in his hall of state,  
And the poor beggar trembling at his gate.

Insignia of thy empire, in thy hands  
Thou bear'st the everlasting scythe and glass :  
That glass, the waning of whose measured sands  
Numbers the fleeting moments as they pass.  
That scythe which sweeps o'er earth's unnumbered lands  
And cuts down their inhabitants, like grass  
That falls beneath the reaper's hand to-day,  
And ere the morrow hastens to decay.

The faintest, gentlest whisper of thy breath  
Turns the fresh-glowing cheek of beauty pale,  
And to the stately pride of manhood hath  
A magic sound, that makes its vigor fail.  
To tottering age it speaks the voice of death —  
The fearful summons to his gloomy vale :  
The giant oak that long has braved the blast,  
Falls prostrate as the zephyr bears it past.



Yet, mighty monarch ! not alone in wrath  
 Are shown thy matchless power and majesty ;  
 Not always desolation marks thy path —  
 Not always death and ruin follow thee :  
 A cup of mingled good and evil hath  
 Been ever in thy hand, and still shall be :  
 They who have drank the wormwood and the gall  
 Of deep affliction, know thy comforts all !

They who have struggled with the rankling pain  
 That death leaves in the hearts of the bereaved —  
 They who have put their trust, and found it vain,  
 In friendship's strength ; they who have been deceived  
 By love's unfaithfulness — oft and again  
 Have felt the wonders that thy arm achieved :  
 Touched by thy healing hand, have blessed the balm  
 That made the anguish of their spirits calm.

Hail, mighty potentate ! whose strong arms away  
 The sceptre of a power that has no bound,  
 Save in the dawning of that fearful day,  
 When the last trumpet's overwhelming sound  
 Shall rend the mighty veil of heaven away,  
 And show the universe in flames around :  
 Then *thou* shalt be no longer — earth shall see  
 Thy finished reign merged in eternity !

Wilmington, (Del.)

J.

#### A S O N G .

And why art thou away,  
 My love !  
 And why art thou away ?  
 There 's light on this our trysting-place,  
 The moon's most gentle light,  
 And many a glittering star I trace,  
 Through the leafy foliage bright.  
 I 've stolen from the festal throng,  
 From the mirth and music gay,  
 And watched thy lingering footsteps long —  
 And why art thou away,

My love !  
 And why art thou away ?

'T is said that man deep oaths of truth  
 Will lightly, falsely speak,  
 And joy will pass from woman's youth,  
 And sorrow change her cheek ;  
 But yester-eve I heard thy vow,  
 (The deepest words might say,)  
 I came to listen to thee now —  
 And why art thou away,

My love !  
 And why art thou away ?

The breeze sweeps with a whisper past  
 The pale, low-bending flower :  
 A well-known step I hear at last  
 Come winding to my bower !  
 I see the tangled branches part —  
 I knew thou wouldst not stay !  
 I felt thou wouldst not break my heart —  
 Yet why so long away,

My love !  
 Yet why so long away ?

K. L. B.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**GREEK TABLES: or a Method of Teaching the Greek Paradigm in a more Simple and Fundamental manner.** By D. FRIEDRICH THIERSCH, Professor in the Lyceum and Principal of the Philological Seminary at Munich. To which is added An Essay on the Dialects, from BUTTMANN's Grammar. Translated by R. B. PATTON, formerly Professor of Languages in the College of New-Jersey. Second Edition: revised and enlarged. New-York: G. AND C. AND H. CARVILL. 1832.

**THE GREEK VERB TAUGHT IN A SIMPLE AND FUNDAMENTAL MANNER, ACCORDING TO THE GREEK TABLES OF D. FRIEDRICH THIERSCH,** Professor in the Lyceum and President of the Philological Seminary at Munich. With Alterations, Additions, and Selections from BUTTMANN's larger Grammar, and adapted to the principal Greek Grammars in use. By WILLIAM NAST, D. Ph. Teacher of Ancient Languages. Gambier, Ohio: 1835.

WE have always entertained a high respect, and no small degree of gratitude, toward Prof. THIERSCH, for his eminent services in the department of Greek grammar; principally because he has labored more abundantly and more successfully than other Greek grammarians in illustrating the venerable forms of the language, as it presents itself in the Homeric poems. We are not insensible to the stately grandeur of the Doric, and we enjoy, with a keen relish, the concentration of energy in the highly intellectual Attic. But we linger with feelings of intense delight and curiosity amid the antique forms and expressions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; drinking at the sparkling fountain, and pursuing the rich streams of language as they roll downward to enrich the fields of philosophy and science. In other words, we are convinced, that the germ of all that is grand, forcible, perspicuous, melting or energetic, in the subsequent forms of this noble language, is to be traced to those venerable poems.

Nearly all the grammatical works of Prof. Thiersch have been made accessible to the English reader, by means of translations. Some years since, Prof. PATTON, who now occupies the chair of Greek Literature in the 'University of the City of New-York,' furnished us with a translation of his *Greek Tables*, which present, for the purposes of elementary instruction, the most simple and distinct analysis of the Greek verb, and the most intelligible and comprehensive tabular arrangements, with which we have ever met. His '*Greek Grammar, Principally of the Homeric Dialect*,' has been translated, more recently, by Prof. Sandford, of the University of Glasgow: and a year or two since, a teacher of ancient languages in the 'far west'—WILLIAM NAST, D. Ph.,—ushered into the world '*The Greek Verb, taught in a Simple and Fundamental manner, according to the Greek Tables of Dr. FRIEDRICH THIERSCH, with Alterations Additions, and Selections*,' etc. etc.

It is not our intention, at present, to engage in a discussion of the merits of the original work of Thiersch, which stands at the head of this article. We would suggest, however, to Prof. Patton the propriety of discarding, in the third edition of his translation, which we understand will soon be called for, the several prefaces of Thiersch, and of substituting a single article, by way of general preface, which shall embody, in a more concise and connected manner, the principles on which the analysis

of the Greek verb rests, separating distinctly the radical forms from the accidental modifications or additions, and displaying the foundation of the 'system,' clear and unencumbered — guided by the light which the study of the Indo-European family of languages, and the interesting researches in comparative philology, now throws upon the original formation and early history of the language of Greece. We recommend this course, because we believe that Thiersch, and those who labor in the same field, are in *principle* right; but in the practical business of applying 'the principle,' and constructing a 'system,' much may yet be done.

Thé translation of Prof. Patton is so generally known, that any exposition on our part of the plan of the work would be superfluous. We turn, therefore, to an examination of 'the Greek verb' of Doctor Nast, 'the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor,' in due form of law, and under the seal and protection of the good state of Ohio.

It may be remarked, at the outset, that this work does not *profess* to be based upon any received *translation*, as may be seen by the title-page, but an original production, 'the right whereof' Dr. Nast 'claims as *author*.' We are left to infer that the original 'Tables' of Thiersch had been newly translated. But we will permit the doctor to speak for himself, in his preface:

'The Greek Tables met with approbation in this country, likewise, and were some time ago translated by Prof. Patton. It is, however, difficult at present to obtain copies of that translation. (This is certainly news in New-York, as the second edition was published by one of the most eminent book-selling and publishing houses in this country.) Partly from this consideration, partly from a conviction that the original work would meet with a more favorable reception, if it received some material alterations and additions, and was adapted to the American grammars by references, I have been induced to publish Dr. Thiersch's Treatise in a new form; in doing which I endeavored to meet the wishes of the original author, who remarks in one of his prefaces, that

## DR. NAST'S TRANSLATION.

'In unfolding the method itself, his principles might receive some modification, or assume a different form; for no one,' he adds, 'can be surprised at this, who realizes the difference between investigation and instruction, each of which must pursue a peculiar course, leaving the synthesis, which the business of instruction calls to its aid, to harmonize at the close with the analysis obtained by investigation.'

## PROF. PATTON'S TRANSLATION.

'In unfolding the method itself, these principles may perhaps receive some modification or assume a different form. But no one can be surprised at this, who realizes the difference between investigation and instruction; each of which must pursue a peculiar course, leaving the synthesis, which the business of instruction calls to its aid, to harmonize at the close with the analysis obtained by investigation.'

Again: 'This method has been approved of by most of the German reviews, because as one of them observes:

## DR. NAST'S TRANSLATION.

'Thereby life is restored to a mass heretofore dead, and the rich design manifest in this systematic language is clearly demonstrated, which, for a long time, has been regarded as the spiritless work of caprice or chance.'

## PROF. PATTON'S TRANSLATION.

'Thereby life is restored to a mass heretofore dead, and the rich design manifest in this systematic language is clearly demonstrated, which, for a long time, has been regarded as the spiritless work of caprice or chance.'

Again, the doctor remarks: 'Before mentioning the alterations and additions which the original (not Prof. Patton's translation,) has received, it may be proper to insert so much of the preface of Thiersch as will exhibit his design.'

Here follow two pages, purporting to be a portion of 'the Preface of Thiersch.' From the statements of Dr. Nast, cited above from his own preface, the reader will naturally expect this portion of Thiersch's preface to be done into English by the doctor himself, from the *original* work, especially as not a single word escapes him, in any part of his production, of any design to make use of Prof. Patton's previous labors. The fact, however, is this: the doctor has — as we are assured by the publishers and proprietors of Prof. Patton's translation — without authority from them, or previous understanding with Prof. Patton, adopted this gentleman's translation; not substantially, or partially, but *verbatim* and *in toto*, presenting it in a form and arrangement so altered, and so interlarded with his own 'material alterations and ad-

ditions,' that we have had some difficulty in picking up the scattered fragments of Prof. Patton's translation, and re-constructing the work, as it came from his hands.

This extract from the preface of Thiersch is too long to permit us to place it and the corresponding portion of the translation by Prof. Patton, side by side, in order to show at once their points of agreement or disagreement. But we assure the reader that this portion of the preface of Thiersch is, in fact, taken *verbatim* from Prof. Patton's translation of the *three* prefaces of Thiersch, and of the treatise itself. There is not a sentence in all this extract of two pages that has not been transferred, most unceremoniously, from its rightful place, and dove-tailed, with some ingenuity, by the help of a few connecting words or phrases, to its neighboring sentences, to patch up the said 'portion from the preface of Thiersch.' In one instance, this scissor plan is so curiously applied, as to merit a particular specification. On the seventh page, he makes Thiersch say: 'The language seems evidently to demand such a treatment in regard to the verb, (so far the sentence is taken from the third preface, p. 20, of Prof. Patton's translation,) which must not be regarded as a confused and arbitrary mass of inflections, but as a noble and inimitable master-piece, and worthy, on account of its euphony and perfection, of the highest degree of attention and admiration.'

We were puzzled, for some time, to find out the original residence of this latter part of the extract, seeing that it makes in the original, and in Prof. Patton's translation, no part of the sentence with which the Doctor commences. We searched all the *prefaces*, again and again, without success. But feeling confident that, like the rest of the *extract from the preface*, it must be somewhere in Prof. Patton's translation, we ventured boldly into the *treatise* itself, and there, on the forty-third page, we were confronted with the remaining portion of the sentence, withdrawn, word for word, from its legitimate place, and fortunately without the aid of connecting vowel, or syllable, or word, or phrase, joined to the former part, which really belongs to the preface.

This specimen of the doctor's mode of proceeding, drawn from the prefatory portion, will suffice also for the entire work. We do not recollect ever to have met with a more bare-faced piece of effrontery, than the dedication of this piece of plagiarism. It runs thus: 'To the students of Kenyon College, this little work is offered, as a token of sincere regard, by the Author.'

Let any one read the title-page, at the head of this notice, and the extract we have given above from Dr. Nast's own preface, in which he announces his design and plan, viz: to give to the *original work*, accompanied by his alterations and additions, a more favorable reception, and then reflect on the fact that this is the only occasion on which Prof. Patton's name is introduced, and also on the fact that Prof. Patton's translation, nevertheless, is to be found, word for word, embodied in this work, the right whereof he claims as *author*, and we are quite sure he will join with us in reprobating this mode of book-making, and of arrogating the rights and privileges of authorship.

But we have a lurking suspicion, also, that Dr. Nast really had not access to the original German '*Tabellen*,' in getting up his original work. Our suspicion arises from the fact that, in some instances, he has differed from the translation of Prof. Patton, *apparently* because he had found that this translation, in these instances, did not convey the exact idea of the original. But upon closer examination, we find that Prof. Patton has rendered the passages correctly, and Dr. Nast incorrectly—if, which we very much doubt, there was any translating at all from the original, on the part of Dr. Nast. Let one passage suffice. The original German runs thus: 'Man muss demnach, was hier geschehen ist, das Paradigma in seine kleinsten Bestandtheile zerlegt haben, und es nun vorden Augen des Lehrlings zusammensetzen, und gleich-

sam erst eutstohen lassen : ' which Prof. Patton translates : ' The paradigm must be reduced to its simple constituent parts, as is done in the following pages, and these parts united again, under the inspection of the learner.' Dr. Nast has the same words, and in the same order, excepting the last, which he has altered to '*teacher* ;' clearly supposing, without reference to the original German, and judging merely from the complexion of the English sentence, that the separated parts were to be put together again *by the pupil*, under the inspection of the *teacher* — a very common mode of proceeding. But any one, even moderately acquainted with the German, will see that this is not the idea intended to be conveyed by Thierach.

We shall dismiss this subject with the single remark, that when foreigners, of some literary pretension, visit our shores, especially for the laudable purpose of becoming teachers of ancient languages, they are very prone to regard with no little contempt the talents and attainments of this country, and to count upon our tame submission to a treatment in accordance with these views. Our best wishes for Dr. Nast are, that the worthy proprietors of Prof. Patton's translation of Thierach's *Tables* may conclude that he is sufficiently punished for his temerity by the exposure of his mode of proceeding, without — as they clearly can legitimately do — subjecting him to a prosecution for the infringement of their copy-right.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Part Second. In one volume. pp. 228.  
THE TUGGS'S AT RAMSGATE. By 'Boz.' With Other Tales. In one volume. pp. 204.  
Philadelphia: CARRY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

We have placed these two volumes together for more convenient consideration in this place; but it may be well to remark, that the last-named work owes little of its bulk to the attractive 'Boz' — since the 'other tales,' so incidentally mentioned in the title-page, and so ingeniously thrown into the back-ground in the bookseller's show-bills, constitute more than three fourths of the volume. Yet as the two first stories are worth the price of the book, no purchaser will have cause to complain.

The qualities of the author of the 'Pickwick Papers' are very much akin to those of the author of 'Notes of a Residence in Little Pedlington;' but to our mind, Mr. DICKENS has even a more prolific store of genuine humor, a keener eye for the burlesque, and a more acute sense of the ridiculous, than POOLE. In all the productions of the former, that we have seen, the fascination of language is conspicuously displayed. His descriptions seem as involuntary as they are picturesque. He paints with force and spirit, although he sometimes over-colors, and always imparts to the events which he relates an air of truth and unity; while his satire, be it never so pungent, is ever finely tempered. One would naturally suppose that the peculiar field chosen by our author would, after a time, be exhausted by over-cropping; but the soil appears to be no whit impaired, and each succeeding sketch amply sustains the promise of its precursor.

We cannot better convince the reader of the justice of our encomiums, than by subjoining a few extracts, calculated to afford single specimens of this writer's coloring and outline. As politics are a prevalent topic of interest, at all times, we commence with one or two sketches, descriptive of a political contest held at Eatanswill, a petty village, far removed from the metropolis, the people of which consider the world as looking on to behold the result of the trial of strength between the 'Blues' and the 'Buff's,' the rival factions:

"It was late in the evening, when Mr. Pickwick and his companions, assisted by Sam, dismounted from the roof of the Eatanswill coach. Large blue silk flags were flying

from the windows of the Town Arms Inn, and bills were posted in every sash, intimating, in gigantic letters, that the Honourable Samuel Slumkey's Committee sat there daily. A crowd of idlers were assembled in the road, looking at a hoarse man in the balcony, who was apparently talking himself very red in the face in Mr. Slumkey's behalf; but the force and point of whose arguments were impaired by the perpetual beating of four large drums which Mr. Fizkin's committee had stationed at the street corner. There was a busy little man beside him, though, who took off his hat at intervals and motioned to the people to cheer, which they regularly did, most enthusiastically; and as the red-faced gentleman went on talking till he was redder in the face than ever, it seemed to answer his purpose quite as well as if any body had heard him.

"The Pickwickians had no sooner dismounted, than they were surrounded by a branch mob of the honest and independent, who forthwith set up three deafening cheers, which being responded to by the main body (for it's not at all necessary for a crowd to know what they are cheering about) swelled into a tremendous roar of triumph, which stopped even the red-faced man in the balcony.

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob in conclusion.

"One cheer more," screamed the little fogleman in the balcony; and out shouted the mob again, as if lungs were cast iron, with steel works.

"Slumkey for ever!" roared the honest and independent.

"Slumkey for ever!" echoed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his hat.

"No Fizkin," roared the crowd.

"Certainly not," shouted Mr. Pickwick.

"Hurrah!" And then there was another roaring, like that of a whole menagerie when the elephant has rung the bell for the cold meat."

The following is rich in humor. It is a perfect picture of the small trickery of vulgar politicians, and the pomposity of an ignorant partisan editor, of the 'Little Pedlington Weekly Observer' school. Mr. Perker, to whom the venerable Pickwick is about to be introduced, it should be premised, is the Hon. Mr. Slumkey's agent, and chief manager of his political interests:

"So you have carried your intention into effect. You have come down here to see an election — eh?"

"Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Spirited contest, my dear Sir," said the little man.

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands; 'I like to see sturdy patriotism, on whatever side it is called forth; — and so it's a spirited contest?'

"Oh yes," said the little man, 'very much so indeed. We have opened all the public houses in the place, and left our adversary nothing but the beer-shops — masterly stroke of policy that, my dear Sir, eh?' — and the little man smiled complacently, and took a large pinch of snuff.

"And what are the probabilities as to the result of the contest?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why doubtful, my dear Sir; rather doubtful as yet," replied the little man. 'Fizkin's people have got three-and-thirty voters in the lock-up coach-house at the White Hart.

"In the coach-house?" said Mr. Pickwick, considerably astonished by this second stroke of policy.

"They keep 'em locked up there, till they want 'em," resumed the little man. 'The effect of that is, you see, to prevent our getting at them; and even if we could, it would be of no use, for they keep them very drunk on purpose. Smart fellow Fizkin's agent — very smart fellow indeed.'

Mr. Pickwick stared, but said nothing.

"We are pretty confident, though," said Mr. Perker, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. 'We had a little tea-party here, last night — five-and-forty women, my dear Sir — and gave every one of 'em a green parasol when they went away.'

"A parasol!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fact, my dear Sir, fact. Five-and-forty green parasols, at seven and six-pence apiece. All women like finery — extraordinary the effect of those parasols. Secured all their husbands, and half their brothers — beats stockings, and flannel, and all that sort of thing, hollow. My idea, my dear Sir, entirely. Hail, rain, or sunshine, you can't walk half a dozen yards up the street, without encountering half a dozen green parasols."

"Here the little man indulged in a convulsion of mirth, which was only checked by the entrance of a third party.

"This was a tall, thin man, with a sandy-colored head inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended with a look of unfathomable profundity. He was dressed in a long brown surtout, with a black cloth waistcoat, and drab-trousers. A double eye-glass dangled at his waistcoat; and on his head he wore a very low-crowned hat, with a broad brim. The new comer was introduced to Mr. Pickwick as

Mr. Pott, the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette. After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Pott turned round to Mr. Pickwick, and said with solemnity:

"This contest excites great interest in the metropolis, Sir?"

"I believe it does," said Mr. Pickwick.

"To which I have reason to know," said Pott, looking toward Mr. Perker for corroboration, "to which I have reason to know my article of last Saturday in some degree contributed."

"Not the least doubt of that," said the little man.

"The press is a mighty engine, Sir," said Pott.

Mr. Pickwick yielded his fullest assent to the proposition.

"But I trust, Sir," said Pott, "that I have never abused the enormous power I wield. I trust, Sir, that I have never pointed the noble instrument which is placed in my hands, against the sacred bosom of private life, or the tender breast of individual reputation; I trust, Sir, that I have devoted my energies to — to endeavors — humble they may be, humble I know they are — to instil those principles of — which — are —"

"Here the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette appearing to ramble, Mr. Pickwick came to his relief, and said:

"Certainly."

"And what, Sir — said Pott — 'what Sir, let me ask you, as an impartial man, is the state of the public mind in London, with reference to my contest with the Independent?'"

"Greatly excited, no doubt," interposed Mr. Perker, with a look of slyness which was very likely accidental.

"That contest," said Pott, "shall be prolonged so long as I have health and strength, and that portion of talent with which I am gifted. From that contest, Sir, although it may unsettle men's minds and excite their feelings, and render them incapable for the discharge of the every-day duties of ordinary life; from that contest, Sir, I will never shrink, till I have set my heel upon the Eatanswill Independent. I wish the people of London, and the people of this country to know, Sir, that they may rely upon me; that I will not desert them; that I am resolved to stand by them, Sir, to the last."

"Your conduct is most noble, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick; and he grasped the hand of the magnanimous Pott.

"You are, Sir, I perceive, a man of sense and talent," said Mr. Pott, almost breathless with the vehemence of his patriotic declaration. "I am most happy, Sir, to make the acquaintance of such a man."

Sam Weller, the illustrious Pickwick's illustrious servant — an original in every sense — thus replies to a remark of wonder and surprise on the part of his master, that such strange tricks upon independent voters should be practised by the people of Eatanswill:

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick, half speaking to himself, and half addressing Sam.

"Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at an election-time, in this werry place, Sir," replied Sam.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why he drove a coach down here once," said Sam; "Lection time came on, and he was engaged by vun party to bring down woters from London. Night afore he was a going to drive up, committee on t'other side sends for him quietly, and away he goes with the messenger, who shows him in; — large room — lots of gen'l'm'n — heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'ere. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n in the chair, 'glad to see you, Sir; how are you?' — 'Werry well, thank'ee, Sir,' says my father; 'I hope you're pretty middlin,' says he — 'Pretty well, thank'ee, Sir,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'sit down, Mr. Weller — pray sit down, Sir.' So my father sits down, and he and the gen'l'm'n looks werry hard at each other. 'You don't remember me?' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Can't say I do,' says my father. 'Oh, I know you,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'know'd you ven you was a boy,' says he. 'Well, I don't remember you,' says my father. 'That's werry odd,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Werry,' says my father. 'You must have a bad mem'ry, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Well, it is a werry bad 'un,' says my father. 'I thought so,' says the gen'l'm'n. So then they pours him out a glass o' wine, and gammons him about driving, and gets him into a reg'lar good humor, and at last shoves a twenty pound note in his hand. 'It's a werry bad road between his and London,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Here and there it is a werry heavy road,' says my father. 'Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father. 'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n, 'you're a werry good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all werry fond o' you, Mr. Weller, so in case you should have an accident when you're a bringing these here woters down, and should tip 'em over into the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself,' says he. Gen'l'm'n, you're werry kind,' says my father, 'and I'll drink your health in another glass of wine,' says he; vich he did, and then buttons up the money, and bows himself out. You wouldn't believe, Sir,' continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible imprudence at his master, 'that on the werry day as he came down with them

waters, his coach *was* upset on that 'ere werry spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal !

" 'And got out again ?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

" 'Why,' replied Sam, very slowly, 'I rather think one oldgentleman was missin'; I know his hat was found, but I a'n't quite certain whether his head was in it or not. But what I look at, is the hex-traordinary, and wonderful coincidence, that arter what that gen'l'm'n said, my father's coach should be upset in that werry place, and on that werry day !'

We wish we had space for the admirable view of the interior of Dodson and Fog's law-office, and the faithful and striking picture of the unprincipled class to which those worthies belong ; but we must defer for the present farther notice of the Pickwickians.

'The Tuggs's at Ramsgate' have a short and simple but most humorous and instructive history. Mr. Joseph Tuggs, grocer, in a narrow street near the London Bridge, on the Surrey side of the Thames, is a green grocer. By the unexpected decision of a long-pending law suit, respecting the validity of a will, he suddenly becomes the possessor of twenty thousand pounds. The change effected in the views of the grocer and his family, by this fortunate result, is thus depicted :

"A prolonged consultation took place that night in the little parlor—a consultation that was to settle the future destinies of the Tuggs'. The shop was shut up at an unusually early hour ; and many were the unavailing kicks bestowed upon the closed door by applicants for quarters of sugar, or half quarters of bread, or penn'orths of pepper, which were to have been 'left till Saturday,' but which fortune had decreed were to be left alone altogether.

" 'We must certainly give up business,' said Miss Tuggs.

" 'Oh, decidedly,' said Mrs. Tuggs.

" 'Simon shall go to the bar,' said Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

" 'And I shall always sign myself 'Cymon' in future,' said his son.

" 'And I shall call myself Charlotta,' said Miss Tuggs.

" 'And you must always call me 'Ma,' and father 'Pa,' said Mrs. Tuggs.

" 'Yes, and Pa must leave off all his vulgar habits,' interposed Miss Tuggs.

" 'I'll take care o' all that,' responded Mr. Joseph Tuggs, complacently. He was at that very moment eating pickled salmon with a pocket-knife.

" 'We must leave town immediately,' said Mr. Cymon Tuggs.

"Every body concurred that this was an indispensable preliminary to being genteel. The question then arose—where should they go ?

" 'Gravesend,' mildly suggested Mr. Joseph Tuggs. The idea was unanimously scouted. Gravesend was *low*.

" 'Margate,' insinuated Mrs. Tuggs. 'Worse and worse—nobody there but tradespeople.'

" 'Brighton ?' Mr. Cymon Tuggs opposed an insurmountable objection. All the coaches had been upset in their turn within the last three weeks ; each coach had averaged two passengers killed, and six wounded ; and in every case the newspapers had distinctly understood that 'no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman.'

" 'Ramsgate !' ejaculated Mr. Cymon, thoughtfully. To be sure : how stupid they must have been not to have thought of that before. Ramsgate was just the place of all others that they ought to go to."

Passing the fine description of the voyage to Ramsgate, and the graphic portraits of the scheming Captain Waters and his lady, let us step on shore with the Tuggs's, from the newly-arrived steamer :

"The sun was shining brightly—the sea, dancing to its own music, rolled merrily in ; crowds of people promenaded to and fro ; young ladies tittered, old ladies talked, nurse-maids displayed their charms to the greatest possible advantage, and their sweet little charges ran up and down, and to and fro, and in and out, under the feet, and between the legs of the assembled concourse, in the most playful and exhilarating manner possible. There were old gentlemen trying to make out objects through long telescopes, and young ones making objects of themselves in open shirt collars ; ladies carrying about portable chairs, and portable chairs carrying about invalids. Parties were waiting on the pier for parties who had come by the steam-boat ; and nothing was to be heard but talking, laughing, welcoming, and merriment.

" 'Fly, Sir ?' exclaimed a chorus of fourteen men and six boys, the moment that Mr. Joseph Tuggs, at the head of his little party, had set foot in the street.

" 'Here's the gen'l'm'n at last !' said one, touching his hat with mock politeness.



Werry glad to see you, Sir — been waitin' for you this six weeks. Jump in, if you please, Sir."

"Nice light fly, and a fast trotter, Sir," said another; "fourteen mile a hour, and surroundin' objects rendered invisible by hextreme velocity!"

"Large fly for your luggage, Sir," cried a third. "Werry large fly here, Sir — reg'lar blue-bottle!"

"Here's your fly, Sir!" shouted another aspiring charioteer, mounting the box, and inducing an old gray horse to indulge in some imperfect reminiscences of a canter. "Look at him, Sir! — temper of a lamb and haction of a steam-engin."

"Resisting even the temptation of securing the services of so valuable a quadruped as the last named, Mr. Joseph Tuggs beckoned to the proprietor of a dingy conveyance of a greenish hue, lined with faded striped calico; and the luggage and the family having been deposited therein, the animal in the shafts, after describing circles in the road for a quarter of an hour, at last consented to depart in quest of lodgings.

"How many beds have you got?" screamed Mrs. Tuggs out of the fly, to the woman who opened the door of the first house, which displayed a bill, intimating that apartments were to be let within.

"How many did you want, ma'am?" was of course the reply.

"Three."

"Will you step in, ma'am?" Down got Mrs. Tuggs. The family were delighted. Splendid view of the sea from the front windows — charming! A short pause. Back came Mrs. Tuggs again. One parlor, and a mattress.

"Why did n't they say so at first?" inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, rather pettishly.

"Do n't know," said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Wretches!" exclaimed the nervous Cymon. Another bill — another stoppage. Same question — same answer — similar result.

"What do they mean by this?" inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, thoroughly out of temper.

"Do n't know," said the placid Mrs. Tuggs.

"Orvis the way here, Sir," said the driver, by way of accounting for the circumstance in a satisfactory manner; and off they went again, to make fresh inquiries, and encounter fresh disappointments.

"It had grown dusk when the 'fly' — the rate of whose progress greatly belied its name — after climbing up four or five perpendicular hills, stopped before the door of a dusty house, with a bay window, from which you could obtain a beautiful glimpse of the sea — if you thrust half your body out of it, at the imminent peril of falling into the area. Mrs. Tuggs alighted. One ground-floor, sitting-room, and three cells, with beds in them up stairs — a double house — family on the opposite side — five children milk-and-watering in the parlor, and one dear little boy, expelled for bad behaviour, screaming on his back in the passage."

A fashionable donkey-ride to the adjoining village of Pegwell, by the Tuggs's and Waters's is fruitful of ill adventure. For example:

"Kum up!" shouted one of the two boys who followed behind to propel the donkeys, when Belinda Waters and Charlotta Tuggs had been hoisted, and pushed, and pulled into their respective saddles.

"Hi—hi—hi!" groaned the other boy behind Mr. Cymon Tuggs. Away went the donkey, with the stirrups jingling against the heels of Cymon's boots, and Cymon's boots nearly scraping the ground.

"Way—way! Wo—o—o—" cried Mr. Cymon Tuggs, as well as he could, in the midst of the jolting.

"Do n't make it gallop!" screamed Mrs. Captain Waters, behind.

"My donkey *will* go into the public-house!" shrieked Miss Tuggs, in the rear.

"Hi—hi—hi!" groaned both the boys together; and on went the donkeys as if nothing would ever stop them.

"Every thing has an end, however, and even the galloping of donkeys will cease in time. The animal which Mr. Cymon Tuggs bestrode, feeling sundry uncomfortable tugs at the bit, the object of which he could by no means understand, abruptly sidled against a brick wall, and expressed his uneasiness by grinding Mr. Cymon Tuggs's leg on the rough surface. Mrs. Captain Waters's donkey, apparently under the influence of some playfulness of spirit, rushed suddenly, head first, into a hedge, and declined to come out again: and the quadruped on which Miss Tuggs was mounted, expressed his delight at this humorous proceeding, by firmly planting his fore-feet against the ground, and kicking up his hind-legs in a very agile, but somewhat alarming manner.

"This abrupt termination to the rapidity of the ride, naturally occasioned some confusion. Both the ladies indulged in vehement screaming for several minutes; and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, beside sustaining intense bodily pain, had the additional mental anguish of witnessing their distressing situation, without the power to rescue them, by reason of his leg being firmly screwed in between the animal and the wall. The efforts of the boys, however, assisted by the ingenious expedient of twisting the tail of the most rebel-

lious donkey, restored order in a much shorter time than could have reasonably been expected, and the little party jogged slowly on together."

Leaving, in justice to the publishers, the marrow of the story, to gratify the future curiosity of the reader, we turn to the second tale in the volume, and the only one with which 'Boz' has any thing to do—namely, 'Some Passages in the Life of Francis Loosefish, Esq.' The oblique humor of Charles Lamb, and his happy choice of language, may be seen throughout the whole of this sketch. We select a few characteristic extracts:

"I could endure this sort of thing no longer. I felt that I could not. I would pay no more debts. My creditors must consent to remain *in statu quo* until I could turn myself round. I settled this in my own mind during the preceding night—a night of restless and feverish anxiety. The pleasures of reading are manifold, and while they had me in their books, a record of strange and intense interest would never be wanting to them. I would say to them, in the words of my favorite author,

'If you have writ your annals true—'t is there!'

And there, an' it please you, it must continue to remain.

"Filled with this irrevocable resolution, I arose and dressed myself. I must leave my lodgings that very day. It would be well also to arrange and take a mental inventory of my wearing apparel, and goods, chattels, and appurtenances of whatever description. New lodgings are strange, and sometimes dangerous domiciles. Honesty is a scarce article—very few have Blackstone at their fingers' ends. I found, then, after I had completed my toilet, my extra wardrobe to consist of one pair of azure unwhisperables, in a rapid decline from exposure to incessant thorough-drafts—a shirt which had stuck to me through good and evil report, with more adhesive attachment than did the shirt of Nessus, the Centaur, to the limbs of Hercules—and two pair of old, exceeding old stockings, such as, to judge them by their appearance, might have been knitted by Mary Queen of Scots, for her husband Darnley.

"Over and above this abundance of gear, I could boast a razor, better fitted to take off the beards of oysters than of men—a small tooth-brush, and a large tooth comb, the bristles of one about equal in number to the teeth of the other—a superannuated hair-brush that could make itself useful as a battledore—and a locket, presented to me by my cousin Ellen, of inestimable worth to me, but of no great intrinsic value: indeed, a nominal relative of mine, whose house may at any time be recognised by its fanciful decoration of three gilded balls, had apprized me, only a few days previously, that the *bijou* in question was not worth two-pence."

Mr. Loosefish's reasons for so precipitate a retreat from his lodgings are given in a few words:

"In the first place, Gripe, a sheriff's officer for the county of Middlesex, a man who had paralyzed more shoulder-blades than any two bailiffs extant, was on the look out after me. I had heard—heard of, nay I had seen him. He was pervading Pentonville like a pestilence, and he wanted to take measure of me, on an old suit, with a long piece of parchment. In the second place, my landlord had disgusted me. Some men are absurdly unreasonable. He wanted his little bill. He resided, as I have hinted, at Pentonville. He was by name Sullen, by profession a milkman, by habit a drunkard. Pentonville was a pleasant place—very much so. Milk is nutritious, the breath of cows wholesome. Nor was Sullen, during the earlier period of my sojourn with him, either an unamiable or an unintellectual character. It was he who exploded the vulgar error that gentlemen in his line put chalk into their milk. He was decisive upon that point. He said it was not *chalk*.

"But as time wore away, a change much to be deprecated took place in the manners and behaviour of my landlord. Whether it was that his cows yielded milk less kindly than heretofore, or that he himself possessed less of the milk of human kindness, was at that time a problem to me, until at length the unworthy truth flashed upon me. Yes, I saw by the gradually intenser blueness, which was now become blackness of his physiognomy, and the half-and-half pepper-and-salt expression in the face of his wife (a worthy woman, too,) that they expected long arrears of rent from me. They wanted their little bill."

After divers adventures, our hero finds new quarters; but what 'him there befel,' is best recorded in his own language:

"The landlord, as I entered the house, was staring with all his might at a wizened

lemon, suspended from a hook in a small net; and yawning, (for by this strange process he had been endeavoring to stave off slumber,) demanded my pleasure.

"Can I have a bed here to-night?" I inquired, with my accustomed suavity.

"Certainly, Sir," replied the host, 'if you do not mind sleeping with another gentleman in the room.'

"Not in the least. Misery, landlord, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, as our great bard says."

"Ah!" said the host, as though he understood something, but did not exactly know what. "Here, Betsey, show this gentleman the room."

"This honest fellow sleeps soundly," thought I, when the girl had retired, and left me alone with my companion; 'if snoring conduce to slumber, he is fast enough.'

"I stumbled accidentally against the bed. For this I was sorry at the time, for I would not willingly mar the repose of any human being. The unknown turned himself round, with a blaspheming grunt, and I saw his face gradually relapse into quiescent innocuousness."

"I saw his face subside, as I have stated, and moved not; for I had no power to move. It was Grippe, the bailiff! My Pentonville persecutor lay before me! 'Affable wolf! meek bear!' and his withering digits were harmlessly expanded on the counterpane. Now could I have devised engines for his life, but that my senses presently returning, warned me to provide for my own safety. With the cautious retrogression of a crab, therefore, I left the dreaded sleeper, and forthwith applied the little foolscap of an extinguisher to the candle, which was perhaps the very wisest thing I ever did in my life. Slinking into bed, I lay in horrible suspense. Perhaps he might be dreaming of me, and would rise while I slept and by some preternatural instinct lay hands upon his quaking victim. Awakening from uneasy repose, I arose about five in the morning, with a sort of *tic douloureux* in my left shoulder, impossible to be described."

"The coat of my ruthless companion lay beside me. I took it up and examined the contents of the pockets. Among other slips of parchment, (I think they term them writs,) was one calling upon the sheriff of Middlesex, greeting, to secure me forthwith; stating that I owed 54l. 8s. to two gentlemen of similar names, and describing me as at present employed in 'running up and down my bailiwick.' This and the other similar documents I destroyed, and dressing myself hastily, took my leave in deep disgust of a man who, hardened by long and debasing custom, had evidently quite forgotten that liberty is not only the birthright but the privilege of Englishmen."

Mr. Loosefish at last takes the advice of a friend of whom he has adroitly borrowed ten pounds, and seeks him out a place where he may superadd board to his lodging. He succeeds in finding a home suited to his ostensible character and condition—for he is now 'unexpectedly detained in London by a law-suit, involving a vast sum, and has foolishly sent on his wardrobe, (except a small change of linen,) to Paris, where his father the General has long resided.' At the end of his first three weeks, in his new lodgings, the landlady intimates, obliquely, that she thinks it high time 'somebody had a sight of somebody's money.' In vain Mr. Loosefish starts at the knock of the postman, and curses his Parisian correspondent. His hostess 'smokes' him. *She*, too, wants 'her little bill.' He is 'perplexed in the extreme,' and—after severe mental struggles, and calculating the chances of a loan from some of the boarders, whose apparent dispositions, gathered from a short acquaintance, he canvasses with great discrimination—he at last pitches upon a benevolent, exemplary lodger, a great favorite with the landlady, who is understood to be very wealthy, as the man best fitted to be favored with an opportunity of conferring a small obligation upon him, in the loan of ten pounds. What follows cannot be clipped of a paragraph. It is rich and rare:

"One night I was left alone with the philanthropist. The ladies had gone to a minor theatre with tickets; Cox was rasping away at his violoncello in the back parlor. Trotter was dozing over the fire, with the cat on one knee, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief (he hated Bandanas) on the other. He looked the impersonation of disinterestedness. Ten pounds! It was a trifle."

"A cough was no bad introduction to subjects of this nature. I was seized with an opportune fit, which awoke him."

"I am really very rude to fall asleep in your company," said the benevolent creature.

"Not in the least, Mr. Trotter," said I, with a polite bow. "The time was come. I trembled with agitation."

"Will you excuse, Mr. Trotter," I resumed, "the liberty I am about to take, in asking a very extraordinary favor. My agent, Sir, has been culpably remiss—my remittances

have not yet come to hand — and that excellent and truly intelligent woman — Mrs. Moon, I mean — is naturally solicitous — excessively so — about my little' (here I smiled and interposed 'pshaw!') — 'my absurdly small account.'

"My dear Mr. Looseshin, how can I serve you?" said my companion, looking about the room, with an air of vague surprise.

"Simply and briefly, Sir, by the trifling loan of ten pounds, for a very short time."

"Trotter fell back in his chair, with the most original face ever invented.

"My dear good Sir," said he, "this is the most extraordinary application —"

"Peculiar, I admit," said I, slightly chafallen, "but let me hope not offensively bold, or —"

"No — no — I'm not offended, far from it!" cried he; "but then, to make such a request to me — to me —"

"Nay, Mr. Trotter," and I smiled seductively, and shook my head — "I have long marked your virtues — your qualities of head and heart —"

"I paused, for my friend was cogitating deeply. There was a long silence, only broken by occasional bursts of anguish from the overwrought violoncello, which Cox, seemingly excited to frenzy, was wreaking himself upon in the back parlor.

"Mr. Looseshin," said Trotter, at length, in a tone perfectly novel to my ear — "you are a man of the world — I can see that — so am I. You have placed confidence in me — it shall not be broken. Can you be secret?"

"I bowed.

"You want ten pounds," continued Trotter, lowering his voice, and pushing his finger toward the door of the back parlor; "you have been living here upon speculation — without any certain means, eh? Come, confess it."

"Sir!" cried I, with becoming indignation, "do not presume —"

"I know you have," said Trotter; "a word in your ear: — *so have I!*"

"It was now my turn to fall back in my chair, while Trotter indulged in a series of regularly measured winks.

"Why! Trotter, you astonish me! — you must be joking!"

"A fact," said the wealthy old gentleman.

"Why, you've been living here six months!"

"More," said Trotter; "and the deuce a farthing have I paid. But a certain person will very soon be Mrs. Trotter."

"I could have hugged to my bosom the ingenious, but I fear I must call him the unprincipled, old gentleman.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "You must n't stay here; you'll disconcert my plan — they'll perhaps suspect me. I'll guaranty the debt you owe them. I'll take it upon myself, and when I'm married you shall have twenty pounds. But a young fellow like you need never want money. Were you ever in love?"

"I have felt that passion, Trotter, but marriage —"

"The thing I mean," said he. "Have you ever thought about it?"

"Why, no," said I, "not so deeply, perhaps —"

"As its importance demands," interrupted Trotter: "only think, a rich widow, with freeholds, or long leases; or a soft spinster, with hard cash as a set off."

"Not to be had, old fellow, not to be had."

"Ay, but to be imagined, young fellow. Here's a secret for you that, if you have any friends, shall melt them; that will thaw the most Hyperborean tailor; that will provide furniture, lease, fixtures, every thing. Say you are going to be married."

"Say you're going to be married!" It had a plausible and pleasing degree of fiction to recommend it.

"Try it short," said Trotter, "going to be married," and he repeated the golden sentence, as though parading it for my inspection.

"Going to be married!" it was still better. "Trotter," cried I, and I took up my candle, "it will do. Good night! — God bless you!"

"How unaccountable that I never should have hit upon it! Why, my uncle in the country, whom I had given up in despair, must come down upon so special a plea. It was worth a cool hundred or two at least. Even Magson would be practicable after this. Going to be married? I slept upon it."

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"I tried the new invention upon a tailor in Oxford-street the very next morning. It succeeded to admiration, and within a week I was in a situation to take leave of Mrs. and Miss Moon and the two gentlemen, in a suit of superfine Saxony, that might have defied the criticism of a Brummel.

"To you, dear madam," said I, addressing my kind hostess, while a tear worked its passage into my eye, "to you I feel that I shall be eternally indebted." And here I think I may take credit to myself for the utterance of strict and open truth. "But to Mr. Trotter," I continued, "I acknowledge myself under an obligation which can never be effaced."

"He is indeed a kind soul," cried Mrs. Moon, turning a soft eye upon the counterfeit Cressa, who bowed deprecatingly. "Every thing has been satisfactorily arranged, Mr.

Loosefish; we shall be happy to see you whenever you pass our way. Good-bye. Farewell."

We have dwelt at some length upon the recent writings of 'Boz,' the more because we have been compelled to pass his previous efforts with but slight comment. And in conclusion, we can only repeat, that of all humorous writers of the present era, commend us to the renowned author of the 'Papers of the Pickwick Club.'

THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING. In one volume. pp. 143. Boston: WILLIAM S. DAMRELL and SAMUEL COLMAN. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS little volume is, without exception, the best work of the kind which it has ever been our good fortune to read. The name of the author is not given; but we have somewhere seen it mentioned, that it is written by a lady: if this be so, Miss SEDGWICK must be that lady, or some equally gifted female is treading closely in her steps, in the department of domestic literature. The 'three experiments of living' described, are 'living within the means, living up to the means, and living beyond the means;' and each division is illustrated by incidents simple in themselves, but highly effective, and even dramatic. The style is plain, nervous, and easy, and the inculcations of the work are all fraught with the best tendencies.

Without trespassing too far upon the condensed interest of the book, we offer two extracts—the first containing the complaints of a poor and sick woman, the causes for which we fear are but too common, and the second some just and forcible comments upon a grievous folly on the part of a large portion of the American people, resident in our cities:

"The next day Jane went to see Mrs. Barber, and proposed to her her plan of clothing the children, and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude, and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs. Hart among them, Mrs. Barber said, 'Indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me any thing, if she will only pay me what is justly my due.' Jane now learned, with astonishment, that the poor woman had washed 'in her kitchen' for nearly a year, without being able to obtain payment.

"It was for that, madam, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress; and she did, you know, pay me a small sum. I have credited her for that; but it is a small part of what she owes me."

"I hope," said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind, "I hope there are few such instances as this."

"I never met with such a one — not exactly" — added she hesitatingly; but, indeed, madam, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day's work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately; and yet many's the time when I have depended upon one day's wages for my children's food for the next."

"It must be such a trifle to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away, they will pay you."

"It is because it is such a trifle to them, I suppose," said the woman, "that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Some how or other, rich ladies never have any thing they call *change*, and they are very apt to say, 'they will remember it,' and 'another time will do as well;' and so it is as well for *them*, but not for *us*."

"Mrs. Barber's heart seemed to be quite opened by Jane's sympathy, and she went on.

"Indeed, ma'am, I sometimes think there is more kindness toward the poor than there is justice. The ladies are very good in getting up societies and fairs to help us; but they very often seem unwilling to pay us the full price of our labor. If they would pay us well, and give us less, it would be better for us."

"Perhaps you are right," said Jane, "about paying for work; but only think how much good has been done by fairs!"

"Yes, ma'am; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and who was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious

little things that they sell at fairs; but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her; for she says the market is overrun.'

" 'The right way,' said Jane, 'would be to employ these people to work for others, and instead of the ladies making pin-cushions and emery-bags, to buy them ready made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor; for what one class could not make, another could, and labor would be exchanged.'

" 'I do n't know how it ought to be settled. - Perhaps it is all right as it is; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma'am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come about 9 o'clock in the morning to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are - sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me; and time, to daily laborers, is money. My husband was a carpenter; and he used to say, that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them, for he gave them time. One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could not put a shelf up here, or make a closet there; and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have any thing done, and he had his trouble for his pains.'

" 'All the wrongs you have mentioned,' said Jane, 'seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence.'

" 'That's pretty much what I said, ma'am, at first - that now-a-days there was more kindness to the poor than justice. If I was paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for clothes, sometimes for pay - for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home - I should be better off than I am now. To be sure, it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they do n't go upon interest like larger ones.'

" 'You seem to have thought a good deal on this subject,' said Jane.

" 'I take it,' said Mrs. Barber, 'that we must all think; at least, I never saw the time when I could drive thoughts out of my head, though I am sure, when you first took me up, it was sad enough to think; and if it had not been for my poor children, I should have been glad enough to have laid down in the cold grave, and thought no more in this world.'

The subjoined remarks close the first division of the volume - 'living *within* the means:'

" 'We fear there are few who sincerely repeat, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'

" 'This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend - with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares - it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessing of an amiable disposition; what is it but the serenity of a mind at piece with itself - of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's? They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

" 'It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were *home* pleasures - the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. This is, in fact, to be his text-book and his saga. Not what others do - not what *seems* necessary and fitting to his station in life, but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide is in reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up, what, in a political view alone, is dross, compared to independence of character and habits? Shall we, who can call master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the hard-earned victory of freedom and independence, give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our sea-ports, and are hastening toward the interior. Well may British travellers scoff, when they come among us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life - its feathers and gewgaws - our habits and customs, made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt

the good of every nation — their arts and improvements, their noble and liberal institutions, their literature, and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard. Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation, that has given a color to the charge made against us, by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path, with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, retire to a distance, and pelt us with rubbish."

We are glad to learn that three editions of this little book have already been published; and we hope its dissemination will eventually be so wide as to place it in the hands of every intelligent American family throughout the union.

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A MONTH OF FREEDOM. AN AMERICAN POEM. pp. 90. New-York: GEORGE W. HOLLEY.

THERE are many fine poetical *thoughts* in the compass of this little book, but in general the *execution* is less creditable to the author. He lacks harmony of language, and his metrical ear is lamentably imperfect. With proper cultivation, and a due familiarity with good models, we might anticipate much improvement upon the volume before us; and we cannot but hope that so much native ore as may here be seen gleaming through the rough soil, will not hereafter be presented to the public without adequate filtration. A single extract will serve to explain our remarks, both of raise and deprecation. It is descriptive of the view from the 'Catakill Mountain House':

"On the high mountain top, far, far above  
The world! A wild, wide, boiling sea of mist  
Is spread around, the beautiful phantasm  
Of the true ocean, which once swept above  
These glowing lands. Its pale waves roll not now  
With the free dash of life, but slowly rise  
Like phantoms, and with ghost-like motion glide  
Along, to dash all noiselessly against  
The rock-bound shore. And yet 't is like, so like  
The wide deep sea, that fancy peoples it  
With the strange monsters of the deep, and we  
Can scarce believe that fellow-mortals there  
Beneath the waves are toiling carelessly  
In the dull work of life. Its spectral depths  
Are opening now, and bright and verdant isles  
Are shining through. Again the misty waves  
Close over them, and all is ocean now.  
Again bright fields and dark-green woods shine through  
The rent veil, and its scattered folds are rolled  
Into light fleecy clouds, which float along  
Upon the summer wind. And now these melt  
Before the glowing sun, and naught is left  
But dazzling, beautiful reality.

"The golden hue of harvest — the dark woods —  
The bright green pasture lands — the rivulet  
Alike a white thread thrown all carelessly  
On the green velvet — the low rustic roof —  
The distant village glittering with the sun —  
The river calmly lying there alike  
A polish'd mirror, and the whiter sail  
Gleaming on its bright waters — those green isles  
Like emeralds set in silver — and the far,  
Wide landscape spreading on beyond  
In still extending beauty, till the eye  
Is pained, the soul dazzled — faint — bewildered."

Our author has evidently the 'dew of his youth;' and with the fresh poetical impulses of that golden period, doubtless his pen will not be idle. But he should study metrical cadence, and revise more carefully.

**SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. LEMUEL HAYNES.** By the Rev. Dr. COOLEY and the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE. In one volume. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is the title of a very handsome volume, just issued from the press of the Messrs. HARPER, which will not detract in the least from the character and reputation which they have deservedly obtained as publishers. On the contrary, we believe that they have brought the religious community under increased obligations to them, by sending forth this work to the world. It is not to be supposed that all who may read this book, will agree with every religious opinion of the subject of these 'Sketches;' yet it is as undeniable, that no one can read the work without interest. The Rev. Dr. Cooley has sketched the character of this extraordinary individual in a very happy and able manner, and he will have his reward. When we say of the late Rev. Mr. Haynes, that he was an 'extraordinary individual,' we say no more than every one will say, who becomes acquainted with the history of his life.

He was born under peculiar circumstances, on the 18th of July, 1753, and died in 1833. He was of 'unmingled African extraction' on his father's side, was abandoned by his parents in early infancy, and 'was never, to the end of his life, favored with a single expression of a mother's kindness.' When he was five months old, he was bound as a servant to a pious man, in whose family he was treated with kindness and tenderness. When a boy, and as he grew up, he manifested all faithfulness to his trust, so that his master's business was placed, to a great extent, under his care. After arriving at mature age, he met with 'a saving change of heart,' and united himself with the Christian church. He became connected with the American army in 1774, and proved true to his country in many campaigns—all, as he expresses himself, 'for the sake of freedom and independence.' After serving his country faithfully, he devoted himself to the work of the ministry, and preached the gospel until the close of his life. His triumphant death, with the circumstances attending it, are recorded in such wise as to show that 'the end of the righteous is peace.' The letters, sermons, and anecdotes contained in the volume, exhibit the character of the man, the patriot, the servant of Christ, and the true philanthropist. His life was full of events—his death replete with instruction.

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**PAULDING'S WORKS.** Volumes XII., XIII., and XIV. Containing 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' and 'The Book of St. Nicholas.' New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IT is not our intention, in the present dearth of novelty in the literary world, to intrude upon the reader a labored review of a work so well known to the American public as the 'Dutchman's Fireside,' one of the most popular productions of its popular author. We shall content ourselves with saying, that it is now presented in the neat and tasteful dress in which all the preceding numbers of the series have been clad—and this is quite all that is necessary to say in regard to the character of the externals.

'The Book of St. Nicholas,' a volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, contains the following stories, among which the reader will perceive several pleasant acquaintances, with whom he will be glad to renew an intimacy: 'The Legend of St. Nicholas;' 'The Little Dutch Sentinel of the Manhatoes;' 'Cobus Yerks;' 'A Strange Bird in Nieuw-Amsterdam;' 'Claas Schlaschenschlinger;' 'The Revenge of St. Nicholas;' 'The Origin of the Bakers' Dozen;' 'The Ghost;' 'The Nymph of the Mountain;' and 'The Ride of St. Nicholas on New-Year's Eve.'



SCENES IN SPAIN. In one volume. pp. 334. New-York: GEORGE DRAKBORN.

WE have read this volume attentively through; and when we say that we accomplished it at two sittings, we think the declaration should serve as collateral evidence, at least, that the work possesses the power to interest the reader in a remarkable degree. It frequently reminds us, by the vividness of its descriptions, its variety of topic, and the vein of pleasantry which pervades it, of 'A Year in Spain,' and 'Spain Revisited,' by Lieutenant SLIDELL; although in some instances the style is too diffuse to favor the idea of a kindred paternity. We select a solitary passage, descriptive of the Giralda cathedral of Genoa, as a fair specimen of the ease with which our author records his impressions:

"Passing along the street of Genoa, which was filled with shops of trades-people, I presently came to the famous old cathedral, and was equally surprised at the grandeur of its dimensions and the irregularity of its form. Beside it rose the tall tower of the Giralda, a light Moorish edifice, whose height the Christians increased by adding a belfry at the summit, where hang a great many bells, big and little, bearing the dignified appellations of San Pedro, San Pablo, and a score of saints, male and female, painted over each. I toiled my way up the winding staircase, not on an armed war-horse, as did some knights of old, nor on a donkey, like one of the good queens of Spain, but as an humble pedestrian; stopping at intervals to get breath, and then plodding upward and upward till I reached a little shrine and image of Our Lady, and presently stepped forth upon the terrace. Just above stands the Giralda, the brazen female image which has given its name to the tower, and is the grand weathercock of Seville. Perhaps to the amiableness of this brazen dame, who whirls about with every breeze, so that one knows not how to take her, may be traced the phrase of 'hija de la Giralda,' a term of reproach to such giddy people as tell wild tales, and contradict the assertion of one moment by the asseveration of the next.

"Though the exterior of the cathedral was a venerable mass of deformity, the interior was a happy union of simplicity and grandeur, with its long solemn aisles, its sturdy stone columns, and its bold arches of massive mason work, which time had tinged with a dusky and sombre hue. Priests were moving across the aisles in different directions, some going to perform their devotions at one altar, some at another; for, from the vast size of the church, the prayers offered at one shrine were inaudible at the rest. Devotees, mostly women, were scattered about the church, kneeling with rosary in hand before the shrines of the various saints. In this way they make the morning round from altar to altar, with the customary prayers and genuflections at each shrine, and obtain thereby a certain number of days of indulgence. Here and there, a stranger, brought thither like myself more by curiosity than devotion, and inattentive to holier things, might be seen gazing with admiration on the glittering ornaments of the altars, measuring with his eye the grandeur of the long aisles of this noble temple, or studying with delight the faithful nature and sweet simplicity of Murillo's pencil in some of his most happy efforts. Not even in the churches in Spain is one free from the tormenting importunity of beggars. I was admiring a delightful painting of the great Spanish artist, where an angel is represented leading a bright-eyed boy by the hand, when an old woman, with a long rosary in her hand, and her sallow, wrinkled face half covered by a tattered and long mantilla, came up to me to solicit alms. She told me the usual tale, perhaps too often true, of a husband sick and helpless, and a house full of starving children. I have noticed that the mendicants get more from the priests than from any one else; they doubtless have an interest in thus cultivating the affections of the poorer classes. At all events, it is but a just retribution, that they who live idly and luxuriously by the sweat of the poor man's brow, should restore a little of their gettings in the shape of alms.

"In wandering about the church, my attention was attracted by a rough sculpture on the pavement of an antiquated ship or galley, surmounting an inscription. It was much worn by the feet and knees of the pious, for it was just in front of a shrine. On examining the inscription, I found it was the tomb of the Adelantado, the son of that great but unfortunate and injured man who discovered the far-off country from which I had begun my wanderings."

We abstain from farther extracts, not for the reason that there is not a rich field for selection, but because we have already quoted largely from works on Spain in this department; and furthermore, we lack, at this present, the 'ample room and verge enough' of the poet, for our purpose. We must not omit to add, however, that the volume is executed in a very superior manner, and embellished with two fine engravings by HINSHELWOOD, from paintings by CHAPMAN.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**EDWIN FORRESTER.** — The success of our countryman FORRESTER in England is not less honorable to his genius and character, than it is gratifying to his numerous friends and admirers in America. His whole career, since his first appearance on the boards of Drury Lane, has been one of constant triumph, until he at last stands on a prouder histrionic eminence than in his most sanguine moments he could ever have hoped to attain. The journals of the metropolis, with but one or two exceptions, unite in awarding to him the first place among living actors, in either hemisphere; and his personations, in their entire detail, of Shakspeare's heroes, are pronounced in many respects equal, if not superior, to the best of the elder KEAN. We gather from a recent letter of Mr. FORRESTER's, in the *Plaindealer*, of this city, that the honors which have been privately tendered him in London have been more gratifying than his public reception. At a dinner given him by the Garrick Club, Sergeant TALFOURD, author of 'Ion,' presided, and made a highly complimentary speech, to which Mr. FORRESTER replied. MACREADY had welcomed and applauded him in the warmest manner; and from Messrs. STEPHEN PRICE and CHARLES KEMBLE he had received three swords, which were once the property of JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, TALMA, and KEAN, as tokens of the admiration and esteem of the donors. An original portrait, in oil, of GARRICK had also been presented him, and his own, in the character of Macbeth, in the dagger-scene, was in preparation for the next exhibition at the Somerset House. At the last advices, Mr. FORRESTER was performing an engagement at Liverpool, to crowded audiences. The journals of that city are unanimous and enthusiastic in his praise. After a brief engagement at Manchester, he was to return to London, to appear in a new tragedy written expressly for him by Miss Mitford, and in the character of Richard the Third, in the representation of which he conceives some important changes for the better may be made. We hope the lesson conveyed in the following passage from Mr. FORRESTER's letter, will not be lost upon American audiences: 'The London audiences have a quick and keen perception of the beauties of the drama. They seem, from the timeliness and proportion of their applause, to possess a previous knowledge of the text. They applaud warmly, but seasonably. They do not interrupt a passion, and oblige the actor to sustain it beyond the propriety of nature; but if he delineates it forcibly and truly, they reward him in the intervals of the dialogue. Variations from the accustomed modes — though not in any palpable new readings, which for the most part are bad readings, for there is generally but one mode positively correct, and that has not been left for us to discover — but slight changes in emphasis, tone, or action — delicate shadings and pencilings — are observed with singular and most gratifying quickness. You find that your study of Shakspeare has not been thrown away; that your attempt to grasp the character in its 'gross and scope,' as well as in its detail, so as not merely to know how to speak what is written, but to preserve its truth and keeping in a new succession of incidents, could it be exposed to them — you find that this is seen and appreciated by the audience; and the evidence that they see and feel, is given with an emphasis and heartiness that make the theatre shake.'

Copies of a fine portrait of Mr. FORRESTER, published in London, have reached this country, and his friends may interchange 'greetings of the face' with him, by calling at the publishing office of this Magazine.

PARK THEATRE — 'ION.' — In the production of this classic gem, the modern drama has received a treasure as unexpected as it was desirable. The wondrous surprise, indeed, which this exquisite poem has awakened, would hardly have been exceeded, if in these degenerate days of *'les beaux arts'* a second Raphael had arisen, and cast forth upon the dreaming world some mighty master-piece — perfect as the enclosed gem of Minerva's Phidian buckler. Nothing so strictly pure in its language, so classical in the imagery of its thoughts — nothing so free from the pedantry of the schools, and yet so replete with learning — so full of poetry imbued with the strength of truth — has fallen upon our times. 'Ion' sustains all its pretensions. There is the magnificent simplicity of genius in its design — the soul of poetry in the sublime tracery of its thoughts — truth in the delineation of its characters — probability in the consummation of its events — deep and exciting interest in its story — all hallowed by the solemn charm which the fatal principle of destiny has thrown around it. Yet 'Ion' is for the closet. It seems like desecration to attempt an exhibition of its delicate perfections upon the stage. There is something too material in the means which the best theatres can afford, to give a just perception of the beauties of 'Ion.' It is not the fault of the play, but its very purity, its intellectual grace, which unfits it for stage representation. A host of angels, or the embodied spirits of the Argive heroes themselves, not to speak profanely, might enact 'Ion.' No mortal '*corps dramatique*' can ever hope to portray its divine spirit. Miss ELLEN TREE has too much judgment, and a taste too refined, to be guilty of an impropriety. She could not outrage the spirit of the purest poetry that ever was written. On the contrary, we know of no artist whose style is more truly classic, or more strictly under the control of a cultivated judgment. As the tresses which shade the glowing beauties of Titian's Magdalen require the closest scrutiny to make the observer fully sensible of their minute proportions, so is it necessary, to a just appreciation of 'Ion,' that it be deeply studied, and that its delicate, half-hidden glories be brought before the mind by a process to which the rough glare and glitter of the stage are totally inadequate. If, then, Miss Tree cannot, from its peculiar delicacy, do justice to the exquisite poetry of 'Ion,' what can be expected of the rest of the *corps dramatique*? Mrs. GURNEE's *Cleopatra* does her infinite honor. She reads the part with true judgment, and evinces a just appreciation of its beauties, by her manner of expressing them : yet it is not the *Cleopatra* of the poet — for the same reason and no other, that the 'Ion' of Miss Tree is not the character which floats in the mind of every intelligent reader of this beautiful creation. What shall we say, after this, of the men who have been thrust into this world of delicate imaginings? As well might the manager of a theatre fancy it possible that his company could represent the 'Paradise Lost,' with all its ethereal and divine personages, as to believe it probable that they could attempt the characters of 'Ion' without the grossest sacrilege. Is it not too bad? — and we appeal to any person who has beheld the profanation — is it not too bad, to hear the present substitute of *Agenor* speak such lines as these :

——— 'Love, the germ  
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,  
Expanding with its progress ; as the store  
Of rainbow-color which the seed conceals  
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,  
To flush and circle in the flower.'

Or fancy *Ctesiphon*, through his present representative, giving utterance, in the off-hand way of a gentleman directing his coachman, to the following exquisite picture :

'Go teach the eagle when in azure heaven  
He upward darts to seize his maddened prey,  
Shivering through the death-circle of its fear,  
To pause and let it 'escape, and thou may'st win  
Man to forego the sparkling round of power,  
When it floats airily within his grasp !'

But it is not with the performers, generally, that we have any right to find fault. We

chiefly regret the necessity which compels them thus to profane some of the most graceful tracteries which the genius of poetry ever conceived. It is the entire *spirit* of the poem which cannot be expressed on the stage, and which must cause the judicious to grieve that it has ever been attempted. Shakspeare's most delicate fancies have been sometimes desecrated by a stage performance, but seldom so foully as this poetry of TALFOURD'S. The play of 'Ion,' although of a totally different character from 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' is no more fit for representation than even this most fairy-like vision of the great dramatist; and we should as soon expect to see 'Moonshine' faithfully portrayed by the palpable substance of a stout comedian, as to find the poetry and sentiment of 'Ion' justly conveyed through the medium of stage representation. 'Ion' has been played, and we are forced to believe in the words of *Clemens*, that

'Austere remembrance of the deed will hang  
Upon its delicate spirit like a cloud,  
And tinge its world of happy images  
With hues of horror.'

c.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — All who have read BYRON'S 'Mazeppa,' should attend its representation at this Theatre. Beyond question, it is the finest spectacle of the kind ever produced in this country; and hence it is not surprising that this large and well-regulated establishment is nightly filled to overflowing with delighted auditors. Lacking both room and time for a notice of the play, in detail, we avail ourselves of the annexed brief description, from the *Evening Star*: 'The whole is truly magnificent. What seem to produce the most effect, are the chariots drawn by six superb Arab steeds; the long procession of Tartar horsemen winding up the distant mountains — the minarets, and mosques, and towers, seen in the distance — the combats of knights — the sword and shield dance of the ladies of Mr. COOKE'S Circus — a *pas de deux* by Miss COOKE and Mr. JACKSON, and a wreath-dance by the beautiful little grand-children of Mr. Cooke: all these excite prodigious applause. Then we have the white horse of Mazeppa, flying from mountain to mountain, or swimming the Dnieper, with the unfortunate victim on his back, until victory crowns him a king, amidst the terrific combat and *mêlée* of armored knights on horseback, troops on foot, thunders of artillery, and the conflagration of the castle. This spectacle should run at least a hundred nights.'

ENGLISH WORKS ON THE FINE ARTS. — A rich treat may be enjoyed in looking over the various publications which are temptingly displayed on the centre-table of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. Among those lately received from 'the great metropolis,' we have had great pleasure in examining Harding's Port-Folio, with twenty-four artist-like sketches, executed in a novel style, in imitation of the original drawings; 'The Andalusian Annual,' 'comprising,' as the book-sellers say, twelve richly-colored prints of Spanish costume, with several pieces of music; 'Finden's Tableaux,' a truly superb work, eclipsing all its rivals in the finish of its illustrations; 'The Gallery of the Graces,' and the 'Gallery of Byron Beauties,' with those of SCOTT and SHAKSPEARE, an array of most lovely faces; 'Spanish Sketches, and 'The Alhambra,' by LEWIS; 'Coast Scenery, by STANFIELD; 'North Wales, by ROSCOE; Illustrations of Shakspeare, by the celebrated RETSCH, etc. Next to travelling, is the pleasure of seeing foreign scenes of interest well depicted by eminent artists, and next to gazing upon the face of a lovely woman, commend us to her 'counterfeit presentment.'

**TAKES ON LITERATURE — IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN BOOKS.** — Now that the subject of international copy-right law is fairly before the American Congress, a word or two respecting the heavy and unreasonable restrictions imposed by our government upon English publications, imported into the United States, may not be irrelevant or out of place. The present duty — twenty-six cents per pound weight on books in boards, and thirty cents per pound on those in leather binding — generally enhances the cost from twenty-five to fifty per cent. The duty on a set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for instance, is not less than thirty-five dollars. This enormous tax is paid by our literary men and reading community, whenever they require any of the valuable and important foreign works which have never been, and are not likely to be, re-published in this country — particularly scientific works, necessary for our practical mechanics and civil engineers, and the classics, etc., for students, to whom many foreign works are very desirable, but from which they are often precluded, by the expense thus largely increased. We do not advocate the interests of any one party or class, in opposition to those of another. On the contrary, we think that the very spirit of our system of legislation ought to be with reference to the rights of the many — of the majority. What, then, is the other side of this question? Who are benefitted by the present system? If any, they are, in our opinion, two or three publishing houses only; and we believe that even these are not so much so as they may perhaps suppose. What, we may ask, would be the effect of a reduction or abolition of this duty? Would it curtail the business of American publishers? We answer confidently in the negative. The same class of books which have been heretofore re-printed, would continue to be re-produced in the same abundance, if there were no restrictions on foreign editions, for the obvious reason that most of them, at least, can be published here for one half or one fourth the English price, while at the same time those voluminous and heavy works which, however desirable, are too costly to be re-printed, might be furnished here at a very material reduction from the present prices.

Is it *just*, then, that the whole reading community should be thus heavily taxed, to subserve the interests, real or imaginary, of a very few individuals? With all due deference to the rights of the very respectable and enterprising gentlemen engaged in re-publishing foreign books, we are confident that if this matter were placed before congress in its true light, the duty on books would at least be modified, if not entirely repealed. Even in Great-Britain, where these restrictions and taxes are notoriously great, the duty on foreign books is but sixpence sterling, or eleven cents per pound. Now that the excess of revenue warrants a material alteration in our tariff, we hope that literature, at least, will be the first article freed from its shackles.

While on the subject of foreign literature, we would refer the reader to the advertisement of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, in reference to importing books from abroad. The last-named gentleman has recently returned from a bibliographical tour through Great-Britain, France, and Germany, during which he made arrangements for executing orders for private libraries, as well as for universities and literary institutions, which receive their importations free of duty. The library of Columbia College and the Mercantile Library have lately been enriched by many rare and valuable works imported by this house; and we deem ourselves performing an acceptable service to the public, by a reference to the advantages and facilities at their command.

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↓ **LITHOGRAPHY.** — MR. HENRI HEIDEMANS, an artist of fine powers, lately arrived in this country, has recently produced two beautiful specimens of the lithographic art, in the portraits of **FORREST** and **AUGUSTA**, just published by COLMAN. In the first there are several very marked improvements upon the London copy; and in the second, the painter has portrayed the attitude and expression of the fair original, with great faithfulness.

We present the following from an esteemed contributor. It may prove of interest to the scientific reader :

TO DR. ANDERSON, PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.

MY DEAR SIR : In the progress of a work which I am preparing for the press, it falls in with my plan to discuss the subject of a vacuum and a plenum, with which the schools have been so long perplexed. Now, beside the argument derived from motion, which seems to me very strong, if not conclusive, there is one stated by Sir Isaac Newton, in his Principia, which would set the question entirely at rest, could it be relieved from some slight difficulties that present themselves, and cast a shade of doubt over the whole course of reasoning. Sir Isaac, in Book II., Section VI., and Proposition XXIV., of his Principia, says : 'By experiments made with the greatest accuracy, I have always found the quantity of matter in bodies to be proportioned to their weight.' These experiments, it appears, were made with pendulums, vibrating in fluids of different densities, and would be perfectly conclusive, were it not for the following considerations, which throw our minds into some embarrassment. If Newton had proved that the quantity of matter in bodies is proportioned to their weight, of course, there being so much more matter in a square foot of iron than of cork, there must be more vacant spaces in the cork than in the iron. But Newton's reasoning upon this subject is liable to this exception. May not the *materia subtilis* of Descartes, or his subtile matter, be so thin as to render any pendulums which could be used, insensible of its action ? That there is such a thin ether pervading the material world, is proved by many facts ; but particularly by an experiment made by Newton himself. That philosopher found that animals would die, and light be immediately extinguished, in an exhausted receiver ; yet, if a thermometer was placed in it, the mercury would rise and fall according to the changes of temperature in the circumambient air. Hence he justly concluded, that after the air was extracted from the receiver, there must remain in it a still more ærial fluid, which, as a medium, conveyed heat to the thermometer, and affected the mercury within the tube. May not this thin ether be supposed to pervade all the different fluids in which the pendulums of Newton moved, without any sensible effect upon them, when he was making his experiments in demonstration of a vacuum ? Or, in other words, is there any course of reasoning by which a vacuum may be proved, that is liable to no exception, drawn from the infinitesimal minuteness in the particles of matter ?

B.

THE CHINESE. — We have a peculiar kind of pleasure, whenever there chances an arrival from the celestial empire, in looking over the doings of the rulers of that country, as manifested in their numerous edicts and special orders. We 'barbarians' are greatly misled in the opinions we form of the Chinese character from the figures sitting in ideal abstraction on porcelain and tea-chests, or standing at full length as acting cologne-bottles. The Chinese are not the men we take them for, and they are not remiss of late in their endeavors to convince 'foreign traders' of the erroneous impressions extant concerning them. The public officers are remarkable for a certain unwearied delivery of their sentiments. They indulge in no bastard sentimentalities, venture no dim postulates, and sport no inept sentences nor gingerly terms. One of the recent 'special orders' complains that the 'outside barbarians' have sent divers Christian missionaries into China, with engraved books, setting forth and enforcing the 'creed of their chief, named Jesus.' They are ordered to desist altogether ; and six months are given them to withdraw from the empire. If after that period they are found in the imperial kingdom, they are to be severely punished. 'Let the guilty tremble fearfully hereat !' Another despatch protests against the acts of sundry English

'barbarian-traders' who, in opposition to certain prohibitions of the celestial dynasty, have, 'in the midst of the vast expanse of the great ocean,' received ships at anchor, and clandestinely stored up opium — 'conduct which is most detestable.' 'This is on record — a prepared report' — and the owners of these receiving-vessels are ordered 'instantly to make them all spread their sails, and return at once to their countries.' If they do not 'immediately sail away,' they are to be forcibly expelled. 'A special order. Respect this.' Foreign traders, remonstrating against grievances connected with the tariff of duties on imported goods, are informed that the tariff has been approved by the great emperor, and 'is to be reverently and forever obeyed and followed.' How could the outside barbarians presume to hope they would be changed? 'The requests are flimsy and absurd, and not to be allowed.' Such is a brief sketch of the latest news from the imperial kingdom; and our readers must content themselves with these imperfect records, until we receive regular advices from our American correspondent at Canton, who will doubtless become a great favorite with the celestial rulers, and be privileged early to receive all important or interesting intelligence. These are the expectations. Rejoice considerably heret !

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**LEGAL PLEASANTRIES.** — They originate more than half the current wit of the day, in the Great West. There is a racy freshness, moreover, about the pleasantries of that region, that is quite delightful. From a late Missouri journal we have clipped the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentleman of that state. If it be as new to the reader as to us, we will guarantee his favorable suffrages: 'Being once opposed to Mr. S——, late member of congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a point of disagreement between them: 'Here my brother S—— and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) is a *squash*! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference — undoubtedly an honest difference — of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.'

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**'ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY:** Illustrated by more than one hundred Engravings on Wood. Designed for the use of Schools and Academies By L. D. GALE, M. D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, in the University of the City of New-York, and Lecturer on Chemistry.' The study of Chemistry, one of the most important and practically useful of the sciences, is in this little volume rendered particularly attractive to young persons, by numerous illustrations and entertaining experiments. The fundamental principles of the science are stated in a perspicuous, comprehensive, and at the same time forcible style, admirably adapted to its purpose. The first edition, as we learn, was very soon exhausted: the present issue is materially improved, and is very neatly printed. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

## LITERARY RECORD.

'WHAT CONSTITUTES AN ORATOR?' — Some attentive friend in Ohio has transmitted as a small pamphlet, entitled 'An Address delivered by Rev. L. L. HAMLIN, A. M., of the Ohio Conference, before the Jefferson and Union Literary Societies of Augusta College, August, 1836.' It is ably written, and in its views of the qualities necessary to form a successful orator, is sound and discriminating. We subjoin an extract, enforcing the importance of familiarity with the power of language :

"Language may be considered the tool of his trade. By this he works up the materials of thought, and prepares them for the public mind. He must therefore ascertain the structure, the force, and the most effectual use of this instrument. There are two ways to do it. One is by reading. There are many productions of the pen which display most forcibly the power of words, in their various combinations of taste and beauty. By a critical perusal of these writings, one may learn what the power of language is, and by what construction it acquires the utmost harmony and strength.

"And here, we conceive, is the value of Roman and Grecian literature. The ancient classics are said to contain an inimitable beauty and fire, which cannot be infused into their translations, nor exhibited in modern composition. If this be so, then let the orator (if possible) approach them, and inspire his genius with their utmost charms and ardors. But let him not overlook the beauties of our vernacular classics, in his enthusiastic devotion to those of buried tongues. Let him study our own orators and poets with at least half the zeal of his soul, and let him learn to admire them. Should he, in his juvenile admiration of Homer and Virgil, or Demosthenes and Cicero, learn to despise Milton and Burke; should he come to believe that the beauties of song and the charms of eloquence are exotics of other climes, which cannot grow upon our poor soil, his classic lore will prove his misfortune. It will serve merely to expose mental weaknesses, which otherwise might have remained concealed. We should wander through fields of ancient literature, as Peter of Russia visited other kingdoms; not blindly to admire every thing foreign, but to examine impartially, select what is excellent, and transfer it to enrich and embellish our own domains."

The Address is subdivided into appropriate heads, each of which is separately treated, in a plain and well-digested style, evincing, on the part of the writer, a due acquaintance with his theme.

PRINTING IN OIL COLORS. — We have before us a copy of a beautiful volume recently imported from London by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, entitled 'The Pictorial Album, or Cabinet of Paintings.' It contains eleven designs, executed in oil colors, by BAXTER, an English artist, who first introduced the art, a few years since. When it is considered that each color is put on separately, and that some of the plates must consequently pass through the press no less than twenty-two different times, the accuracy and brilliancy of the execution are truly astonishing. The landscapes in this volume, particularly the 'View of Lugano,' are charming pictures, and would not suffer in comparison with the finest oil paintings.

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. — Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD deserve the thanks of every lover of German literature, for the very handsome edition which they have recently issued of Goëthe's five-act drama, entitled *Goetz Von Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand*. Sir WALTER SCOTT's translation, so much commended, was accounted very defective by the German critics. At a late period of his life, Goëthe employed himself in correcting and improving this drama; and hence the present translation, which contains these emendations, comes before the English reader with added attractions.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE has received a valuable accession to its editorial strength, in Dr. R. M. BIRD, who will hereafter assist in conducting the work. Dr. BIRD has won a high reputation as an author, and is thoroughly imbued with that national spirit, which it has been the constant aim of this Magazine to inculcate and enhance, in our country. We cordially welcome him as a co-laborer — satisfied, that in the transfer of the efforts of a valued contributor to another medium, the noble cause of American literature will still find in him an able and zealous supporter.



**HENRIETTA TEMPLE.** — This latest production of the younger D'ISRAËLI we have not read; but we feel bound to bring in a verdict in its favor, from certain circumstantial testimony. Accidentally falling into the hands of a lady-acquaintance, our copy was suddenly abstracted; and from that time forward, the volumes have been on a female mission — delighting, as we learn, several of the gentler sex with its striking incidents and fine delineations of the master-passion. We hope to be enabled to do better justice to a second edition. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

**PUBLIC ARCHIVES.** — We have received a large and excellently printed pamphlet, of some seventy pages, entitled 'Remarks and Documents relating to the Preservation and Keeping of the Public Archives.' The author is RICHARD BARTLETT, Esq., formerly Secretary of State in New-Hampshire, and Member of the New-Hampshire Historical Society. It is an important and useful work, evincing great research on the part of the writer, and a thorough knowledge of the matter in hand.

**KNOWLES' WORKS.** — MESSRS. GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY have published the first of two volumes, which are to contain the select works of JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, consisting of his most popular tales and dramatic works, with an original notice of his life and writings. The present volume contains 'Love and Authorship,' 'Old Adventures,' 'Therese,' 'The Magdalen,' 'The Lettre-de-Cachet,' 'The Portrait,' 'Virginus,' 'William Tell,' 'The Hunchback,' and 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua.'

**TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.** — MESSRS P. PRICE AND COMPANY, Chatham-square, have published a neat little volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'An Argument for the Truth of Christianity,' in a Series of Discourses. By I. D. WILLIAMSON. It is polemical in its character, for which reason, in consonance with our plan, we forbear comment upon its merits, farther than to say that it is well written.

The 'YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND, by a Lady,' recently issued from the press of the American Stationers' Company, at Boston, should be in the hands of every American female, capable of reading and understanding the excellent domestic, moral, and religious lessons which it contains. The work, however, evinces a slight tendency to *ultram*, which we are sorry to see. The tyranny of space prevents that enlarged notice which the volume deserves at our hands.

**CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY.** — The last three volumes of Harper's Classical Family Library, constituting the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth of the series, contain POPE's translation of HOMER. Both author and translator being generally known as writers of very respectable parts, it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon their individual merits. The volumes are well executed.

**TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.** — MR. J. DISTURNELL, Courtlandt-street, has published a useful little work, in the smallest compass, and at a small price, entitled, 'A Guide between New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; containing a Description of the Principal Places on the Route, and Tables of Distances.' The work is accompanied by a new and correct map.

**RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.** — 'Rhymes for my Children' is the title of a small volume from the press of S. COLMAN, Boston. It is written by a mother, and is well calculated, by the simplicity of its style, and the moral sentiments conveyed, to be entertainingly useful, in the hands of children. It is illustrated by pretty cuts.

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'EDITORS' DRAWER.' — Correspondents are desired to exercise patience. Several articles, whose length and character point to this department, are accepted, and others are under advisement.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE ABORIGINES OF NEW-ENGLAND.

### UNCAS, THE MOHEGAN.

'Who has not felt, while standing on the favorite spots, or wandering among the wild haunts, of the red man, mingled emotions of shame and sympathy, as he has reflected on his hapless fate? Who that has strolled over the green hills of New-England, so often trod by the free and untutored Indian, but has felt a thrill of melancholy emotion, as the scenes of former days have flitted across his mind? Whose imagination does not bound at the recital of the romantic heroism and the wild chivalry of the fathers of the wilderness? Alas! the fire-arms and fire-water of the pale-faces have accomplished each their deadly work! The songs of the hunter and the harvest resound no more in the Indian wigwam—no more the calumet of peace proclaims the quietude of a numerous people! Such were my reflections, as I stood, but the other day, by the grave of UNCAS, the chief of the Mohegans, the friend of the white man, and the conqueror of Miantinomah. It was impossible to resist this natural current of thought; and the reader shall judge whether the occasion was altogether unfruitful in historical and traditionary associations.

Here the proud chieftain moved uncontrolled amid the forest and among his people. Those hills, undulating in the blue haze of the distance, and the far-spreading valley below, he beheld from the lofty promontory on which he delighted to sit, and mark the curling smokes rise from the fires of his tribe. On the right, the meandering Yantic, after tumbling headlong through a deep rocky fissure, and uniting its tumultuous elements in a sullen stream below, winds around the base of the mountain, and spreads out in a wide and beautiful bay. This placid sheet is studded with islands, and crowned with trees in verdant clusters, whose variegated foliage relieves and delights the eye. Thence the wandering river sweeps along the deep vale, until, in the far distance, it unites with the Shatucket, and swells into a more rapid and wide-spread current.

Altogether, the view from the royal seat of Uncas was inconceivably grand and beautiful. The tribes that sat under his view, on the right and on the left, extending on either side of the romantic stream as far as the eye could reach, here rejoiced in the bounties which nature had spread before them. The warrior-chief, proud of his possessions, and exulting in the happiness which pervaded the wigwams of his nation, looked from his high empurpled throne, with all the pride of conscious security and power. This imperial spot of

nature's own framing, so far beyond the conceptions and imposing trickery of art, was the summit of a circular diluvial deposit, that gracefully bent around, and arose from, the delta we have described, and was at once the throne and the grave of the monarch.

I have stood, as erewhile stood the Mohegan sachems, on this towering eminence, and glanced abroad over the pleasant landscape swelling upward from the deep rolling stream, and undulating, with a gradual acclivity, backward to the rocky parapets which crown the distant heights. I have lingered on the green-sward consecrated to the remains of successive regal chieftains, and wandered in the deep ravines which on either side once guarded the living as they should now guard the dead. I have seen the hand of cultivation long since upturn and mingle the mouldering remains of all that was left of a populous people, and I have seen the comminuted fragments of their bones whitening on the western plains. And all this I have beheld with a swelling heart.

A little removed from this asylum of the dead, are the mutilated walls of a Mohegan fort, which was once the scene of sanguinary strife. It was the strong hold of the tribe against the cunning efforts of the Narragansets. Here were the hot attack and the bold repulse—the fierce note of defiance, and the exulting yell of triumph. Here it was that, on one occasion, being hotly pressed by the wily enemy, and every morsel of food exhausted, recourse was had by the artful but terrified Uncas to a desperate stratagem to effect the salvation of his people. Calling together his chiefs, he selected the fleetest runner and the bravest of their number, and despatched him to the then first and feeble settlement of the English, at Saybrook, with orders to obtain succour at any price. The command was executed, although at imminent hazard, in passing through the most powerful of all the enemies of the Mohegans, the Pequots, living in the country opposite and above the present city of New-London. The runner was sent back, with assurances that the desired supply of beef and vegetables would be despatched in two days, and with a request that Uncas should place himself, with a torch light, at a given point on the rocks overlooking the Thames, and at a certain hour of the night. The plan succeeded. The English approached, and landed their provisions, and on the following day Uncas hoisted on the end of a long pole a quarter of the beef, that the enemy might see he had other materials than the stout hearts and sinewy arms they had manifested, for maintaining themselves against his reiterated assaults. The effect of this stratagem was complete. The Mohegans were immediately supplied with the necessary food, and relieved of the fearful presence of their implacable foe. The Narragansets retired to their country, on the borders of the Providence river, and the Mohegans quietly dispersed themselves around on their own pleasant hills. To this day, the rocky elevation, on the borders of the river, a few miles below Norwich, on which Uncas gave to the English the desired signal, is pointed out as 'Uncas' Seat.' In gratitude to his deliverers—quite equal, at least, to the examples of his white brethren—Uncas gave to Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Leffingwell, the men who designed and executed the means of his relief, all that portion of country in and around

Norwich, now constituting between four and five counties. The descendants of these gentlemen have ever since lived on the soil so justly acquired by brave effort, the offspring of humanity. A walking-stick was recently shown the writer, belonging to the last male descendant of Mr. Leffingwell, the friend of Uncas, and one of the first settlers of our country at the mouth of the Connecticut. It is a fine specimen of the antique, and was originally brought from Europe.

Uncas distinguished himself in numerous battles, and ever showed his untiring friendship for the whites. At the bloody and decisive battle which the daring Captain Mason had with the Pequots, at Mystic, Uncas assisted; and, if never before, he here gave signs of fear at the sight of that terrible and warlike tribe. When the great chief of the Mohegans was in his glory, there came up from the land of the Narragansets the renowned Sachem, Miantinomah, with a thousand warriors, to give him battle. The ceaseless friendship of Uncas to the pale-faces had provoked the desperate hate of the Narraganset, and he had resolved on revenge. The event proves this hate to have been mutual. It was first kindled on the separation of the Mohegans from their allegiance to that ancient and powerful tribe, and had burned with increasing violence ever since that period. Uncas was apprized of the enemy's approach, only when very near his wigwam. Hastily collecting his most efficient warriors, in numbers scarcely half those of the foe, he marched out to meet him. On the elevated plain west of the Thames, and three miles south of Norwich, the antagonists came in contact. The Mohegan chief signifying a wish to hold 'a talk' with the proud hero of the Narragansets, the combatants on either side came to a halt, in full view of each other.

The vengeful chieftains came forth to the middle ground, when the powerful Uncas thus addressed his adversary: 'You have with you many stout warriors. So have I with me. It is a pity that brave men should kill each other for *our* quarrels. Come forward, then, like a brave man, as you profess to be, and let *us* fight it out. If Uncas falls before Miantinomah, then are his warriors thine; but, if Miantinomah is conquered by Uncas, then are his warriors mine.' To this the haughty Narraganset briefly replied: 'The men of Miantinomah came out to fight, and they *shall* fight.' At a pre-concerted signal, Uncas suddenly fell to the ground, when his valiant men, with their arrows drawn to their heads, instantly sent home those well-directed and destructive missiles, and then furiously rushing, with a terrible yell, upon the foe, already in confusion from the fatal effects of the sudden shower of arrows, put them to general flight. Hotly pursuing the cowardly enemy, now intent only on their flight, they were hurried, unwittingly, to the brink of an awful chasm, between high precipitous rocks, and now well known as the romantic Falls of the Yantic, near the city of Norwich. Many of the foremost, seeing no means of escape, leaped headlong into the rocky abyss, and were dashed in pieces, while others, dexterously turning to the left, ran upward along the stream, and forded it just by the present 'old paper mill.' Among the latter, was Miantinomah, who, with his flying comrades, still strove with desperate effort to

escape. The Mohegans still pressing on the flanks of the enemy, the pursued and pursuing were seen by a few white men, the first settlers in 'the old town' and the country, to pass the road, rush up the adjacent rocks, and disappear in the forest. On coming to the plain, at a distance, Uncas — himself the foremost of the pursuers — caught a view of his arch-enemy, and, putting forth his utmost strength, he bounded forward, and seized him fiercely in his iron grasp. The exulting yell of the Mohegan quickly brought his warriors to his side, and the hero of the Narragansets found himself a prisoner, firmly secured in the hands of his most hated foe. The triumph of Uncas was all that his ambition could desire. It was an event which at once gave to himself immortality, and enduring prosperity to his people.

Miantinomah, sullen and sad, replied by no word to his conqueror, but deep within his soul concealed the melancholy emotions which overwhelmed him. His proud spirit was broken by this sudden and fatal reverse of fortune, and he bowed in silence to the stroke of fate. 'But yesterday the renowned monarch of the most powerful people of the new world — to-day the abject prisoner of a former vassal! How fallen is Miantinomah, the great chief of the Narragansets!'

Uncas, with a few chosen warriors, led his royal captive to Hartford, then one of the only three settlements in New-England, and gave him up as an offering to the councils of the white man. Here, during a long imprisonment, he awaited the lordly will of the usurpers of the soil — those whom he boldly defied to bring aught against him, and whose right to sit in judgment on his destinies he as fearlessly denied. But, with our forefathers, as with most other men, *might* was often *right*. The pious delegation wisely decided that Uncas had a right to kill their prisoner, and that by allowing *him* to destroy the great proprietor of the best soil in New-England, *he*, at least, could have no rights to claim — no injuries to resent. But however pure and sacred the ultimate determination of this tribunal, the facts of the case, and the noble appeal of Miantinomah will remain for the judgment of unbiased posterity. Uncas was informed that the prisoner was to receive *justice* at *his* hands, and that a sub-delegation should see it executed. Thus justice was made doubly sure, and the mode of its execution cautiously guaranteed — for so read the chronicles of the times. Uncas came down to the land of the white man, like a faithful subject, when desired, to execute the *privilege* which had been intrusted to him; and taking the regal prisoner to the distant plain, where he had been captured, accompanied by the two trusty delegates before mentioned, called in the said chronicles, 'soldiers.' There, while passing near the spot, Uncas came suddenly up behind his captive and, with one blow, struck him lifeless at his feet; so that, as it is said, the ill-fated chief knew not how nor by whom he had been killed. Uncas cut with his knife from the shoulder of the dead Miantinomah a large piece of flesh, which, on eating, he pronounced, with Indian exultation, the sweetest meat *he* had ever tasted. Said he, 'It makes my heart strong!' Thus fell the Indian king, Miantinomah.

For years was that spot consecrated by the Narraganset people,

and pilgrimages, worthy of previous ages, and of a more enlightened people, though in a less honored cause, were made to the manes of their beloved sachem. At each visit, additional stones were placed on the rude monumental pile which kept hallowed the earth that covered his bones. It was a pleasing but melancholy sight, to behold the poor Indian coming up from his home, far away in the wild, to pay homage to the memory of a chief of his nation, long since mingled with the soil of a stranger-land — to shed a tear on the sacred sod, and to add another fragment to the memorial which fidelity had reared. It was indeed a sight which might well bring a burning blush to the cheek of the white man, and excite an emotion of tenderness for the cause, and of respect for the spot, of the red man's lamentations. But no! We talk of 'Christian affection,' of 'civilized refinement,' and we laud the luxury of social sentiment; but let us cease our vain boasting, when we reflect, that there is not a solitary stone to mark the place so often visited by the friendly Indian, even to the last remnant of his tribe. The same despoiling hand which has recklessly sacrificed so many of the venerated relics of other days to curiosity, or the hackneyed watch-word of the age, 'improvement,' but still more frequently to the paltry cause of trifling gain, has scattered, too, this little testimonial of a people's affection. The pale-face who put his destructive hands on that consecrated pile, should never claim kindred sentiments with the 'savage.' Where did the red man ever, in a spirit of revenge — and it is surprising, when so much cause has been given to create it, that so little has been manifested — or in a spirit of gain, despoil the places of the dead? Where has the 'savage' rifled your tombs, or wantonly destroyed your memorials of friendship? No where — never! He is not the barbarian, thus ruthlessly to mutilate or destroy the objects of sense that link us to all we hold dear in memory. He is not 'the poor savage,' said to be insensible to, and devoid of, those 'finer feelings' of which we boast as the happy results of civilization — the exclusive effects of education and of social institutions. No: he is, on the contrary, an example worthy of our emulation in this and in many, very many, of those emotions of affectionate sensibility and of ennobling disinterestedness, which we deem the distinctive characteristics of our race.

There is something sad in the thought, that the fragments of olden time are, every where in our country, recklessly destroyed by unfeeling and unthinking men. We can call to mind numerous interesting relics which time, more sparing and conservative than man, has handed down unscathed through former ages and generations. But they are now gone! Would that the progress of society and of human weal might leave undisturbed the grand and mysterious relics of the west, since the destructive hand of man cannot *here* be stayed! But there, too, has the sacrilegious example been followed; and soon, we fear, unless checked in time, will its effects be every where as apparent as at Circleville, etc. As I love the remembrance of our fathers' deeds, and the incidents of other ages — as I delight to dwell on the past acts and conditions of men, and revere the relics of ancient days — I condemn the man who, in earnest or in sport, destroys one of the few sacred remains of his country's history.

He is the personification of stolid selfishness, and is 'fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil.'

The curious may find a few additional facts and traditionary particulars, amusing if not instructive, should he ever visit the beautiful lands of the Uncases, or hereafter recur to the history of a people who, with all their traditions, are fast going the way of all their brethren. The antiquarian may not be less gratified with data which he may nowhere else obtain. Nor will the stranger who, at some future and perhaps far-distant period of time, may recognise the graves of the Mohegan chiefs, or the endeared but forgotten places of their people, deem any local fragments, snatched from the wreck of time, devoid of interest.

In the pleasant and shady grove by the road side, as you pass from 'the Landing' to 'the Falls,' in the charming town of Norwich, and at the head of a deep ravine running to the 'factory village,' which sweeps around the base, and begirts like a zone the solitary summits of the sachem's former glory, lie the remains of the royal Uncases. One of the mounds is distinguished as the sepulchre of the first of his tribe — the conqueror of Miantinomah. This spot is the more distinguishable, from the result of a late popular impulse which, in 1833, caused the earth around it to be handsomely elevated, and a granite block to be planted by the hand of General JACKSON on its centre. A flat slab of gneiss rock supports this granite pedestal, intended, as it is understood, to be surmounted by a pyramidal column. The occasion which induced this momentary attention to the manes of the Mohegan chief having passed by with the departure of General Jackson and his suite, the memory of the object, with the half-finished testimonial, remains to this day, as it ever yet may, 'unhonored and unsung.' Thus far the deed, designed to mark the visit of the hero of the white men, was just and laudable. The address by Governor CASS, and the eclat on that occasion, were alike honorable to the dead and to the living. It is hoped that neither may be forgotten; nor may the desire of possession, or the power of time, for ages destroy the green-sward where repose the ashes of the Uncases. Already has a portion of the consecrated soil been forced to yield its pittance to the itching palm of the white man; but farther, at least, should not the hallowed grave, the homely monument, nor the sepulchral sod, give place to overweening acquisitiveness. Let the group hereafter remain undisturbed to posterity, shielded by an inclosure from destruction by 'rational' or instinctive animals.

The inscriptions yet to be deciphered on the few humble yet mutilated stones within the brief area, may be curious to the reader. On a fragment of that which once marked the grave of the great sachem, and white man's friend, are the following eulogistic lines:

'For beauty, wit, and sterling sense,  
For courage bold, and eloquence—  
For temper mild, and things wawegan,\*  
He was the glory of Mohegan.'

\* The etymology of the word *wawegan*, which is evidently of Indian origin, tradition says was, as its use here seems to imply, *good*. This poetical eulogium is said to have been written by a Mr. TAACY.

The stone, with this almost illegible inscription, was long since removed from its original place, and is now preserved by J. GODDARD, Esq. On the only three stones now standing, with inscriptions upon them, may be traced, though with much difficulty, the following, in Roman letters. The exact form and orthography, which are of the rudest and most antique character, it is difficult here to preserve :

' Here lies y<sup>e</sup> body  
OF  
POMPI UNCAS,  
SON OF  
BENJAMIN AND ANN UNCAS,  
and of y<sup>e</sup> royal blood;  
WHO  
dyed May y<sup>e</sup> 1, and in 1740,  
in y<sup>e</sup> 21st year of his age.'

' Here lies  
SAM UNCAS,  
the second and beloved son  
of his father,  
JOHN UNCAS,  
WHO  
was the grand-son of  
UNCAS,  
Grand-Sachem of Mohegan, the darling  
of his mother; being daughter of  
said UNCAS, Grand-Sachem.  
He died July 31st, 1741,  
in the 28th year  
of his age.'

The following are in italics. Each inscription seems to have been rudely chiselled by different persons, both from the style and difference of spelling :

'In Memory  
OF  
ELIZABETH BEQNEE,  
great-grand-child of  
VNCAUS,  
Sachem of Mohegan,  
WHO  
died Dec<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 20th, A. D. 1761,  
aged 14 years.'

'In Memory  
OF  
ELIZABETH JOYNIIB,  
the daughter of  
MOHAMET,  
great grand-child to y<sup>e</sup> first  
VNCAUS,  
Sachem of Mohegan, who died  
July y<sup>e</sup> 5th, 1756, aged  
33 years.'

The accompanying genealogical account of the royal family has been preserved, but in what manner we are unable to say. It was found, however, in the possession of one of the oldest inhabitants, and is worth keeping.

' *Sassecus*, Sachem of the *Narragansets*.

1. *Uncas*, first sachem of *Mohegan*, the son of *Sassecus*.
2. Sachem, *Venech*, son of *Uncas* by *Sassecus*' daughter. The first son of *Venech* was shot for murder in the life-time of his father, who left a son *Mohamel*, alias *Yeam-cuen*, who died in England, being then with Capt. Mason.
3. Sachem *Cesar*, second son of *Venech*.
4. Sachem *Major Ben Uncas*.
5. Sachem *Ben*, the second son of *Major Ben Uncas*.
6. Sachem *Ben Uncas*, third son of *Ben*, second.'

There are several other particulars, respecting marriages and intermarriages, which we have not room to notice. The sixth and last chief is described as a splendid fellow, every way worthy of his ancestors. There was evidently much, and very praiseworthy, attention paid to the royal family by the whites of those times, in thus preserving these particulars, and in erecting memorials to their memory; but why the chiefs themselves have not been thus honored — the first *Uncas* excepted — does not appear; though they may have received this distinction, and the stones have since been lost. The



pretty grove of trees, under which are now to be recognised about twenty graves, together with the associations there called up, and the scenery round about, make a visit to the spot a subject of romantic yet melancholy reminiscence.

As I slowly re-traced my steps from the ancient fortification I have described, I called to mind the remark of one who — after nineteen years' constant intercourse with the Indian tribes of the west, as an officer of the United States' government — affirmed that he never heard of a sanguinary contest with the aborigines, which was not first provoked by the abuses of the whites.\* There have been stratagems and frauds practised upon the Seminoles, and the Cherokees, which, if they could be traced out, would awake in the bosom of every thinking, right-minded white man, deep sympathetic emotions. There is not a nation nor a people on earth, who have endured the abuses of the American Indian. The 'poor African,' about whom there is a prodigious uproar, and with whose alleged mistreatment the press is teeming, has never suffered the long and heart-felt wrongs of the aborigines. And yet, with as much difference between the two races as between any people in the world, we pour out lamentations for the one, and bind the free and noble in spirit, without compunction.

As an American, born where raged the fiercest struggles against oppression, and rocked in the cradle of liberty, my heart melts within me, when I think of the injustice and treachery which have been practised upon the original owners of our glorious domain — of the fetters which freemen have rivetted upon limbs hitherto untrammelled, and tender to the touch of shame and degradation. We have much to answer for, in our treatment of the aborigines. The horrors of battles which fraud and injustice, born of cupidity, have provoked, may for a time hide the truth from the public eye. But *history* will avenge the wronged; and repentance will come when it is too late. When every vestige of the race has departed — when the arts of speculators and the arts of war shall have accomplished their work — *then* may come untimely regrets, and unavailing sympathies — the cant of political affectation, or the misplaced sensibility of the *pseudo* philanthropist. May *real* contrition, and timely sorrow for the past, avert our fears for the future!

#### A WORD

TO THE STUFFED SHARK, AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Would thou couldst tell the wonders thou hast seen  
 'In the deep bosom of the ocean buried,'  
 Of spar-like 'gems of purest ray serene,'  
 With which the deep sea-caves are starred and serried;  
 I envy thee the grand tour submarine —  
 I almost envy Jonas, who was ferried  
 In a whale's maw, three days and nights, the sinner!  
 And then cast up — an undigested dinner!

\* Col. M'KENNEY, late Superintendent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

## THE MIRROR OF DEATH.

'POOR MARY — is no more! She breathed her last on Thursday, just as the sun was sinking to his rest. You remember her singular beauty — the rose-leaf bloom of her cheek, and the lustre of her large dark eye. Alas! they were but the harbingers of premature decay. Yet we little thought so, one short year ago, as we gazed in admiration upon features glowing with youth and beauty, and saw the radiant color come and go, with tidings from her heart, as if it were a running messenger to that glad source. But she is gone — and the fond eyes that have seen her will see her no more! A little while before she died, in an interval of pain, she desired her sister to bring a mirror, that she might behold the ravages which disease had wrought. Her request was granted — and never shall I forget the affecting scene which ensued — the solemn monitions with which it was fraught.'

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

THE beautiful was dying! In life's spring,  
When the young heart, with joy intoxicate,  
Had newly nestled under love's warm wing,  
And pleasure's roses hid the thorns of fate —  
The fiat had gone forth! To pass away  
So young, so blessed, it was a bitter doom;  
But the soft radiance of immortal day  
Streamed sweetly through the twilight of the tomb.

The strife was well nigh finished, and the soul,  
Baptized in light, the dawn of light to be,  
Meted life's pleasures at its final goal,  
By the just standard of eternity.  
Sweet was her spirit's counsel, breathed from lips  
Voiced like the bird that warbling mounts toward heaven,  
And to those eyes death waited to eclipse,  
A deep and holy earnestness was given.

She bade them bring a mirror; when 't was brought,  
She looked into it long, with steadfast gaze,  
But quailed not at the wreck disease had wrought  
Among the charms so praised in other days;  
Then, with the ruin of her loveliness,  
Like a sad spectre of the past, in view,  
Thus did her soul rebuke pride's weaknesses —  
Thus bid its wasted tenement adieu:

'How soon life vanisheth!  
A little revel, then a long repose:  
Health's seeming hue is oftentimes but the rose  
Planted by Death!

'Look on this altered brow,  
Once garlanded with such fastidious care;  
How would gay flowers, or wreaths of jewels rare,  
Besecm it now!

'Waste not one precious hour  
In vain adornment of the fading clay;  
But beautify the *soul*, o'er which decay  
Can boast no power.

'Robe it for that abode  
Where sorrow comes not — beauty knows no blight;  
Fit it to be, in halls of peerless light,  
The guest of God!

'Friends whom I fondly love!  
Oh! put the everlasting garment on!  
So shall ye stand accepted by that throne  
All thrones above.

'So shall we part, to meet  
Where never yet was heard the sound 'Farewell'  
And hold, in that fair land where angels dwell,  
Communion sweet.

'Farewell! poor faltering dust,  
Whose image Death is darkening even now!  
But a few moments more of pain, and thou  
Shalt yield thy trust.

'I feel earth's tie  
Untwining from my soul! Ye kind and true,  
Who long have watched and tended me, adieu!  
In peace I die!

Her dark eyes closed — the pulse of life was stilled;  
Death came to her as to the weary, sleep,  
And left a smile upon the lip he chilled,  
That made it half profanity to weep.  
Sorrow for *her* — it had been selfishness!  
Why should we mourn, when those we mourn rejoice?  
Perchance to save her from unrecked distress,  
God called her homeward with a father's voice.

All that was mortal of that sainted girl  
Lies in the vale she loved — a beauteous scene;  
Above her grave the night dew hangs its pearl  
On many a graceful wreath of living green:  
There earliest wake the warblers of the spring,  
There, too, the flowers of autumn latest die:  
Nature delights her choicest gifts to fling  
Around the tomb of maiden purity.

March, 1837.

J. B.

## CAPTAIN PERCY:

BEING A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF THAT GENTLEMAN, TRANSCRIBED FROM 'THE FIDGET PAPERS.'

'Why I descend,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
But chiefly to take thence from her dear finger  
A precious ring — a ring that I must use.'

ROMEO AND JULIET.

CAPTAIN PERCY returned from his morning ride, and alighting from his foam-flecked horse, before the spacious steps of the Tremont House, he gave the panting animal in charge to a groom who was waiting, by appointment, to receive him. The slayer of men was the crack rider of the Guards, and he never felt in better humor with himself than when he had been witching the gay world with his unrivalled horsemanship. His air and dress were both elegant; the former frank and easy, with nothing of a military *hauteur*, or a martinet-like stiffness, and the latter well calculated to set off, to the very best advantage, his athletic and classical frame. A handsome frock, of dark claret, profusely trimmed with frogs and braid, was buttoned to his throat; his white pantaloons were strapped over matchless boots, radiant with Day and Martin, and a pair of military spurs, that had glittered in the van of battle, shone upon his heels. His white-gloved hands toyed with an ivory-mounted riding-whip, and a rich cap of black velvet, set jauntily on the side of his head, harmonized

in color with his raven curls, and the brief moustache that gave a sort of fascinating ferocity to the expression of his upper lip.

Captain Percy, we repeat, was never in better humor; but his gayety was like that which Romeo calls a 'lightning before death,' for it instantly gave way before a dun.

'Master told me to give you this,' said the groom, presenting a bill: 'it's run up to fifty dollars, and he'd like to have you settle it.'

'He's very kind,' said the captain, thrusting the paper into his pocket. 'You can go, man.' The ostler galloped off.

'I wish there was some way of raising money without trouble,' said the gallant captain, to himself. 'Money is the root of all evil, but hang me if I like to dig for it.' So saying, he sauntered up the elegant steps, and entered the Tremont House. The first person he encountered was the bar-keeper. 'You desired me to make out your bill some time ago,' said the Ganymede; 'here it is, Sir. As soon as convenient, if you please.'

'Whenever you will,' answered the destroyer of armies. But he lounged away, and ascended to his room.

'It is all gone!' said the sacker of cities, when he found himself alone. 'I'm cleaned out, 'egad! every rap.' As he thus soliloquized, in the bitterness of his soul, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and like Milton's cloud, turned their 'silver lining' outward. A few shillings fell upon the floor. 'This is a deuced hard country to exist in!' continued the discontented captain. 'I was told that living was cheap, and the natives gullable; but I find expenses high, and as for cozening the Yankees, by Jove! its diamond cut diamond. How to replenish — there's the rub! It would ruin one's reputation to borrow, and as for levying contributions in an illegal way, I have done with *that*.' 'Ah! I have it!' he added, after a pause, in which a bright thought flashed upon his mind: 'I have it! — and it shall be done.'

Leaving him to dress, and prepare for the execution of his project, we shall make a call upon a lady.

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MISS EMMA SALLOW lived with her aunt, Mrs. Caution, in a small but pretty house, at some distance from the centre of the city. This lady was merely tolerated in 'good society,' because her fortune had been made by her deceased father, in the exercise of an honorable but humble calling. To the world, she passed for a fashionable lady, because she was *seen* with fashionable ladies, as a false diamond among true brilliants is not detected at a distance. She was a simple, good-natured person, fond of rouge and dress, insomuch so, that she resembled a coarse daub in a costly frame. She had her weaknesses, and among them was an inordinate love of praise — and this induced her to listen complacently even to the compliments of Mr. Epic.

The needy, mediocre poet was expected this day, and Miss Emma was alone in her drawing room, wiling away the tedious moments of expectation, by playing an overture upon her grand piano.

Her execution was so *forte*, and her attention so occupied, that she did not hear the sound of the door-bell, and was not aware of the presence of a second person, until she turned suddenly, and beheld before her — oh, joy unutterable! — the gallant Captain Percy, in a full and fashionable dress, and looking absolutely killing.

‘Captain Percy! I am happy to see you! Pray be seated. And my aunt, too — I will ring the bell, and inform *her* of this pleasure.’

‘Not for worlds, dear madam!’ exclaimed the vivacious captain, as he arrested the jewelled hand of the young lady, about to be applied to the bell-rope — ‘not for worlds! For my part, I think two persons quite enough to carry on a conversation, and can listen with patience to no one else, while you are near.’

‘Ah, captain! you are a notorious flatterer,’ said the lady, with a sigh.

‘Fore ’gad! they wrong me, madam,’ cried the gallant captain. ‘When I am speaking of you, I only feel the poverty of language. I am rejoiced, Miss Sallow, in finding you at home and alone. I come *pour prendre congé*.’

‘You don’t say so! What! going? Is it possible?’

‘Yes, I fear I must — unless — unless an unlooked-for happiness!’ — He paused, looked full in the face of his companion, and sighed.

‘And what would induce you to stay? — what compel you to go?’ asked the young lady, directly *at*, and pretending not to understand, the captain.

‘Ah, madam, do *you* ask me?’ exclaimed the hero, with great *empressement*. ‘Could I dare to confess — but no — no! It would be vain — worse than useless. I am a marked, a doomed man.’

Miss Sallow looked upon her companion with eyes in which pleasure shone without disguise. Never had she seen so perfect a resemblance to Lord Byron.

‘Yes,’ continued the destroyer of armies, ‘I am a marked man, nor for me is the meed of popular applause, nor the smile of lovely woman.’ As if overcome by his feelings, he hid his face in his hand, and through the interstices of his fingers he watched the changing countenance of Miss Sallow. Half afraid that he had awakened her suspicions by his theatrical display, and dreading to hazard too much, after a pause, the captain said, apparently with an effort: ‘Let us drop this painful and uninteresting subject. That is a beautiful piano.’

‘Will you try it?’ asked the lady.

‘I was about to entreat *you* to favor me with an air, madam,’ he replied.

‘Nay, captain,’ said the lady, ‘you cannot excuse yourself. I know your proficiency on the instrument, and I beg you will favor me with a song.’

Nothing loth, the slayer of men divested his delicate hands of their gloves, and sat down to the piano, over the keys of which he ran his fingers with a preliminary flourish. ‘I will sing you a song of my own,’ said the all-accomplished officer, ‘and if it be deemed worthless as a work of art, it may possess some interest as a confes-

sion ; and if I have wronged the sacred Nine, my atonement is, the firm resolve never to resume the pen again.'

# PERCY'S SONG.

## I.

'*THE green weeds on the turret gray  
Wave in the night wind bland,  
And deck my castle far away,  
In fair Northumberland.  
My noble mother sits at home,  
And wakes and weeps for me,  
And fancy tracks me where I roam,  
And seeks me o'er the sea.*

## II.

'*A countess in her feudal hall  
That looks upon the lake,  
Turns from the revel and the ball,  
And sorrows for my sake.  
Although I ne'er gave back her smiles,  
I have not now to learn  
She'd give her coronet for wiles  
To win me to return.*

## III.

'*Though Albion's dames were fair to see,  
And Gallia's girls were gay,  
And lovely maids in Italy  
Beset with snares my way —  
Though many a marchioness in France  
Essayed the tempter's art,  
And contadina looked askance —  
They could not touch my heart.*

## IV.

'*But now no more I toy and smile  
With Mirth's exulting train,  
For Love, successful in his guile,  
Hath bound me in his chain.  
But though I fly thee, I shall bear  
Thine image to my grave,  
And hide my grief and my despair  
Beyond the heaving wave.'*

'Beautiful ! beautiful !' exclaimed Miss Sallow. 'And can one who writes such poetry, renounce the art ?'

'I feel it my duty to do so, though I know the extent of the sacrifice,' answered the heroic captain. 'For if it be hard to give up a woman's love, as the Shakspeare of Germany says, no less painful is the task to part from the fellowship of the muses, to declare ourselves for ever undeserving of their community.'

'Ah ! why renounce minstrelsy and minstrel love ?' asked the romantic Emma.

'He has understood her ! — and behold the damsel in the situation she had often pictured to herself, sitting in triumph, with a handsome lover at her feet, and that lover a captain and a Percy !'

'Then be it so !' said Percy : 'be mine the poet's fame, and the poet's love. Miss Sallow — Emma — dearest lady ! Why do you look away ?' She turned a countenance, once of the color of Hymen's robe, but now suffused with carmine, on her lover.

'I had thought it impossible,' said Percy, 'that any thing could add to those charms ; but now I see that blush irradiates them with the

beauty of divinity. Upon my word, modesty is the only unfashionable thing that's pretty. Do not struggle to remove this fair hand from my grasp. Let me cover it with kisses. What charming rings! — but what fingers still more charming! They outvie the very jewels. Nay, dearest Emma, this — *this* ring you must permit me to retain as a *gage d'amour*.' It was a splendid diamond, but the lady answered: 'Keep it, Percy, for my sake.'

The noble lover was in raptures. Still on his knees, he threw his arms around the lady's waist, and imprinted a kiss (we will swear it was a chaste one,) on her trembling lips. At that instant, the door opened, and the shabby poet bolted into the room. It was Vulcan surprising Mars and Venus. He stood transfixed in mute despair. Captain Percy started to his feet.

'Leave me!' said the lady, faintly.

'Why, you said in your note ——' cried the poor bard.

'I am engaged,' feebly murmured the heiress.

'Begone!' cried the captain, in a voice of thunder, striding up to Epic. The author of the 'Genius of Washington' darted down the stair-case. Percy turned to his victim, and in a few well-chosen words took his leave for the morning.

'Oh! matchless power of impudence!' muttered our hero to himself, as he strode quickly through the street: 'Thy alchemy, I have heard, turns brass to gold: but to diamonds! — *that's* a new discovery! Dear little sparkler! — brighter than the eyes of beauty! I could almost worship thee! Now to the jeweller's, to cash this pretty bauble. Adorable Miss Sallow! Thou art indeed a valuable acquaintance. My creditors shall thank you for your *gage d'amour*.'

WHEN the author of the 'Genius of Washington' left the house of his mistress in such precipitation, flying from the frowning brow and threatening gestures of the gallant Percy, and the averted air of the perjured Emma, he was in some doubt whither to bend his steps. To return home, after his disappointment, would only be to render his condition worse. We will make our meaning manifest. Captain Percy and the poet both addressed Miss Sallow from mercenary motives. The slayer of men had his eagle eye upon her diamonds — had cast covetous glances on her purse. On the very day on which the destroyer of battalions had carried off the prize, the inditer of sonnets, driven to desperation by a dunning landlady, had come to the young lady for the purpose of borrowing a little of the circulating medium. He was reduced to a dreadful alternative. Unless he sued for the hand of his hostess, she threatened to sue him for rent. Leverett-street jail threatened on one side, and the gorgeous hostelry of the Tankard rose seductively upon the other:

'A palace and a prison on each hand.'

Literary men, before him, had married a virago, and Socrates had the tankard — thrown at his head. With a wavering and uncertain step, the dubious hero of Grub-street trode the homeward path, and

\*entering the Tankard by the back way, stole up the stairs like a burglar, and shut the door of his apartment.

In the mean time, the gallant Percy, having disposed of his diamond for a handsome sum, and having satisfied his clamorous creditors, began to reflect upon the probable misery of Epic, and with a singular generosity, resolved to make amends for the injury he had done him, by applying to his use some of the golden favors he had derived from their common mistress. No sooner had he determined on this course, than he went forth to seek the abode of the poor author; but for a long time he was completely baffled.

'Aught of the dwelling of the proud and poor,  
From their own lips the world will never know;  
When better days are gone, it is secure  
Beyond all other mysteries here below;  
Except perhaps, a maiden lady's age,  
When past the noon-day of life's pilgrimage.'

It was toward sunset when, wearied with walking, and despairing of success, the gallant captain entered a coffee-room, and stretched his elegant length upon the sofa. Calling for a cigar, he lighted it, and while inhaling the aromatic perfume, took up an evening paper for amusement. The first paragraph which met his astonished eyes, was the following:

'SUICIDE. — We are very sorry to inform our readers that Mr. HORACE EPIC, the well known author of the 'Genius of Washington,' committed suicide, by hanging, this afternoon, at his lodgings at the Tankard, Laurel Alley. The rash act was committed in a fit of insanity — perhaps despair. This is another instance of the melancholy fate of genius. Funeral to take place to-morrow afternoon, at four o'clock, from the residence of the deceased. We suggest to our citizens generally the expediency of honoring the remains of their townsman with distinguished funeral ceremonies, and are happy to announce that the volunteer company of Fredonian Light Infantry, at a hasty meeting, adopted resolutions to appear in full uniform, with crape upon the left arm, and escort the ashes of the unfortunate bard to their place of interment, where they will fire a volley over his grave. By the way, we understand that the manager of the theatre has, in the kindest manner, invited the corps to grace his house with their presence in the evening. We anticipate a large audience. We propose opening a subscription-list immediately, for the purpose of procuring funds to purchase a lot at Mount Auburn, whereon to erect a handsome mausoleum to the memory of one who has contributed more than any other author to raise the poetic reputation of America abroad.'

'Unfortunate man!' cried Percy; 'I have perhaps hastened his death. But I will go to his lodgings at once. Perhaps I can defray his last expenses, and wipe the stain of impaired credit from his memory.'

With this benevolent intention, Captain Percy strode to Laurel Alley, and, entering the Tankard, was, at his pressing request, admitted to the chamber of the deceased. There lay his books and papers, scattered about in literary confusion — some of the former open, as if recently consulted, and many of the latter covered with writing, hardly dry. Percy nerved himself to look upon the face of the dead, and turned to contemplate the remains of Epic, as they lay stretched in their last repose. What was his horror, when the body rose upright, and a hollow voice exclaimed, with a theatrical air:

'Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
Think, how thou stabb'st me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury. Despair, therefore, and die!'

For a moment only was the captain disconcerted. His transient



terror gave way to merriment, and laughing heartily, he slapped the spectre cavalierly on the back, and cried irreverently: 'I'm up to trap, old cove. So, come to life as quick as possible, and tell me how report has happened to send you to the Stygian shades.'

'Mum's the word for that,' said the poet, thrusting a lank foot into a worn-out slipper, and rising from the bed. I gave a hint to an editor, and see how he has expanded it! Will it not fill Emma with remorse, and completely baffle the tip-staves?'

'I understand you,' answered the captain: 'you wanted to throw the 'beaks' off the scent. But give us your hand. Come, you bear no malice for my flattering the girl?'

'Ah!' sighed the poet, 'that was an unhappy affair; and if this suicide does not enable me to get my living, faith! I shall abscond.'

'You are in want of some of the circulating medium?' said Percy — 'vulgarily y'clept dirt?'

'It's a dirt I've washed my hands of,' answered the poet, with a shrug.

'It's a dirt you would n't like to be pelted with, I suppose,' said Percy.

'That's an affront I can pocket,' answered the poet, because, as Falconbridge says:

'Because my breeches best may carry it'

'There, then,' said the captain, handing the eager poet a bank note, 'there's a *flimsey* for you: make me your debtor by accepting it. And hark'ee, as I'm confoundedly hungry' — here he pressed some silver upon the poet — 'see if you can't procure some edibles, and a little of that compound poison, called by the vulgar, whiskey-punch.'

'Captain!' cried the joyous poet, 'you're the best of fellows. How can I repay you? I have it! I'll give you a whole quire of mss. poetry!'

'It would be hardly fair,' said the gallant captain, 'to give me your lead for my gold. But fly! — vanish! — for I am absolutely dying of hunger and thirst.'

On hearing the concluding sentence, the needy mediocre vanished.

'Well,' cried the slayer of men, 'I can boast of having done one generous action, at least, in my life. Poor Epic! His is a hard life. I wonder whether I could n't turn author. How should I look, attired in this tattered *robe de chambre*, with this paper cap upon my head, inditing a sonnet to a lady's eye-brow?'

As he said this, the gay captain put on the ragged gown of the poet, and covered his cranium with the foolscap monteiro, with which Epic, like the Roman emperor, was wont to hide his baldness. No sooner was the metamorphosis completed, than a heavy step approached the chamber, the door opened, and a rough man, in a dreadnought coat, with a cane in his hand, and a red handkerchief tied round his throat, and knotted curiously, entered abruptly, and unannounced. Walking directly up to Percy, without any ceremony, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and in those words which thrill through every nerve of a sensitive frame, said: 'You're my prisoner!'

Percy had certain private reasons, which will be disclosed anon, for dreading an arrest. He changed color, for he recognised the officer of justice. It suddenly occurred to him to deny his name.

'I am not the person you take me for,' he cried, stoutly.

'Of course not,' replied the facetious officer, with a chuckling laugh; 'cause as how I *takes you* for my employer. You've been long wanted, you know.'

In his desperation, Percy exclaimed: 'You mistake, my friend: my name's Epic.'

'The very man I'm a'ter!' was the freezing reply.

In one instant more, the unfortunate captain, in spite of his expostulations, denials, oaths, and entreaties, was ignominiously dragged through Laurel Alley, and conducted to the stone strong-hold of justice. When Epic, laden with luxuries, returned to his apartment, he found the captain gone, and with him that invaluable dressing-gown, and the immortal cap of Fortunatus.

#### TO A BRIDE.

##### I.

He hath wooed thee with those wildering words which maidens blushing heed,  
He hath won thee, ere thy heart might well its own pure language read;  
He hath wed thee at the altar, with the vow and with the token,  
Which bind ye, till the cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken.

##### II.

He will love thee for a season — ay! more than tongue can speak —  
While the orange wreath is on thy brow, and the rose upon thy cheek;  
He will wear thee like a festal robe — then fling thee careless by —  
Light holds the wayward heart of man sworn oaths of constancy.

##### III.

Are they not all of love and hope, the dreams of thy young years?  
It will fade, the blissful vision — thou wilt awake in tears!  
They will change, those wreaths for future hours which thy bright spirit weaves,  
Like the gem gold of the eastern tale, to a heap of withered leaves.

##### IV.

The lot is on thee! — woman's lot — in loneliness to pine,  
That thy gods he doth not worship — his people are not thine;  
To find earth's pleasant places unto thee made desolate,  
Thy path all sand, yet 'mid the waste, to wrestle with thy fate.

##### V.

Wear broïdered robe and costly gem — light be thy laugh and jest —  
Lead the gay dance — none look for wo beneath the glittering vest;  
Hide deep thy thoughts — yet thy young heart back from itself will quail,  
From all the hideousness which lies beneath its silver veil.

##### VI.

Thou may'st not bend at other shrines — thy vow is on the first —  
Thou may'st not at another fount quaff to allay thy thirst:  
O drooping reed! no draught for thee may earthly hand prepare —  
Yet there is 'balm in Gilead' — seek thy physician there!

IONA.

## PHILASTER.

## AN EXCURSION TO MOUNT SALÈVE.

‘Quocunque humi deduxa tua manus erit? nonne adspicis, quæ in templa veneris?’ — CICERO.

\* \* \* As soon as the company heard that Philaster had made this excursion, they crowded around him, and begged that he would tell them the story of it, promising to be attentive, and not to interrupt him, however much he might indulge in the moral reflections of which he was so fond. Philaster, thus urged, continued:

‘I was unwilling to leave the neighborhood of Lake Lemán, without having seen more of Swiss scenery than my engagements at Geneva had before permitted. I therefore set out from my friend’s house, about two o’clock, on the afternoon of the last day, with my port-folio under my arm, and having passed through the gate of the city, which is corruptly called ‘Plain Palais,’ from the Latin ‘*Plana Palus*,’ I gained the high-road, and directed my way toward the Salève. It seemed to be but a little way before me. But after walking many miles, I learned, from the apparently slow progress I made in approaching it, and from the minuteness of the trees and other objects upon its side, to realize the great size and distance of even this inferior Alp. I crossed the Arve, over a handsome stone bridge, at Carouge, where the villas are pretty and the fields green, and where a small public edifice of stone affords a good specimen of the Doric order of architecture. Beyond this place, the road becomes steeper and less protected; and the prospect of the lake and its valley widens as you approach the base of the mountain. At Veiri, where the path is no longer practicable for carriages, I sat down to rest, in preparation for the ascent.

‘Veiri is a retired village, and the simple church, the rustic cottage, and the heedless confidence with which the cow ruminates in the middle of the way, show that a single league separates it from city habits. I observed, however, some mixture of luxury, where it is always first seen, in the women’s dress. The French muslin, the parasol, and the milliner’s bonnet, had already superseded the broad home-braided straw hat, and the strong home-spun linen.

‘From Veiri, the ascent was more rapid. Crossing a mass of gravelly hillocks, the fantastic shapes of which showed the wild play of the mountain torrents, I arrived at the foot of the ‘*Pas de l’Echelle*,’ a very steep, rugged path, lying in part over loose stones, and in part formed by steps cut in the rock. At every resting place, during the difficult ascent, I turned to view the prospect below, the lake, and the broad fertile plain which separated it from the mountain; but the prattle of a party of pedestrians, who were straggling down the path, interrupted the pensiveness which is necessary to the full enjoyment of any natural scene. Upon a long flight of steps, which formed the end of the path, I found a gray-haired man, with a broom in his hand, and by his side a post, bearing an inscription which purported that he was the keeper of the ‘*Pas de l’Echelle*,’ and that he received no other pay than that which the generosity of travellers might afford him. I put a few batz into the hat which he protruded

before me, and he called upon all the saints to bless his munificent benefactor. After gaining the top of the eminence, up the side of which I had been toiling, a few rods of level pathway brought me to the little village of Monetier, situated in the valley between the two chief summits, called the Little and the Great Salève. I made arrangement at the inn of this village for such lodging and supper as it could afford me, and half an hour after, stood on the top of the smaller of the two peaks. The ascent, however, was toilsome, it being very steep, partly over loose stony grounds, and partly through small shrub-oaks, which, while they enabled me, indeed, to aid myself with my hands, made my foot-hold less secure. From the little piece of table land which I thus gained, the eye ranged over a wide tract of country, in the different parts of which nature was seen in her most opposite dresses. To the south and east, lay Mont Blanc, with her neighbor groups; and the Arve was seen meandering from its source among the glaciers, through village-dotted grounds. To the north and west, between the hill's foot and the Jura, extended the Rhone's fine valley, the undulations of whose surface were, on account of the great elevation, not apparent to the eye, and whose thriving villages and woodlands, winding roads and streams, seemed the arbitrary variations of a motley carpet. The descent was more difficult than the ascent had been. But after many falls and imaginary perils, I arrived at the little valley in safety, and under the eaves of the Swiss cottage found a clean table-cloth and napkin, and a pretty 'mam'zelle,' who brought me excellent 'café au lait,' fine bread and butter, good honey, and eggs, none the less relished for being eaten with a pewter spoon.

'As soon as the sun had set,' continued Philaster, 'the cottagers, according to the primitive customs which remain there, retire to rest; and the little village is as silent as the shadowy crags which rise around it. I sit, for a while, listening to the sigh of the freshening breeze, and watching the mists as they collect around the bases of the hills, and when the light of day is entirely disappeared, walk out into the valley. The starry lamps of Geneva twinkle on the misty plain, and a little higher, twinkle on the deep azure those other lights, no less indicative, perhaps, of habitations; habitations, it may be, of other classes of beings like ourselves — perhaps of angels — and perhaps of minds that have dwelt on, and quitted, earth, and are now coursing from star to star, as they advance in the power, or the wisdom, or the benevolence of their being. And is there any thing of reality in this fond conjecture? Shall I, at some future day, sit with those whom I admire, and those whom I love, on that bright orb? And may not attendant spirits there minister to our weaknesses and doubts, or the Deity himself condescend to more intimate communion? On which of these does Plato now repose? Where the Cæsars mourn their lost dominion? And he, the 'self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,' where has he found a refuge from 'the rack of this tough world?'

'As the night breeze becomes keen, I return to the inn, and find my bed in a small room, which has the recommendation of being dry and clean. A flag-bottomed chair, half-a-dozen clothes-hooks upon a white-washed wall, and a small square looking-glass, reflected

from which all faces are alike, complete the furniture of my apartment: a scraggly bell-wire in the corner gives evidence that there either is, or has been, an intention of answering the summons of any chance visiter; and bidding good night to the twin hills, and to the sky, with all its poetry, I compose myself to sleep, in spite of the fleas, whose ambuscade I in vain endeavor to discover, and whose infictions I must therefore patiently bide.

'It was near six o'clock, the next morning, before I had began my way up the Great Salève. The path to the mountain top was exceedingly steep, long, and rough, and the sun shone broadly in the sky before I reached the summit. During the whole ascent, however, my eye and fancy were entertained with brilliant views of the neighboring valleys, just appearing from under the night mists, and glistening in the early rays of the sun. After an hour's toil, I found myself upon the less steep part of the mountain, where cows were grazing upon excellent pasturage, and several huts showed that I had not yet reached the region where nature refuses to contribute to man's subsistence. At one of these, I refreshed myself with a cup of cream, which was offered me by one of a ragged, dirty family, who were eating their morning meal of boiled lettuce and bread. I found that a mountain life had not made, nor kept them, honest.

'The highest point of the mountain, (called by the peasants '*Les treize arbres*,' from a number of trees, which have unaccountably acquired size and strength to resist the storms, and stand there alone,) is three hundred feet above the lake, and more than four thousand above the level of the sea. From this point of view, I surveyed the extensive tract of country, described with such beautiful faithfulness by the author of the '*Nouvelle Heloise*,' from the Alps to the Jura, and the rich vales between — the shores of the lake, from Geneva to the site of Lausanne, which was then hidden by a heavy cloud, at a distance, the passage by which Hannibal entered Italy — and on the other side the Simplon, the Bernard, and the Cenis; and then turned my eye down to the plain to descry — so minute in comparison of this vast array of nature — the almost imperceptible cities and villages of men, the small threading roads, so much boasted, upon which an empire's treasure had been lavished. These human works seemed but a circumstance, an exception, an insignificant chance. They appeared like the works of a petty insect on small spots of a vast expanse; and brought to my mind the days when I used to sit cross-legged, by the side of the path in my native village, to watch the ants scudding around and over their little hill. A like insignificant proportion do the bodies of man and insect bear to the extent of the ground upon which they labor; with like blind and ridiculous precipitancy, do they caper about for the accomplishment of their petty purposes, which a chance breeze may render vain, or a careless footstep crush, and both alike confine their view to the few atoms over which their dominion lies, heedless of the incomparable beauties and grandeur that lie beyond the scene of their follies. Yet there is this all-important difference between the natures of these two animals. The works of the insect are as insignificant as his body; and its nest is no more commodiously arranged now, than when it rose in Adam's pathway; whereas, the works of man,

minute as they and he are, extend over the surface of an immense tract. By the accumulated labor of ages and nations, he changes the appearance, the uses, the influences, of all upon which and in which he lives. He makes his roads over the largest hills. He turns the course of broad rivers, and makes use of lakes and seas. Climate changes after his steps, and the whole earth, so vast, becomes from savage, drear, and waste, cultivated, cheering, and enjoyable. This little lord of the creation, by his retrospective and prospective faculties, becomes an important being, and rises to the dignity of an integer in the universe.

'The mountain top,' continued Philaster, 'is the place for the musings of the religious philosopher. There, every thing mundane sinks to its due station of inferiority; the air, purified from mists and exhalations, inspires greater activity of life; the world's noise and filth left far below—the heavens 'shed down their stellar virtue,' uncorrupted; the sky, carrying the thoughts with it, expands to a wider arch, and assumes a deeper blue; and by the apparently increased proximity of the celestial luminaries, the solitary muser seems to have made half his journey to the better world. The ancients, either from a knowledge of human nature, or from a certain religious instinct, sought, for their consecrated edifices, the highest sites. The Temple of Capitoline Jove overlooked the whole of the imperial city; that of Jupiter Ammonius is seen from far, the highest point of the Alban hills; upon the Appenine, the Temple of the Sybil yet stands, the most picturesque of the ruins of Italy, upon the point of the rock which overhangs the highest cascade of the Roman territory; the most ornate of the churches of modern times is at the top of a lofty hill, in the centre of the Neapolitan capital, and commands a view of the bay and of the shore which Virgil has immortalized—of Vesuvius, and of the tracts which have been, at successive periods, desolated by her eruptions; upon the highest peak of the snowy Rochemelon, among the Alps, is a chapel, to which the inhabitants of the valley annually and with toil ascend, to worship God. So it is, that elevation of place has been in all times held typical of elevation of soul. Certainly, the one tends to produce the other.'

Here Philaster broke off. The company thanked him, and he went his way.

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#### MUSIC AND ECHO.

WHEN into being leapt the infant Earth,  
Ere Time had taught one lesson of decay,  
Music from heaven beheld creation's birth,  
Waved her glad wings, and hither took her way.  
She leant beside a fountain, and it sang—  
Spake, and replied the thunder, wind, and sea—  
Smiled, and at once a world of wings upsprang,  
And all the air was filled with melody;  
While Echo, waking in a thousand caves,  
Shouted again to thunder, wind, and waves!

## L I N E S

## ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

COME in, little sister, so healthful and fair,  
 Come, take in our father's best parlor a share ;  
 You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,  
 Where the angry lakes roar, and the northern winds blow ;  
 Come in — we've a pretty large household, 't is true,  
 But the twenty-five children shall make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,  
 To add to his dessert — how kind was the thought —  
 A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,  
 And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too ;  
 The rose from your prairie — the nuts from your tree —  
 What a good little sister ! — come hither to me.

You've a dowry, beside, very cunningly stored,  
 To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board ;  
 Detroit, and Chicago, Ann-Arbor, and more —  
 For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store ;  
 You're a prog, I perceive — it is true to the letter,  
 And your sharp Yankees sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians, so feeble and few —  
 So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew !  
 From the forests they fade — o'er the waters that bore  
 The names of their baptism, they venture no more ;  
 Oh, soothe their sad hearts, ere they vanish afar,  
 Nor quench the faint beam of their westering star !

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,  
 Are the stateliest dames of our family ;  
 Your thirteen old sisters — do n't treat them with scorn —  
 They were notable spinsters before you were born ;  
 Many stories they know, most instructive to hear —  
 Go, make them a court'sy, 't will please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great men to spell,  
 Who stood at the helm, when the war-tempest fell ;  
 They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky,  
 In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July,  
 When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,  
 And the blood gush'd forth from the fields of dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,  
 And say they usurp what they cannot hold ;  
 Perhaps their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray —  
 But then, little Michy, do n't hint it, I pray !  
 For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,  
 Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They indeed bore the burden and heat of the day,  
 But you've as good right to your penny as they ;  
 Though the price of our freedom they better have known,  
 Since they paid for it out of their purses alone,  
 Yet a portion is sav'd for the youngest, I ween,  
 So, hold up your head, with the 'old thirteen.'

## SOLOMON QUIGG: EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LATE BEN. SMITH, LOAFER.'

'To what base uses may we come at last!'

ON the second step of a 'stoop' in Broadway, sate Quigg — SOLOMON QUIGG, ex-member of the Nineteenth Congress of the United States — casting about in his mind like a melancholy heron, the means and devices for procuring a breakfast. While his large person expanded over the solid bench whereon he sate, his ponderous chin rested on one hand, and the other reposed in his breeches pocket; his eyes, meantime, travelling here and there, as if in search of something to silence the voice of hunger.

His dress was a congress of absurdities — a pie-bald court, to which every tailor's shop in the city seemed to have sent its representative. While one leg of his blue pantaloons draggled on the ground, the other, apparently of a more aspiring disposition, mounted to the very knee. Half his coat was of a mixed gray, while the other moiety, was of a lively crimson. His vest, originally the gift of a strolling player, whom Quigg had once patronized at Washington, had been so often remodelled and amended, that, like the constitution of a small debating society, scarce a shred of the original article remained. The countenance of Quigg had certainly been once expressive: now, the only feature which retained a claim to that appellation, was a bulbous nose, which stood out from his face like the boom of a vessel, with a light run out at its extremity; a beacon of warning to all those who sail the sea of wine, lest, one day, when they dream not, shipwreck may befall them. The mouth, which had doubtless in days past been bearded with scorn, and stiff with haughty feeling, now hung loose and agape, like an old lady's worn-out purse. On the summit of his head rested an ancient, bell-shaped hat, the crown of which had partly given way, and lifted up and down, like the lid of a pipkin, with every passing gust of wind. It seemed to be a convenience, by which the wearer's more devout thoughts might find a shorter road to heaven.

At times as Quigg sate thus, with an elbow on his knee, a tear, despite a certain effort at self-control, would steal from the corner of his eye, and resting for a moment on a crow-foot wrinkle underneath it, run down his cheek beside, just so as to escape his mouth, over his chin, and fall to the ground.

His aspect expressed, to me at least, a certain regret for the past, and doubt of the future. Quigg the congressman was now but a ragged gentleman — a loafer. As he sat upon that cold stone, weeping in tatters, he was, unconsciously, the representative of a constituency larger than his original political one; namely, of that vast body known as decayed politicians — a red-faced, tavern-haunting tribe; fishes who live in an ocean of liquor, and yet are always athirst; the cast off leaders of parties; demagogues out of favor; office-holders thrust into that direst Erebus — *out-of-office*. The cushion of state Quigg had exchanged for a more substantial bench in the open sunshine. No longer a servant of the people, he was the lacquey of his



own sweet will. Abandoning the dress-circle of fashionable life, where he had once revolved a special planet, he looked upon it from a humble corner in the pit. And yet hunger was not so easily to be got over. It is a creditor who takes up its mansion within ourselves, and devours our very seat of life, till it be paid the uttermost farthing. Quigg was in a perplexity.

THE room into which Solomon Quigg was ushered that night, (when he had passed triumphantly through the Marengo, the Austerlitz, and the Waterloo of the day — breakfast, dinner, and supper — was an upper chamber of an old tavern in the second ward of our metropolis. The tavern had once been the 'head-quarters' of a dominant political party. At a glance, Quigg read its history. On one side, the remnant of candle which he held in his hand gleamed on the dusty fragment of a flag which had erst waved proudly, illumed with the national stars and stripes. This was rolled up, and on it as a pillow, Quigg laid his unkempt head. Near his right hand, on the floor, reposed a broken fiddle, which had once given forth cheering music to the freemen of the second ward. Against the instrument, reclined the relics of a tin-pan, half through the bottom of which was thrust a mouldering drum-stick, which in its better days had summoned from the cold metal sounds that stirred many a voter's bosom, and filled many an urchin heart with keen delight. In different corners of the humble attic hung, from pegs and nails, flags, banners, ensigns, and devices of a thousand kinds, setting forth in monstrous capitals the virtues and qualifications of favorite candidates.

But — and this struck the somnolent eyes of Quigg with most force — on a corner of one of the tattered banners were the figures 18 —; the very year in which Quigg himself had been elected, after a fierce struggle, to the American Congress. As he stretched himself for sleep, his hand, by some mischance, struck against a modest pine box, which stood perched just over his head: it came to the floor, and from its bowels rolled forth a heap of dusty papers, folded like doctors' prescriptions. He seized one of them, and on it found:

*For Congress.*

SOLOMON QUIGG.

Here was a theme for thought. Quigg now lay as it were before a wizard glass, over which passed in gloomy procession the achievements, the glories, and the triumphs, of his past life. In contrast with that bright 'lang-syne,' he felt the double bitterness of his present condition. His soul began to stir afresh, and to feel the throbings of a revived ambition. A thousand plans and enterprises crowded his brain, and all that night he lay restless; meditating high schemes, and devising new ladders, in this his Jacob's vision, by which to reach the heaven of his desire. Quigg was once more an ambitious man.

On the bosom of the East River, cabled to the wharf, floated a light sloop, with its deck carefully scrubbed down, and its red flag floating gaily in the wind. Gently upon the water lay its cool image. From its anchorage to the wharf its tall mast reached, and tipped with its wavy shadow the countenance of a quiet idler, whose head rested on a decayed pile, while his feet hung carelessly over the wharf's end. On board the graceful vessel, extended on his 'abdominal region,' with his twinkling eyes peering at the water, over the sloop's stern, was stretched Solomon Quigg. A group of blue fish had gathered just before him. Perhaps they expected a congressional effort. Ever and anon, Quigg would cast an eye toward the shore, as if in momentary expectation of the arrival of some personage, or the turning up of some matter of importance. About the time when the guard on board a man-of-war's man, which lay anchored in the middle of the stream, had sounded the three o'clock bell, a group of vagabond and listless persons began to gather before the vessel on whose deck Quigg reposed. Rapidly, dozen by dozen, their numbers increased. Every moment the collection became more extended and more motley. Stevedores, wharfingers, a stray custom-house officer — old gentlemen who had come to the neighboring market for fish — all aided in completing the human assortment.

Precisely at five, Quigg arose from his recumbent posture, ascended the rigging to the main-top, there took his stand, turned toward his auditory, took off his bell-shaped hat, cast it on the deck, and made a low and solemn bow, which was received by the vast congregation with nine cheers. He then addressed them in a short speech, something in his old style of eloquence.

He could not resist the temptation of so high a pulpit. It was better, in that respect, than the floor of the house; it gave him a more commanding view of his audience. He closed his harangue with a touching allusion to the difficulty of obtaining a subsistence, and the brevity of life — and leaped! Through the air, like an arrow, Quigg descended to the water. His head cleaved its glassy surface. The lookers-on beheld his descending form, as for a moment his white feet glimmered above the river, and then disappeared. Five minutes elapsed, and Quigg arose not. The crowd thought this a special feat, and gave three cheers. Five minutes more passed, and yet Quigg reascended not to the light. The feat was miraculous. The assemblage burst into three cheers again, heartier and more protracted than ever. A few philosophers among the audience began now to doubt the reappearance of the aquatic diver. The performance was too good to be fictitious. Another five minutes elapsed. An idle friend of Quigg's stepped out from the rabble, and began to whimper.

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THE sun went down, and Solomon Quigg arose not. He had made his last dive. The river was searched, but no mortal relic discovered. In the soft river mud he had found a ready coffin. In its liquid embraces slept forever the person of Solomon Quigg, ex-member of the Nineteenth Congress of the United States. C. M.

## H Y M N .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

A HYMN more, oh my lyre !  
 Praise to the God above,  
 Of joy, and life, and love,  
 Sweeping its strings of fire !

Oh ! who the speed of bird and wind,  
 And sunbeam's glance, will lend to me,  
 That, soaring upward, I may find  
 My resting-place and home in Thee ?  
 Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
 Adorest with a fervent flame —  
 Mysterious spirit ! unto whom  
 Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go  
 Up from the cold and joyless earth —  
 Back to the God who bade them flow,  
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth :  
 But as for me, oh God ! for me,  
 The lowly creature of thy will,  
 Linger and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
 An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine  
 Where yonder stars and suns are glowing ?  
 To breathe with them the light divine,  
 From God's own holy altar flowing ?  
 To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
 In dreams hath thirsted for so long —  
 A portion of heaven's glorious whole  
 Of loveliness and song ?

Oh ! watchers of the stars of night,  
 Who breathe their fire, as we the air —  
 Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
 Oh, say, is He — the Eternal there !  
 Bend there around his awful throne  
 The seraph's glance, the angel's knee ?  
 Or are thy inmost depths his own,  
 Oh, wild and mighty sea !

Thoughts of my soul ! how swift ye go !  
 Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
 Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
 To the far aim of your desire !  
 Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
 Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
 Bearing like them your sacrifice  
 Of music unto God !

And shall there thoughts of joy and love  
 Come back again no more to me —  
 Returning like the patriarch's dove,  
 Wing-weary, from the eternal sea ?  
 To bear within my longing arms  
 The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
 Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
 Which shadow Paradise !

All-moving spirit ! — freely forth  
 At thy command the strong wind goes  
 Its errand to the passive earth,  
 Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose ;

Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine,  
So, weary of each earthly thing,  
My spirit turns to thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,  
By evening's star, and noon-tide's sun —  
Until at last it sinks to rest,  
O'er-wearied, in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast —  
So turns my soul to Thee !

Oh thou who bid'st the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind —  
Mover of all things ! where art thou ?  
Oh, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of thy resting-place ?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may search the space  
Of highest heaven for Thee !

Oh, would I were as free to rise,  
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne —  
The arrowy light of sun-set skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
Which melt in heaven at twilight's close,  
Or aught which soars unchecked and free,  
Through earth and heaven, that I might lose  
Myself in finding Thee !

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## WILSON CONWORTH.

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### CHAPTER VII.

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'Men without stirrups look fine, ride bold, tire soon : men without discretion cut dash, but knock up all in a crack.'

CORPORAL BUNTING.

I HAVE said the president's *fresh* brought me my suspension-bill ; and with it, I should add, came abundant food for excitement. I had tired of college, and my readings had begun to lose some of their interest. I was summoned to the president's study. I had so long been suffered to do as I pleased, without interruption, that I was in hopes no fault save idleness could be registered against me. But I had been watched by my evil genius, the tutor. He had seen me in the city at evening, when I excused myself from morning's exercise, under the plea of sickness. He 'pumped' the family where I roomed ; and when I thought myself most safe, I was in the midst of danger.

'Well, Conworth,' said the good old president, 'I am sorry to inform you, that the government deem it expedient that you should spend a few months in the country. We hope this early lesson will be salutary. You have by no means attended to your studies with proper diligence. We received you, at first, though not properly fitted, at the request of your tutor ; but you seem unwilling or unable to exert yourself to receive the benefits of college instruction ;

ahem ! and —— ' (the kind old man seemed unwilling to pass sentence) — 'a —— ahem ! You are, in short, suspended for six months to B ——, under the care of the Rev. Mr. P ——.'

I took the paper, with a sorrowful face, although delighted at heart ; for I had heard B —— spoken of as a delightful place. I was hurrying off to hire a gig, and ride round to my father's through the suburbs, 'for,' thought I, 'I may as well take a ride as I go, and be in time for dinner, too.' And, to show the frivolity of my character still more, I was quite pleased, to think I should get a good dinner that day, and a glass of wine. In short, I received this event as a god-send, because it was something novel.

I was just stepping into the chaise to depart, amid the regrets of some, the sympathies of others, and the good wishes of all my fellow-students, or rather fellow-idlers, when a carriage drove swiftly up to the place, and out jumped my father ! The president had written him in the morning, so that he received the letter about the time I got my bill of suspension. He was all consternation. He thought me irrevocably lost. He was as one demented. He asked me to accompany him to my room. The students drew off, in awe and conscience-strickenness, and we were left alone. He looked me full in the face for a few moments, and tears started in his eyes. He brushed them hastily away, and gave vent to the agony of his feelings in a torrent of abuse.

I considered myself ill-treated. I did not see then, as I now see, how he felt. I did not look at his heart as I now do. I took him literally. I told him 'I was ready to seek my own fortune. I could take care of myself. He might discard me, if he chose ; there were ways enough to get a support.' I braved him. He was overcome. His sufferings were too much for words. He was in despair. He saw all his hopes cut off, his family disgraced, and me, his eldest son, an outcast from society.

'Come, Sir !' — and we walked down stairs. As we reached the bottom, a herd of people had collected. The news of my suspension had reached the stable-keepers, etc. They flocked in for pay. Bills to an enormous amount were presented. They were paid instantly. Not an objection was made — not a word uttered. After all was settled, my father, who had put on a stern demeanor, got into the carriage, and bade me follow, with the air of an emperor. I was thrown into insignificance by the stateliness of his grief. He did not deign to utter a word to me ; and I slunk back into the troublous ruminations of my own conscience.

At last — it seemed an age to me — we arrived at home. A good dinner and a glass of wine seemed to restore in some measure the equanimity of my father. I was watching the workings of his countenance. I drank pretty freely myself, for a boy under sentence, and was vastly polite to my mother. Always thinking of excitement, no sooner did I find my nerves pretty well braced, than, leaving my mother's side, I walked to my father, and stooping down, whispered in his ear : 'Can I have the horses this afternoon ?' We had a guest or two, by some chance, that day. My father forgot himself, and thundered out, as if crazed by the magnitude of the request, 'No, Sir !' I was suddenly brought to my senses, from the imprudent for-

wardness of a fool. I slunk away to my room, and buried my face in my pillow, till I fell asleep. When I awoke, I began to suspect that my father knew me better than I thought he did.

The next morning my breakfast was brought to my room, and I was apprized that the chaise would be ready to conduct me out of town in the course of an hour. I inquired for my father, and requested to see him. 'He had gone out; he could not see me; I was to go with the servant.' A letter was handed to me, and with an aching heart, I broke the seal. It was from my father. The letter was kind in the extreme, but it painted in glowing colors the agony of his mind. I seemed to grow acquainted with my father. He was full as much an enthusiast as myself. Trade had buried up a fine character, but nature brought out the brilliant passages of his mind sometimes. Here is the letter :

'MY SON: You are pleased with your situation, I see, and am sorry for it. You afflict me still more. Until you become a father yourself, you can never know the severity of my disappointments. Go, reform your idle habits: make your exile a season of reflection. I forgive you: try to forgive yourself.

'Thomas will go with you. Do not loiter by the way. Avoid your associates. It is they have ruined you. Enclosed is \$100. Use it for necessities and comforts, but be prudent. My hopes are weakened, but not destroyed. Adieu!

'YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.'

I wept over this letter for an hour. My father's goodness overcame me. I knelt down, and solemnly, on my knees, vowed to reform all idle habits, and to be worthy of such a generous parent. I felt relieved, elevated, and strengthened, by this good resolution. I arose, washed my face, ran and kissed my mother, jumped into the chaise, and we were on our way to B —.

The ride took us all day. It rained, was cold, and every thing looked dreary. My romance hardly bore me out through this trial. If I had parted in anger from my friends — been kicked out of doors, and turned adrift to seek my own bread — my spirit would have risen to meet the emergency, and I should have viewed my case, with my then set of feelings, as one of tyranny and oppression. But now I had no such consolatory thoughts. I had done wrong — been generously forgiven — my pockets crammed with money; and I could not but view myself as a very bad and culpable young man. Chewing the cud of bitter reflections — wet, hungry, disgusted with myself and the whole world — the servant set me down at the door of the good clergyman, at dusk. I had only time to remark that it was a one-story, yellow house, without blinds or curtains, naked of shrubbery, and barn-like in its appearance.

A little short malignant-looking man came out to see what was the matter. The servant gave him a letter. He kept us standing in the rain while he read it, and then coldly invited me in. Thomas was dismissed without notice. I was shown into a room without fire. He did not even ask me if I had dined. I had not eaten since my slight morning's meal.

For the first time in my life, I felt supremely wretched. I felt to the quick that I was punished. By-and-by I was called from my cheerless, fireless, and almost windowless room, to tea. I looked around for somebody or something to love, but all was stiff, and

formal, and cold. I ate a mouthful, and retired. At nine, I was summoned to prayers. It was a fervent nasal service. My keeper was a violent Hopkinsian. He prayed for me in language I could not comprehend, for it was a jargon of all the Bible terms heaped and strung together into a mass of confusion. But I understood enough to know that I was considered as the most abandoned wretch on earth. I was shocked. His style of addressing the Deity was so gross and familiar, that all my early impressions were outraged, and I was appalled at the idea of hearing God profaned. After prayers, not a word was uttered, except 'You can take that light;' and I went to my room, wondering among what manner of people I was sent for reformation.

My bed was a crazy one — the furniture of my room shabby and time-worn. I had not even the luxury of a basin and towel. Every thing reminded me how miserable I was. Not a cheering thought came to me. A long six months of solitude, vulgarity, profane prayers, and sanctimonious religion, were before me.

My keeper seemed any thing else than a scholar; and the only alleviating thought was, that I could do as I pleased about study. This thought came to me, too, after all my solemn promises at home, over the letter of my father! I did not think I was inconsistent; so incapable was I, at that age, of reflection, or continued exertion of principles, which for the moment struck me with such force. Indeed, all my feelings were temporary, and I was without principle. I had no strong determination. I was the creature of the moment. Now love, now pleasure, now solitude, and romantic musing — each by turns would absorb me. My loves brought no permanent sorrow, if unsuccessful. I solaced myself with some new charmer. It has been so through my whole life. I never have despaired for more than an hour. Some bright hope would always break in to relieve the blackness of a cloudy despair, and I lived again as full of schemes of happiness as ever.

I went to bed that night in loathing of myself and the whole world. The rain poured down in torrents, and the winds shook the windows almost out of the frames. The old house rocked in the blast. I sank to sleep, overpowered by the excess of tears and sighs. In the morning, I was awakened by the sun pouring in at my windows. Elated by this cheerful omen, and refreshed by long and deep slumber, I got up in all the vigor of youth, and the pleasant sensations which affect a youth who is about to see something new.

Going out, I found the house was not far from a river. Vessels were at anchor in the stream, and the water had a saltish taste. I was delighted. I felt happy. 'I am not out of the world,' thought I. We were cheerful at breakfast, and by the time that meal was over, I had got to love the whole family, and could see a thousand beauties in the situation, I had never thought of before.

To one fond of a roving life, what a pleasure it is to look upon vessels! — to go down upon the wharves of a great city, and gaze upon those old weather-beaten travellers! What associations crowd upon you! No wonder so many are fond of the sea. When out upon the waters, in a fine ship, you can turn in any direction fancy may dictate, or profit may suggest. You are, as it were, in the

centre of nations. You are unfettered by laws ; you are away from all the weakening ties of home and kindred — weakening, as it regards manly enterprise ; you are your own master ; you may adopt any course of life you please.

The sight of vessels lying at anchor has always been to me the pleasantest of all sights. With the old storm-worn sailors, too, I feel a near sympathy, so much of whose lives is a constant change and variety. They always seem to me to live in continual excitement. Their lives are a romance ; their profession chivalrous ; their daring noble. You cannot help feeling a certain respect for them when on the sea, and in the discharge of their duty ; though on the land, their ignorance of land habits, and the wild joy they evince, sometimes make them ridiculous and disgusting. Who ever saw a sailor do a mean thing ? They are as bountiful as air. They give as long as they have, and when they have not, they are confiding enough in your good qualities to receive ; for it takes either a very generous mind, or a very mean one, to receive an obligation with a good grace.

The place, beside, was not without interest. I found a village not far off, and a house or two that promised genteel inhabitants. I spent three months in this place very quietly — without any dereliction of conduct, except the total neglect of my studies. Every morning my conscience rebuked me, and I quieted its alarms, by promising to myself to begin to-morrow, or next Monday, at farthest. These resolutions for the moment settled the whole matter, and I felt elevated in virtue for resolving to do at some future period what I ought to have performed at the present.

However, I read through a small circulating library, consisting chiefly of voyages and travels. I here found Silliman's Journal in Europe, and read it twice. I was charmed with the style, and the interest he contrived to throw about even a ride in a stage-coach. This reading fixed in me a love of travel, I have never overcome. The intervals of reading were spent at the house of a gentleman, a bachelor, who lived upon the ruins of his paternal estate. He was a kind of Mowbray, having the most excellent private qualities, and the worst public ones. He was the most dignified, hospitable, agreeable man in his own house, I ever knew ; but abroad, he was insincere, cringing, if necessary, and subservient to the basest political ends. A hypocrite in his religious observances, he was of any religion that suited the present scheme. He never paid his debts, when he could avoid it, although to others he was generous to a fault. He was addicted to no vice, that I know of. He drank not at all, nor used tobacco, although he was constantly urging upon his guests the best wine, and the most expensive cigars. He loved me, I verily believe. His house, his horses, his guns and dogs, were always at my disposal. Though an old man, he treated me as an equal. He talked to me of every thing, and of some things which sent me long strides away from the natural abhorrence of boyhood to low vices.

This man would not have done me an injury, for his right hand ; yet so ignorant was he of education, that by mistaken kindness, he did me the worst of injuries. He excited premature passion in my veins ; he taught me to drink hard ; he made my suspension a scene



of pleasure, whereas it should have been a season of reflection and contrition. I had no time to think, and no good resulted to me.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

'Och! there is no justice in the Lamb, if heaven is not made for us: an' the everlasting hell, with its brimstone and fire, an' its gnawing an' gnashing of teeth, an' its thirst, an' its torture, an' its worm that niver dies, for the likes o' you.' DAME DARKMAN.

WHEN I had been here about three months, spent in the manner I have attempted to relate, a great revival was intended to be gotten up in the place. Mr. P — began to talk to me about being so much absent from home. He wished to bring me under its influence at his house. As long as he had no purpose to answer, I was suffered to eat and sleep as often as I pleased away from the parsonage. He saved meals by it. He, a minister of the gospel, with the confidence of a college reposed in him, permitted me to go from my duty, for the sake of saving a few potatoes and a mouthful of meat a day. He made money by it. He pretended to care most of all for human souls; he prayed daily in the temple for the salvation of sinners; and yet he suffered me to go on in a headlong career of idleness and folly, when the slightest exertion of authority, or a word about informing my father and the government, would probably have deterred me. He wished to be esteemed a Christian, and still was himself swayed by the most sordid motives.

It would be wrong and illiberal to lay the charge of gross hypocrisy at the doors of such men. They are certainly disqualified to hold the stations they occupy in society; but they are, for the most part, only ignorant of what does indeed constitute the truly elevated and Christian character. They have grown up in the knowledge of words, and plans, and schemes of salvation, but they have never analyzed their own principles. The members of a sect or church, they take for granted that they are governed by principle, when they are only following on blindly where their party leads them. The originators of any sect of religionists are undoubtedly leavened with sincerity, but the proselytism and rancorous hatred of party spirit, buries up the primitive purity of the founder, and the church becomes not so much anxious for Christ's kingdom, as for the victory in the world.

But a revival was to be got up. Mr. P — looked, as he said, for the grace of God to purify me. He did not rely upon human means. He said he did not doubt but that I was sent to his house, by the special providence of God, to be under good influences, and he 'expected I would be a shining light in the church.' I was requested to remain at home, and I did so, more out of curiosity than any other feeling: for, strange to tell, I did not understand what he meant, precisely, and was as insensible to all his exhortations as an infant.

This was at a period when the Calvinistic sect in New-England began to fear and dread the growing influence of a class — we will not call them a sect — denominated by themselves Liberal Christians, in opposition to the bigotry and intolerance of their brethren; a

term which, taken in its true sense, authorizes no laxity of principle, no license of conduct, but which means a high and elevated piety, embracing all men as brothers, holding out the palm of the happiness of heaven to the whole world, and rejecting in its worship and manner of speech all drawling of the words, and in the countenance all undue length of visage ; making religion more a matter of the head and heart, and not so much dependent upon the exterior carriage of the body.

The Calvinists, or orthodox, beheld at this time their power and infallibility doubted, and in some cases contemned. They began to find men, and influential men, too, who dared to think and reason for themselves, upon the subject of religion. With all the good will of the church of Rome, for power and dictatorial authority, they derided the Catholic. Themselves the exiles of a cruel persecution, they forgot their origin and early arguments for liberty of conscience, whenever others differed from them in opinion. So that, grasping at too much, they lost much which they might have retained by milder measures. All means were resorted to, to increase the numerical strength of the sect. They took infants into the church, and admitted little toddling boys and girls to the rights of communion. Whenever it was in their power, they shackled the human mind, hardly strong enough to bear the load of the fetters, and which not unfrequently sunk under a burthen so unnatural to its years.

The spirit of the American people has always been acted on by public meetings. They love to attend gatherings, whether it be a horse-race, a cattle-show, a political wrangling, or a revival. The farmer will leave his plough in the half-furrowed field, and tackling his weary horses to a large waggon, drive his whole family to one of these meetings. The mother will leave her domestic affairs, and the distended udders of the cows, and, Indian-like, taking her infant in her arms, hurry to the revival. The Calvinists have strong men in their ranks, and they have seized upon this national passion, and perverted it to their use. The origin of protracted meetings is the same with the camp-meetings of the Methodists, whence they adopted the plan, save that one is held in houses of worship, and the other in 'God's first temple.' The Methodists, governed we believe by a single motive, gained bravely by the camp-meeting, and the orthodox, fearful of their increase, met them, in the protracted meeting, on their own ground.

As favorable seasons for these meetings occur, the clergy are gathered from the surrounding country, at some specified place. Two or three conversions are noised about the village, as a kind of nest-egg. Prayer-meetings begin to be held in this house and that, gradually increasing in zeal as the multitude are added, until they have excited the spirit of the whole population. Then no respite is allowed for the ardor to cool. Night and day there pours out one continual stream of denunciation and nervous prayer. Some attend from curiosity, some from idleness ; all business is suspended, except the store of the church-merchant, who keeps his back door ajar for sly customers. Children, glad to escape from school, under any pretence, form a large part of the meeting, and indeed all ages and sexes attend, from as many different motives as there are people.

Now the prayers are as abundant as the drops of rain in a shower. An earnestness of manner is assumed, which terrifies the hearts of the young. In churches dimly lighted, at evening, and into the far watches of the night, low and sepulchral voices may be heard in threatening denunciation of sinners.

These men, with their long necks, peaked faces, and lean bones, bending over the pulpit, with a malicious scowl, enough to frighten the devil himself, looked to my young imagination like demons of hell. One convert after another would fall down upon their knees, for this was the sign of 'yielding;' so that in one night sometimes hundreds would be converted, or '*get religion*.' Affrighted nature yielded. No reason was employed, no inducements offered, except exemption from punishment. The happiness of heaven was too mild and refined a theme for them to touch upon, on such occasions. This punishment — the most awful and physically painful they could devise — was threatened with tenfold vengeance, if they neglected the precious present opportunity. Example, fear, love of change, and love of being conspicuous, are not unfrequently the chief agents in revivals in this country, with the young, and love of their pecuniary interests, oftentimes, with the business part of the community. For instance: A man is going to settle in a place where one sect prevails largely, particularly the Hopkinsian sect; his business is of a public nature, or one in which he depends for support upon public patronage; unless he joins that sect, he is thwarted in his business. His store is avoided; his name is erased from the ticket for office; he is made so uncomfortable, that he finally leaves the place. True, he may sell very low, indeed — much lower than the market price; and then he turns the tables, and acts upon the avarice of his opposers, with good success. Thus it is not unusual to find, in villages of small size, the Presbyterian tailor and the Liberal tailor — the Presbyterian apothecary and the Liberal apothecary — and so down to knife-grinder and grave-digger.

These good Christian people forget, or seem to forget, that religion is something to be proved by the life, not the professions. If a man say he is their friend, and his conduct be ever so bad, if he does not offend their prejudices by remarks, he is safe. Subscribe to their creed, and you are safe, no matter whether you go to the church or not. It is all the same to them.

I do not mean to say that I believe there are not good and conscientious Christians among the class of Hopkinsian Calvinists; there are very many, I doubt not; but I *do* mean to say, from my own experience, that the restless, speculating, moving mass of men in business, whose whole souls are absorbed in traffic, and who join this sect for pecuniary advantage, and without any convictions, generally go deep in their exclusive spirit. I mean to say, that the ignorant and illiterate, who have been brought up in this belief, and have received very little education to elevate their minds, are the most sectarian and bitter religious enemies in the world. They make up in zeal and obstinacy of opinion, for their deficiency in practical piety; and the louder they profess, the more credit they obtain.

Go into a Hopkinsian-Presbyterian church, of a Sabbath, and observe the men you have met during the week, in their stores, at

the tavern, and the town-meeting, as they come into church. Their hair is smoothed down in puritanical fashion, and their faces drawn down to imitate the parson. If your eye is upon a rich man, whose honesty and fair dealing is a little questionable, mark the cough, the bluster, to attract attention, as much as to say, 'You see, my brethren, I attend in the synagogue — I am a Christian.'

Returning home from the first meeting, I found several ministers of religion, as they called themselves, at our table. As we sat down, we had an unusually long grace from brother E —, and after we had eaten, another long grace. The conversation at table was chiefly of the clergy. They criticized each other pretty freely, and seemed in most excellent spirits with themselves. They reminded me of the garrulous politeness of an old gourmand, during the ten minutes preceding the dishing of a feast. They expected sport, undoubtedly, from the scenes they were getting up. Their conversation was very familiar, and even gross, upon the subject of revivals, and they used the name of our Saviour with a commonness and irreverence that surprised and shocked me.

I was unnoticed, but I brought myself forward, by asking my neighbor at table if he had ever heard Dr. Channing — and then, as well as I could, I endeavored to give a description of his style of preaching. As his name was mentioned, they simultaneously uttered a low growl, and hoped that my heart might be changed.

At that time, I knew very little of the Bible. I was in love with religion, as a sentiment. I was in the habit of looking upon God as a kind and beneficent father. I had been taught to pray to him with fervor, but still with some sense of the majesty of the being I was addressing. I believed devoutly in the state of a future existence. I hoped to go to heaven to meet my mother. I had no doubt but she must be there, for I knew she was good. I have ever been in the habit of thinking of her as in a state of happiness. To doubt it, would have been appalling to my mind.

You may imagine, reader, what were my feelings, at finding that these men believed, and indeed stated to me, that no person could go to heaven, unless he believed as they did. They spoke it, too, with a sincerity and earnestness of manner, that at first terrified me into the belief that I had been indulging in delusive dreams.

I became, insensibly, much interested in their performances. Meetings were held at all hours of the day during a week's time. The whole town attended. The churches were thronged, and private dwellings overflowed with persons from the age of one year to eighty — old and hoary sinners. Worn out with late hours and constant excitement, their eyes were of an unnatural brightness. Fear of hell was upon them. Many stepped along as if they expected the earth would yawn to receive them. The old and the weak stopped these self-styled saviours in the streets, and besought them, with tears and groans, to save their souls. Lamps burned late in the cottages of the laboring poor. Limbs worn down with labor for bread, were yet required to prostrate themselves for hours in prayer, under the penalty of an eternal damnation. It was as if some mighty judgment was at hand, and each was striving to turn it from his own doors.

But oh! to be in the secret conclave, as I was, after a day spent in this manner! These men would return, with an important, calm, and satisfied look, to the house of the minister. How pleasantly they talked of the great work 'of the Lord!' How coldly, too, they spake of the exercises!—appealing to the minister if he thought this one 'would stick'—that they had brought such a man or woman under—'if he thought the people would bear any more—must not give too strong food to babes,' etc.,—evidently showing, that what they called 'the work of the Lord' they considered as their own.

They were safe. They had no anxieties for their own salvation, but for that of others. Wonderful disinterestedness of human nature! Self-righteous men! Elect of the Lord!—with hearts full of worldliness, and hate for all differing from you in opinion, whether from education, accident, or blind chance—how will you, at that day for which all other days were made, answer to the charge of illiberality, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry, which I, from the recollections of quite early years, here prefer against you!

The most mortifying confession I have to make, is, that I was acted on by these jugglers. My nervous temperament did wonders for them. I attended their meetings, and was with them constantly at home. They talked to me incessantly. I replied as I could. I knew nothing of the arguments in favor of liberal Christianity; so I appealed to the arguments of common sense, and reasoned from analogy, while they swept away all I could say, by text after text, in such quick succession as to overwhelm me. I was impressed with a strong belief in the goodness and mercy of God toward his weak and erring creatures—that when I asked to be forgiven, sincerely, he heard and answered my petition. I trusted in him as the rock of ages, and felt confident that he would be satisfied if I did as well I could. But they would have made me believe that he was a God of terrors—that a large part of mankind would inevitably be lost, and that I should be among the number, unless I yielded my stubborn heart to their guidance. I was for a long while insensible. At last, they came to my room at night, after I was in bed, and prayed by my bed-side, and worked upon my already excited imagination, by every species of horrid representation. I did not know enough to order them away; but at last I did pretend to yield, or I did yield, and prayed for pardon. My mind was in a frenzy. They left me as a convert. I was with them the next day, and was marked among the multitude of converts.

Soon after, I wrote to my father, expressed to him the agony of my mind, and besought to leave the place. He obtained the permission of the government to take me home. In a few days after I had been removed from this scene, I was calm. I had been 'through the mill' of a pre-concerted, artificial revival, and felt a secret joy, as if possessed of an experience of some consequence. I know the whole process. I have 'experienced religion,' as well as thousands of others, and in the same way. Is it strange that I doubt the efficacy of such a religion? I never again shall feel with this people. The veil was removed from my eyes when young. I have since often been subjected to this discipline, and whenever I am, this early scene occurs to me, and shields me from imposition of the senses.

It is not impossible that I have a prejudice upon the subject, having 'experienced religion' under unfavorable circumstances. Whether, this be so or not, I am sincere in the opinion, that all revivals, got up in a pre-concerted way, are a kind of blasphemy. They act upon the physical nature alone, and pervert to their use those holy and reverential thoughts, that dwell alike in the child of nature, living in the forests, and in the object of education and care. I appeal to all those who have witnessed these scenes, if he ever saw a high-minded, intellectual man freely yielding his influence and his heart to these designs? Why is it, that among the intelligent and enlightened, we find so few converts, unless they go for the express purpose of being *made* converts? Why is it that these men stand aloof from all show of religion — beyond that of being good moral men — except the common Sabbath ordinance? It is because they are disgusted with shallow artifice, and surface-piety; and find no sympathy, and receive no benefit, from a religion founded in ignorance, and supported by misrepresentation.

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S T A N Z A S .

THE ARAB TO HIS WOUNDED STEED.

'A short distance from the scene of conflict, we saw an Arab lying by the side of his wounded barb, with one arm thrown affectionately over his neck. He was lamenting, even with tears, the fate of the faithful animal.'

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

I.

THE blood wells through thy silver mane,  
And down thy panting side;  
No more those hoofs shall spurn the plain,  
That broad chest cleave the tide;  
No more, as flies the swift djerreed,  
Shalt thou the Giaour pursue:  
My trust for safety was thy speed —  
My trust for vengeance too!

II.

No more, my barb, at Zela's call,  
Shalt thou to meet her spring —  
No more my boys their reinless thrall  
Shall gallop at the ring;  
Curse on the spoil! — what worth to me  
Is every plundered gem?  
My household, when they ask for thee,  
How shall I answer them?

III.

Though wealth to buy a hundred steeds  
Weighs down my caftan's fold,  
Not mid Morocco's choicest breeds,  
Not in the Tartar's fold,  
Is there one steed, however fleet,  
Could be to me as thou,  
The music of whose trampling feet  
No more shall cheer me now!

J. R.

## THE CLERK'S YARN.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE OF THE SEA: IN TWO PARTS.

## PART II.

"I WAS born," said the unhappy man whom we had taken from the wreck, "in a small village, on the banks of the noble Hudson, and being an only child, received from infancy more indulgence than would otherwise have fallen to my lot. My parents were in middling circumstances only, but well educated, and genteel, and enabled, in a place where none were rich, and all the necessities of life were cheap and abundant, to maintain a very respectable establishment. I grew up under my mother's eye, a wild, reckless, and spoiled child. I was fond of books, notwithstanding, and being a youth of some genius, advanced rapidly in my studies, with but little exertion; and it often astonished my teacher, that one whose time appeared wholly devoted to mischief and play, should maintain the head of his class, despite the exertions for superiority on the part of his more plodding and studious, though less talented associates. As I grew up, unchecked by my parents, my passion for mischief increased, and the sober villagers, who were frequent sufferers from my pranks, remarked, with a prophetic shrug, that young De Veaux would certainly come to the gallows at last, in case the state prison did not prevent the sad catastrophe. My heart was not naturally a bad one, and my faults arose rather from the too great license yielded them by over-indulgent parents, than from any innate disposition to crime. Constant intercourse with a couple of medical students, whom our village practitioner was educating, gave me a taste for that calling; and when urged by my father to embrace the study of one of the learned professions, I selected that of medicine, being not a little inclined thereto by the idle life my associates appeared to lead, and the prospect of passing a winter in the city of New-York. I had been upward of two years a student, and had already drank deeply from the cup of sensual pleasure, while attending a winter's course of lectures in the city; and had returned home deeply skilled in vice and dissipation, when a change suddenly came over my spirit, and a total alteration was wrought in my habits and morals.

"The father of the girl whom you saw on board the ship, a wealthy merchant in the city, was unexpectedly much reduced in circumstances by the villany of a pretended friend, for whom he had largely endorsed; and becoming disgusted with the world, and wounded deeply by the perfidy of one in whom he had placed most implicit confidence, and who owed all he possessed to his friendship and countenance, he determined to retire from business, with the wreck of his fortune, and to settle himself in our quiet village, in the neighborhood of my father, who had been his school-mate in youth. His daughter, like myself an only child, was the agent in effecting this reform; and from the first moment we met, I felt myself a different being. To mild and gentle manners, a sprightly and amiable disposition, which had been highly improved by the tuition of a judicious mother, she added the fashionable accomplishments of the day; and

although surpassing all our village belles in loveliness, she seemed wholly unconscious of her superiority. The affectionate regard she entertained for her parents, and her heavenly smile, first won my attention : and day after day the sight of her added fuel to the flame she had so unconsciously kindled in my bosom. I perceived, soon after our first acquaintance, that my constant visits were any thing but agreeable to her parents, who had received the most exaggerated picture of my follies and vices from the neighbors, by whom I was looked upon as a perfect outlaw. From the intimacy existing between the two families, however, they were forced, to tolerate my presence ; and although my advances were met with timidity on the part of the young lady, it was not long before I flattered myself that I could discover strong proofs of reciprocity of feeling in her disturbed and anxious glances. Matters continued in this state for some time — uncertainty as to the lady's attachment, and want of opportunity, preventing me from declaring my passion — when my father suddenly died, from a stroke of apoplexy, and my mother, who had long been in delicate health, quickly followed him to the grave, having never recovered the shock she received at his loss.

“The merchant no longer thought it worth his while to keep up any show of terms ; but plainly told me, that he could not admit a person of my character into his house ; and that it was only from the respect he had borne my parents, that he had refrained from excluding me, hitherto. Burning with shame and indignation, I left the house, determined no longer to remain in a place so full of gloomy associations, but to sell my property, and to depart for the city as soon as possible. I was led, furthermore, to this conclusion, by the circumstance that there was then a young merchant, of some fortune, and a cousin of the dear girl who was now but a part of myself, passing a few weeks at her father's, with the obvious intent, seconded by her parents, of demanding her hand in marriage. I left the village soon after, with a heart torn with anguish, and with many a sigh for a loss which nothing could repay. She is gone now,’ continued the unhappy man, with a groan, ‘and I possess not the slightest memento to recall her image.’

“Oh, by the by,” said I, ‘I cut off a lock of her hair, and have it still with me. I thought that at some future day you might be glad to receive such a treasure.’

“God bless you !” he cried — ‘give it to me !’ And as I drew it from my purse, and handed it to him, he grasped it convulsively, and pressed it again and again to his lips, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his bosom heaved as if it would have burst. A silence of a few minutes ensued.

“To continue my narrative,” said he, again addressing me. ‘I soon arrived in New-York, and sought out my old haunts and companions. Here I plunged headlong into the wildest scenes of dissipation ; and in the midnight revel, and at the gaming-table, endeavored to efface all remembrance of the past, and to forget the gentle being who had enchained my heart. In this wild course of life, my money soon melted away, and before six months had passed, I was penniless. In vain I sought aid from those who had feasted at my expense, and who had made me a thousand protestations of



friendship. Every purse was closed, and I myself was shunned as one whose touch was contamination. Hungry and weary, I one day strolled down to the wharf, and while listlessly gazing at a brig then about to sail, I heard her captain regretting the loss of one of his crew, who had met with an accident, and whom he would be forced to leave behind, while he had not time to procure another to fill the vacancy.

‘I’ll go with you,’ said I, starting forward.

‘Jump aboard, then, my man,’ cried he, mistaking me for a sailor, as I wore a jacket, in the place of my coat, which I had pawned, two days before, for food.

‘We sailed immediately, and were soon clear of the Hook, on our way to Havana, whither the brig was bound. The captain, quickly discovering that I was a perfect novice at sea, would have sent me back in the pilot boat, had he not been short-handed, and thought my presence necessary to work the ship. As it was, he treated me most brutally during the passage, and I was too inexperienced in nautical discipline not to resent it as far as I dared. Finding my obstinacy but little inferior to his own, and looking on me as a desperado, on our arrival in port he permitted me to leave the vessel. With feelings of utter loneliness, I wandered about, until night had closed around me, when, on turning the corner of a street that led from the square, I saw a person raising a poniard, and about to plunge it into the back of a tall man who had stooped, immediately in front of him, to raise something from the earth. I darted forward as quick as lightning, and dashed the weapon from his hand, while the other, hearing the noise, and turning in time to observe what had passed, struck the assassin a furious blow with a sheathed sword which he carried in his hand, and laid him breathless on the pavement, muttering at the same time some words through his teeth, which I took for Spanish curses. He next addressed me in the same language, but finding my replies were made in English, drawled out, with a twang that savored strongly of Cape Cod:

‘You’ve done me a friendly turn, young man, and I thank you for it. ‘D — n that lubberly scoundrel! — he promised me as much; but I thought him too great a coward to attempt it. I’ve settled his hash, though, and it won’t cost much hereafter for *his* messing.’

‘While he was running on in this style, I had an opportunity of observing his person more closely. He was full six feet in height, with great breadth and depth of chest, and long sinewy arms, that looked disproportioned to his legs, which were rather small, than otherwise. His face was almost hid by a redundancy of whisker and moustache, and his sunken eyes glared out like meteors from beneath a pair of dark and heavy brows. ‘But who are you? and which way are you going?’ said he, looking me full in the face, when he had finished his malediction. I frankly explained my desperate circumstances; and when my narrative, to which he had listened attentively, was concluded, he said:

‘I can serve you. You are just the man I want. You say you have studied medicine. My craft lacks a doctor. I command a schooner, which you may have seen lying off the market-wharf, just under the Moro Castle. Will you go with me?’

‘In what trade are you?’ inquired I.

'Why,' said he, hesitating a moment, 'may be I'm a smuggler; may be a slaver.'

'Be it either,' I added, 'I will go with you. 'Necessity has no law; and if I remain here, I shall starve.'

'Come along then,' said he; 'if we stay along side this d—d carrion much longer, the guard will catch us, and clap us in limbo.'

'Starting off at a rapid pace, we quickly approached the water side. Drawing a boatswain's call from his bosom, he blew a long, low note, when a small boat, pulled by one man, in obedience to the signal, shot from the schooner, and ran alongside the wharf.

'Is all ready, Diégo?' interrogated my companion of the boatman.

'Ay, ay, Sir,' was the reply.

'Jump in, then, shipmate,' said he to me; and stepping in together, we were quickly on board the schooner. She was a large pilot-boat-built craft, and sat on the water like a duck; but otherwise, she possessed nothing remarkable in her appearance. A few men were lolling about, or lying listlessly on deck, when we arrived, who sprang up at an order from my companion, and commenced getting the vessel under weigh. We were soon under all sail, and ran rapidly out past the castle, which, to my great surprise, did not even offer to hail us, although I had heard it asserted that it was a standing order, enforced there, never to permit a ship to pass after sun-down. When we had gained some distance from the land, I observed a number of persons coming up from below, by the fore-hatch, who swelled our crew from ten to at least fifty men. Orders were next given by the captain to get the gun up from below; and all hands busied themselves, for some time, in hoisting a long eighteen-pounder out of the hold, and mounting it on a pivot, which had been before concealed by a tarpaulin. The suspicion that she was a pirate now for the first time flashed across my mind, and must have displayed itself in my countenance; as the captain, who had been closely watching my motions while these occurrences were passing, said to me, with a chuckling laugh:

'We're a free trader, you see, my boy, and are forced to go well armed, to look down all resistance. We pay for our goods in iron, most times; and generally seal the bargain with blood. You look pale, though. Do my words frighten you? Come, cheer up. You saved my life just now, and I owe you something for that: so, if you fear the sight of blood, you may stay below, and dress the wounded. That's the doctor's place, too, on board a man-of-war.'

'We cruised for some days off Cape Antonio, and made several rich captures, putting, as I afterward learned, the crews of all to death, without an exception. Some of them made a stout resistance, but all were eventually overcome, and treated alike, without mercy. Neither age nor sex was respected. Many of the pirates were wounded in these rencontres, and I had soon gained their good will by the skill and kindness I displayed in the treatment of the sick when under my charge. I saw none of the murders that were perpetrated, for I kept below; but often have I felt my blood boil within me, when the shrieks for mercy of the unfortunate females, who fell into their hands, reached my ears. I dared not, however,

interfere in their behalf, for I well knew that by so doing I should only risk my own life, while I could not be of the slightest benefit to them. We would at times run into some creek, where the pirates had hiding-places, for the purpose of secreting the booty, where the time was spent in the wildest feasting and carousing. Having received information, from their agents at Havana, that the men-of-war had got wind of us, and would soon be in pursuit, we left the neighborhood of the Cape, and cast farther out to sea; still, however, keeping in the track of the West India traders.

'One day a large bright-sided ship hove in sight; and as we neared her, I, as usual, went below, and prepared myself for dressing the wounds of such of my companions as might be hurt in the affray. I remained there until the noise incident to the attack and slaughter had ceased. When all was comparatively quiet, I went upon deck, where the pirates were engaged in throwing overboard the bodies of the murdered crew, and lashing the schooner fast to the captured ship. Turning my eyes aft, I saw the slender form of a girl, with her back turned toward me, sitting on the trunk, crouched down, and trembling with fear. To divert my attention, as I found my feelings becoming strongly enlisted in her behalf, I placed myself against the main-mast, and stood gazing at the different operations of the pirates, and watching the captain, who was directing their movements by a continual volley of mingled orders and curses. When he had finished his directions, he strode hastily back to the schooner, and, without noticing me, walked directly up to where the girl was seated, and raising her by the shoulder, in his powerful grasp, said, with a savage leer: 'Let's look at your bright eyes, fair one, and taste the sweetness of those ruby lips.' The poor creature shrank from his touch, with a piteous cry, and gazing wildly around, with an imploring look for assistance, her eyes alighted on mine, which were turned toward her, full of pity and indignation. With all the quick perception of a woman, she recognised me instantly, and darting away from the captain, fell at my feet, and embracing me closely by the knees, looked up earnestly in my face, while the big tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks, and cried: 'Oh save me! save me! They have murdered my father — they will murder me! You *will* save me!' and she pressed her pale cheek fondly against my knees, while the wildest affright was depicted in her countenance, and her bosom heaved violently with deep and convulsive sobs.

'I WILL save you, dearest,' I replied, 'and wo be to him who shall dare to lay a rude finger upon you!'

'You will, Sir?' said the captain, who had been eyeing the scene, with a smile of scorn and derision. 'Do you presume to threaten me?'

'Ay, villain!' I retorted, fiercely, 'you, or any one else, who shall venture to soil a hair of her head with your foul touch:' and I shook my clenched hand in his face. Transported with rage at my threat, he seized a boarding-pike which lay on the trunk, and with its staff struck me a violent blow on the head. So sudden was the attack, that I had not time to arrest or shun the stroke. My senses wandered — thick darkness came over my sight — and I fell, insensible, on the deck.

'When recollection returned, I found myself swinging in a hammock, my head throbbing with pain, and my pulse bounding as if ready to burst. 'Where am I?—what has happened?'—said I, as a shadowy and indistinct remembrance of the past flitted across my mind.

'Where should you be, honey, but in my bunk?' said a kind-hearted Irishman, from beneath me, where he was sitting, mending a jacket; 'and little thanks to the skipper, that ye've a head upon ye, to ax the question. By Saint Patrick! I thought, when I seed the blow he give ye, ye'd have lost the number of your miss; and 'ud be making a straight wake for Abraham's bosom. Sowl of me! but the tatoo the divil beat on the impty whiskey-barrel was a thrifle to it, any how.'

'But how came I here?' I interrupted.

'How should you, but in my arms? Faith, I picked ye off the deck when ye'd no more sinse nor motion in ye nor a dead pig; for ye see I'd a kindness toward ye, for the small mather of setting me shoulther, which ye did so gintly off the Cape, when I unshipped it in a drunken frolic.'

'But where is my unfortunate girl?—what have they done with her?'

'Where,' he replied, 'but in the cabin with the captain, where she's been all night?'

'Good God!' said I, 'then a night has already passed! Heaven have mercy on the poor child! Help me up!'

'Lay still, honey, where ye are,' said he, endeavoring to prevent my rising, 'and keep out of sight of the skipper, or it may be worse for ye.'

'But I would brook no restraint; and leaping out of the hammock, drank a deep draught of water from a can which he offered me, and staggered on deck.

'As I walked aft, the captain came up from the cabin, and turning round, reached down his hand, and drew up from below the almost lifeless form of my unfortunate girl. 'Here,' said he to the mate, thrusting her forward, 'throw this half-dead-and-alive fool overboard. Let's see if her whining will melt the souls of the sharks.'

'Stop, monster!' I cried, and was about to rush upon him, when I was seized, and prevented by some of the men, who stood near, and who held me fast, notwithstanding all my struggles to get free.

'Ah ha!' said the captain: 'so you're there again. I thought I had fixed your flint yesterday. But 'better late than never;' and since you love the trull so dearly, you shall have her all to yourself. Lash them together, men, and tumble them overboard. It would be a pity to separate such a tender couple.'

'No, no!' said a voice from among the crew, who had assembled at the noise, which I recognised as belonging to my Irish friend; 'He has got enough, intirely; and seeing that the woman is his sister, or his grand-mother, or some of his kin, it's but nathural that he does not like to see her inislisted.'

'Who disputes my orders?' said the captain, foaming with rage.

'I'—'I'—'I'—said a number of voices from the crowd; for, as I have mentioned before, my attention to the wounded had made me

a general favorite with the men. 'We all dispute them,' rejoined the first speaker; for, if he has done wrong, he received punishment enough last night, in all conscience.'

'Then you mutiny, and wont obey my orders,' said the captain.

'Here the mate interposed, and for the purpose of quelling the difficulty, which seemed likely to terminate in open mutiny, advised that the girl should be put on board the ship, and left to her fate.

'Then I will accompany her,' said I.

'That you may do and welcome,' said the captain; 'and d — d glad am I to get rid of you: but if we ever meet again ——' and he shook his warning finger fiercely at me, while his eyes glared like a tiger's.

'God send that we *may* meet!' I replied, as I followed the mate, who had carried her on board the ship, in a swoon, into which she had fallen during the discussion, and laid her upon deck. The pirates immediately set themselves at work to cut the lanyards of the ship's rigging, and having effected it, cast off the fasts that bound the two vessels together, made sail, and were soon out of sight.

'With a bosom torn by a thousand contending emotions, I raised the loved form from her prostrate position, and carrying her into the cabin, placed her upon the cot you saw swinging there. By the aid of a little cold water, she at length revived, and opening her eyes timidly, and staring wildly around for a moment, she hastily closed them again, as if to shut out some object of fear, moaning out at the same time, 'Oh! spare me! — have mercy upon me!' Her lips then became dyed with blood, and I perceived, with anguish, that she had burst a blood-vessel in the lungs. 'They have gone, dearest,' said I, seizing her hand, and covering her cheeks with kisses, as I spoke. 'They are all gone. There is no one with you but myself. Open those dear eyes once more. Look at me — speak to me yet once again.'

'Soothed and encouraged by my words, she opened her eyes, and turning them full upon me, while her countenance beamed with affection, she said:

'I knew *you* would not desert me: but they have murdered my father — my poor dear father!' — and streams of tears rolled down her cheeks, as her mind dwelt upon the scene.

'Be calm,' said I, 'for my sake — for your own, pray be calm. See! there is blood issuing from your mouth; and you but increase its flow by your emotion.'

'I feel that I shall not long survive,' she replied, in a melancholy voice. 'I do not desire to live. Oh! the horrors I have passed through!'

'You will live long, yet,' said I, endeavoring to comfort her: 'I will love you, watch over you, be always near you. Some vessel will fall in with us, and take us on board. We shall once more be happy — you will yet be the wife of one who ——'

'Never!' she cried, earnestly — 'never! Would you marry the polluted being you now see before you? Would it be a proof of affection in me to attach disgrace to you, by accepting so generous a sacrifice? No — it can never be!'

'In a voice gradually weakening, she found words to express her

undiminished affection for me, and to inform me that, broken in spirit by the opposition of her parents to a union with me, and their endeavors to effect a 'match of interest' with her cousin, her health had gradually declined, until a change of air and scene was deemed essential by her physician. To this her affrighted father — having lost his wife a short time before by consumption — readily consented, and with his daughter, took passage for New-Orleans, a few days afterward, in the vessel which met the disastrous fate I have already described.

'While the dying girl was yet speaking, in broken sentences, the masts, which were no longer supported by the rigging, at a deeper roll of the vessel suddenly went by the board, with a tremendous crash. Startled by the noise, she sprang violently up in the cot, while streams of blood gushed from her mouth at the exertion. I used all the remedies that were at hand to stop it, but without effect. She grew weaker every minute, and though at length the discharges became less frequent, her last moment was evidently approaching. 'I am dying!' said she, in a languid voice: 'my eyes are becoming darkened. I shall see you no more! Press my hand — there, there — may heaven bless and preserve you, dear Charles. Oh, my Saviour! receive my spirit!' And having uttered these words, she sunk back — a corpse.

'I cannot describe my feelings at this dreadful bereavement. I tore my hair in agony, and, I believe, raved and blasphemed like a madman. I know little of what passed, from that time until you discovered me; for a settled feeling of despair was brooding over my soul; and I neither sought to preserve my life, nor regarded any thing around me.'

'I was about to offer him some words of sympathy,' continued the clerk, 'when our attention was arrested by the cry of 'Sail ho!' 'Where away?' cried the captain. 'Broad off the lee-beam,' was the reply; and all eyes were turned in that direction. The wind being light, she rapidly neared us; and when her hull became distinctly visible, my friend, who was gazing intently at her through the spy-glass, suddenly exclaimed, as he dropped it from his eye:

'It's the villanous pirate; I know her by the new cloths in her fore-sail.'

'She looks suspicious enough,' said the captain; 'and if she attacks us, we must only defend ourselves to the last gasp; for, by every thing holy! I shall never yield myself up alive to the murderous wretches. Muster the crew aft, Mr. Tompkins,' he continued, addressing the mate.

'The crew were soon assembled on the quarter-deck, when the captain, pointing to the schooner, said:

'Do you see that craft to leeward, my boys? She's a pirate. If we are captured, we shall assuredly be murdered, and if we fight, it's true, we may be killed; but then there exists a strong hope of our being successful in beating her off. Which do you choose? To fight or strike?'

'To fight!' they cried out, with one accord.

'I thought so, my boys,' said he, rubbing his hands with pleasure; 'and depend upon it, I'll stand by you to the last. Give them all a

glass of grog, steward; and then to your guns, my hearties. It's my intention to run the villain down, if possible; and there's a squall rising to windward that may second the attempt. So keep your ears open, and listen attentively for my orders.'

'Our crew went briskly to the guns, and all was ready for action in a short time. Not many minutes had elapsed, when the schooner ranged up under our lee, at some little distance off, and brailed up her fore-sail, as she was forging ahead too rapidly. 'Lay your maintopsail to the mast, and send a boat with your skipper aboard of us!' hailed a tall figure, from her quarter deck.

'See you d — d first!' was the polite retort. 'Blaze away, men!' and at the word, an iron shower burst forth from our lee guns, and swept, hurtling and hissing, over the deck of the pirate, dealing death and destruction in every direction; for the men had loaded the guns nearly to their muzzles with every missile they could lay their hands upon. It was manifest that the reception they had received was wholly unexpected on the part of the pirates; and that our volley had thrown them into complete confusion, as the discharge from their long gun did us no injury, and their fire of musketry was irregularly maintained, and badly aimed. 'Now is your time, my boys!' exclaimed the captain; 'our smoke has blinded their eyes; and here comes the squall. Jump over to windward, some of you, and round in the weather-braces. Hurry, men — hurry! Hard a-weather the helm — for life, hard a-weather! Belay the braces! Forward, men — all of you — and cut down every soul who attempts to board! Show the dogs no mercy!'

'My friend had been leaning, cutlass in hand, against the main rigging, while these scenes were transpiring, eyeing the schooner with a frowning brow, and apparently husbanding his forces for a more favorable opportunity. The squall came rattling down upon us, and the brig, falling off from the wind, in obedience to the helm, and impelled by the increasing blast, darted forward with redoubled speed, like a courser from the spur. The pirate, perceiving our intention, endeavored to haul his fore-sheet aft, but it was too late. Onward we came, with the speed of light — the waters flashing and foaming under our bows, and the masts bending like reeds. With a startling shock, the brig struck the schooner just abaft the fore-shrouds, and cut her down instantly to the waters' edge, while she heeled so far over at the blow, that the sea rushed in torrents down her hatches. Sinking rapidly, and still pressed forward by the brig, her fore mast gave way, and her stern swinging round, she lay for a moment side and side with us. Her horror-stricken crew now endeavored to board, but were all cut down in the attempt, in spite of their craven cries for quarter.

'At this moment, my eyes were turned in search of my friend. He had mounted the rail, and was in the act of springing on board the schooner. I rushed forward to prevent the deed, but arrived, only in time to see him alight full on the shoulders of the pirate-captain, whom he bore down before him to the deck. With looks of the most deadly hate and revenge, they grappled each other. Just then the schooner swung clear of us, and with a heavy plunge went down head foremost, carrying with her both the avenger and his

victim, who, till the waters closed over them, continued their fierce struggles, and sunk at length, locked in each other's arms.'

'Mr. Tackle!' said the officer of the deck, popping his head above the break of the forecastle, 'what! — sitting down in your watch? I am ashamed of you, Sir. I have hailed the forecastle three several times, and yet could get no answer. I really thought all hands forward had tumbled overboard. If this should occur again, I will send you below.'

'Smith,' said Tackle to the look-out, when the officer had gone, 'I thought I told you to keep an eye aft?'

'That 's true, Sir,' replied he, touching his hat, respectfully; 'but I got so taken up by the story of the poor young lady, that I forgot all about it, Sir.'

W. J. P.

# L I N E S

## ON THE WICKEDNESS OF THE NORTH-WEST WIND

Ye temperance societies,  
Who drunkenness eschew,  
Please to indict the north-west wind  
For making people blue!  
Go forth, like David, armed with *slings*,  
Against the tyrant foe,  
That hates your cause, and will not let  
Your darling liquor flow.

Its very name is given that drink  
Of which ye are detesters;  
Tars call their devil's horns' of grog,  
If strong, 'good stiff nor'-westers';  
And from the self-same fact, no doubt,  
When they're with drink half blind,  
It's quite a common thing to say,  
They're 'three sheets in the wind.'

Nor is this all. I heard it once,  
As I did kneel to pray,  
Profanely whistling round a church,  
Upon a Sabbath day!  
Ah! while this 'chartered libertine'  
Pursues his frosty frolics,  
Vain is your puritanic whine —  
Cold throats can't go hydraulics.

But if ye wish mankind to drink  
Nought else but Adam's ale,  
And think that rum their souls will place  
Outside of Mercy's *pale*,  
I'll tell you what 't were best to do —  
Yes, by the beard of Graham!  
Fine 'em whenever they get blue,  
And when they do n't, why pay 'em!

I've done. This short and simple song  
Let none misunderstand;  
I swear by all that 's water-proof,  
I'm with you, throat and hand!  
By rich and poor, by large and small,  
I'm held a temperance trump,  
And always doff my beaver, when  
I chance to pass a pump.

AQUA PUM.



## PEDEOLOGY.

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'FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CÆLUM.'

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To the Editors of the Knickerbocker:

GENTLEMEN: Feeling himself seriously aggrieved, the undersigned takes the liberty of addressing you, and asking justice at your hands.

The important, interesting, and novel science of *Pedeology* was first introduced to the attention of the public about eighteen months ago, by the undersigned, who has since been explaining its principles in different parts of the country, with great success, and to its doctrines he has made innumerable converts. Knowing himself to be the discoverer of this new science, it was with no little surprise that he read in your magazine for February, an article over the signature of 'M. H.,' in which the writer claims to be the original discoverer, and is thus endeavoring to rob the true author of the fame he has been at so much pains to establish.

With much self-satisfaction your correspondent exclaims, 'I too am a discoverer!' But what has he discovered? I answer, that which had been discovered before; a science which had been familiarly explained to wondering thousands, and which had been publicly announced, not only in the newspapers of the west, but in your own city. He must have been aware of these facts, and yet he has the effrontery to announce himself as the discoverer and founder of the science of *pedeology*, in the face of the rightful claims of another. But it has been the fate of genius to be trampled upon by impudence, and impudence has often accomplished what has been denied to modest merit. The undersigned trusts, however, that his countrymen will do him justice, and not permit an empiric to filch from him his laurels, and usurp a title to which he has not the shadow of legitimate claim.

Expanded as is the intellect of man, and powerful as are his reasoning faculties, still he cannot instinctively know all that appertains to the works of nature, or the operations of the mind; he cannot know the mode of action, or the final destination of the immortal part of man. His unassisted reason can comprehend but few things in nature. Hence the Supreme Being has kindly raised up philosophers, in different ages of the world, whose superior genius has enabled them to draw aside the veil which conceals the mysteries of nature, make important discoveries in science, and proclaim principles for the more complete and profound elucidation of the wonderful works of creation, continually presented to their view, and which, without their aid, would be forever concealed from the knowledge of mankind. For such purposes, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and a host of others, appeared in the old world, and Bacon, Newton, Locke, Descartes, La Place, and, though last not least, myself, in modern times. This may sound like egotism to some ears; but egotism is pardonable, when a man is about to be robbed of the honor of a discovery, the result of a long and profound study, and which is destined to affect all future ages. Even to the charge of egotism I may plead justification, on another score — that of following the example of men better known to fame.

Your correspondent, although he claims to be the discoverer of the science of pedeology, is manifestly ignorant of its fundamental principles, or he would never have placed the most important organs on the *heel*. He has shown conclusively, that instead of being at the head of his profession, he is himself at the *heel*. He has probably read some of my former publications, in which I threw out some hints, and he has thus obtained a smattering of the science; but he has been unable to comprehend its extent, or its value in ameliorating the moral condition, and exalting the intellectual character of man. *Pedeology*, gentlemen, is a most noble science, unfolding in its progress most astonishing discoveries, which it would take a volume to display. It is not, like some sciences, limited in its sphere of action, but is capable of embracing every people and every nation; and every rank and profession, grade and order of society, would derive important benefits from its study. It concerns the most important functions of man's nature, and involves considerations connected with his present and future welfare. It concerns the manifestations of his physical powers, as exhibited in the connection of one of the most useful members of the human body with the seat of thought; the development of his intellectual faculties, and his animal propensities and passions—subjects of deep interest to man during his brief sojourn in this 'vale of tears'—all which are explained, according to the sound principles of inductive philosophy. An accurate acquaintance with the principles of this science better fits man for the discharge of his duties to his Creator and to his fellow men, than any other system of philosophy that has been proposed for his consideration, either in ancient or modern times.

The term *pedeology*, as applied to the new science, is compounded of the Latin word *pede*, signifying, in the vulgar tongue, the *feet*, and the Greek word *logos*, a discourse, meaning a discourse on the feet. I am thus particular in explaining the derivation of the word, for the benefit of your unlearned readers, and defy any of the disciples of Horne Tooke, Noah Webster, or the most skilful philologist of the age, to compound a word more expressive. The term *phrenology*, applied to a boasted science of itinerant lecturers and scientific quacks, is not so skilfully compounded, because it is not so expressive. *Phrenology* indicates a discourse on the mind, whereas, according to the aforesaid itinerants, one of the leading objects of the science is to infer the intellectual powers, feelings, and propensities of man, from the bumps on the cranium, which bumps, as can be readily proved, have no connexion whatever with the operations of the mind. Hence, *phrenology* is a misnomer. *Bumpology* would be a term much more applicable. I admit, as has been observed, that there is a remarkable coincidence between my own name and that of the science. It was, in fact, the peculiarity of my name, (for which I am indebted to my ancestors,) that first led me to reflect upon the connection between the feet and the brain, and in my own person I first made the discovery.

It is an ancient doctrine, that the mind and body exert a mutual influence, each upon the other; that they are so closely united, that nothing but death can separate them. Upon this foundation rested the most celebrated systems of ancient philosophy; upon this founda-

tion, also, rest the most approved of modern systems; but others are so ethereal that, fearful of being rendered obnoxious to the charge of materialism, they discard the union of mind and matter. The connection between mind and matter is a fundamental doctrine of the noble science of which I am the originator, for the obvious reason, that mind cannot exist without matter, and matter without mind is but a senseless mass.

Pedeology asserts, and not only asserts, but incontestibly proves, by a series of well-established facts, by analogy, by induction, by anatomical demonstrations, that there is an intimate connection between the brain of man and his feet, and that this connection also exists between the feet and brain of the lower animals, from the mouse to the mammoth, the humming-bird to the condor of Peru: and hence, that in the organs of the feet are clearly displayed the intellectual powers and capabilities, and the prevailing propensities of man, and other animals. I have examined the feet of the humming-bird, and the paw of the lion, and have thus ascertained, beyond question, the truth of the fundamental position I have laid down. In the important particular above alluded to — that is, the connexion between the feet and the brain — pedeology differs from the kindred science of phrenology, which refers every thing to the protuberances on the cranium — a doctrine utterly fallacious and unsound, continually leading to false conclusions. So plainly do the nerves, toes, and joints of the foot, declare the character of man, that he who runs may read. In the true system of pedeology, the *heel* constitutes but a single organ, and that of the lowest grade. It is there the organ of *thrift* is situated, and if 'M. H.' will examine *his own heel*, he will no doubt find a powerful development of the organ.

If I had leisure, I would enter into a full and minute description of the various theories recognised by the science; but I will only remark, that a man's physical as well as mental powers are more certainly indicated by the shape of his feet, than by the conformation of the skull, the form of the nose, or the glance of the eyes. Pedeology is much more certain in its deductions than either phrenology or physiognomy. If Lavater were now living, I am sure he would abandon his favorite doctrines as unsound and unphilosophical, and embrace those of pedeology. I am equally sure, that the comprehensive and discriminating mind of Spurzheim would have admitted their truth, without hesitation.

As my learned rival has said, it is a new science. It has not yet had time to make its way among the learned and the unlearned. It is to be expected that its leading principles will be assailed by would-be philosophers, and would-be wits. Such has been the fate of other sciences and other discoveries. Gallileo was imprisoned by the holy fathers of the inquisition, for maintaining that system of astronomy now universally acknowledged as the true system of the universe. Fulton was ridiculed as a visionary, when he first applied steam to the propulsion of boats against the current of our mighty rivers. But philosophy and genius triumphed over ignorance and prejudice; and the Ohio and Mississippi, the Hudson and the St. Lawrence now proclaim his glory. Thus will it be with pedeology. As its principles and doctrines are more diffused, the learned and the

unlearned will unite in its support. It is a science of facts, not speculations — of philosophical deductions, not visionary theories. Thus supported, it must be successful. '*Magna est veritas et prevalebat.*'

I am, Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

HENRY JAMES PEEDE, P. D.

#### THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

DARK fossil flower! I see thy leaves unrolled,  
 With all their lines of beauty freshly marked,  
 As when the eye of Morn beamed on thee first,  
 And thou first turn'dst to meet its welcome smile.  
 And sometimes in the coals' bright rain-bow hues,  
 I dream I see the colors of thy prime,  
 And for a moment robe thy form again  
 In splendor not its own. Flower of the past!  
 Now as I look on thee, life's echoing tread  
 Falls noiseless on my ear; the present dies;  
 And o'er my soul the thoughts of distant time,  
 In silent waves, like billows from the sea,  
 Come rolling on and on, with ceaseless flow,  
 Innumerable. Thou mayest have sprung unsown  
 Into thy noon of life, when first earth heard  
 Its Maker's sovereign voice; and laughing flowers  
 Waved o'er the meadows, hung on the mountain crags,  
 And nodded in the breeze on every hill.  
 Thou may'st have bloomed unseen, save by the stars  
 That sang together o'er thy rosy birth,  
 And came at eve to watch thy folded rest.  
 None may have sought thee in thy fragrant home,  
 Save light-voiced winds, that round thy dwelling played,  
 Or seemed to sigh, oft as their winged haste  
 Compelled their feet to roam. Thou may'st have lived  
 Beneath the light of later days, when man,  
 With feet free-roving as the homeless wind,  
 Scaled the thick-mantled height, coursed plains unshorn,  
 Breaking the solitude of nature's haunts  
 With voice that seemed to blend, in one sweet strain,  
 The mingled music of the elements.  
 And when against his infant frame they rose,  
 Uncurb'd, unawed by his yet feeble hand,  
 And when the muttering storm, and shouting wave,  
 And rattling thunder, mated, round him raged,  
 And seemed at times like demon foes to gird,  
 Thou may'st have won with gentle look his heart,  
 And stirred the first warm prayer of gratitude,  
 And been his first, his simplest altar-gift.  
 For thee, dark flower! the kindling sun can bring  
 No more the colors that it gave, nor morn,  
 With kindly kiss, restore thy breathing sweets:  
 Yet may the mind's mysterious touch recall  
 The bloom and fragrance of thy early prime:  
 For He who to the lowly lily gave  
 A glory richer than to proudest king,  
 He painted not those darkly-shining leaves,  
 With blues like the dawn, in vain; nor gave  
 To thee its sweetly-scented breath, to waste  
 Upon the barren air. E'en though thou stood  
 Alone in nature's forest-home unfrod,  
 The first-love of the stars and sighing winds,  
 The mineral holds with faithful trust thy form,  
 To wake in human hearts sweet thoughts of love,  
 Now the dark past hangs round thy memory.

## THE KNOT.

BY AN ENGLISH MERCHANT, RESIDENT AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM the time of my arrival in the Russian capital, one of the sights which I was particularly anxious to witness, was that of a criminal undergoing the knout. This gratification, however, is much more difficult to be obtained than a person accustomed to the publicity given to every act connected with the administration of justice in England will easily understand. There, the law wisely considers punishment in the light of aiding in the prevention of crime, by exhibiting, in as awful a manner as possible, the unavoidable and dreadful consequences of convicted guilt, rather than as an act of retribution on the guilty offender. In Russia, it seems nearly the reverse : here, as an example, it is disregarded, and assumes in a great measure the aspect of barbarous and unmeaning revenge. The whole proceedings of the courts of justice are conducted, if not with absolute secrecy, at least without any steps being taken to make their proceedings public. No part of the trial or sentence is ever published ; and when the criminal is at last convicted, (and years, I understand, sometimes elapse before the proceedings terminate,) the punishment takes place, not in the heart of the city, but in a remote corner, and at an hour earlier than even an Old Baily execution.

The brutal punishment of the knout being exclusively confined to Russia, my curiosity was naturally excited to witness it, more especially as very few indeed of my countrymen have had an opportunity of doing so. To gratify this morbid longing after the horrible, I applied to every friend who I thought had the slightest chance of assisting me ; but being acquainted with no one connected with the criminal courts, I feared that all my efforts would be in vain, and that though I were to reside in Russia till the end of my days, I should be baffled in my purpose of beholding a public execution. It is not from all this to be inferred that I am more cruel than my neighbors ; yet in every country in which I have been — and I have visited more in every quarter of the globe than most people can boast of — I have endeavored to be present at *one* execution ; more than one I had no desire to see. Hanging I had seen in my native land, beheading in France and Germany, and the bow-string in China. I saw them while I abhorred them. They were part and parcel of the marvels with which every man is to bring home with him on his return from foreign parts : more than this, they were curious leaves, displaying on their respective pages national pictures — national characteristics. The manners and genius of a nation show themselves not less in their penal inflictions than in other circumstances. The refined and ingenious French destroy criminals upon scientific principles, through the prompt and mechanical agency of the guillotine. The plainer Germans decapitate by means of the sword. The semi-barbarous Turks and Chinese strangle with the bow-string — a disgusting and painful death. The English mode of destruction by means of the cord and the drop, is an improvement on the Turkish fashion — less horrible to look at, and undoubtedly accompanied by less suffering ; but

still, coarse and savage, and not a little characteristic of the rough and stern cast of the national mind. The Russian system of the knout is the worst of all. It is the suggestion of a barbarous age, and would only be submitted to by a slavish and rude people. Such a mode of destroying life would not be tolerated for one day in England, France, Sweden, or any country where freedom and civilization prevail. But to return.

Late one evening, when nearly despairing of success, I received a note from an acquaintance, informing me that a criminal was to be *knouted* on the following morning, at seven o'clock. He mentioned his name, which at present I forget, but it then recalled to mind the circumstances of the case, which I had heard related a few days before; and they were of so atrocious a nature, as to render it impossible for even the most sympathizing heart to have the slightest sympathy with the parricide—for such he really was. His father was a respectable tradesman, occupying a shop in the Gostinnoi Door; a man, from all I could learn, remarkable for sobriety and industry. His son was entirely the reverse, being idle, dissipated, and worthless. One day, having received some well-merited rebuke from his father, he seized a knife, and, in the presence of the whole family, plunged it into the body of the old man, who died upon the spot. He was immediately seized and disarmed, and, after a wonderfully expeditious trial, for Russia, sentenced to the knout. The blows adjudged for infliction amounted to one hundred and one—this number being considered equivalent to a sentence of death. A direct sentence of death is by the law of Russia abolished, except for military and state crimes.

The following morning, accompanied by the friend from whom I received the intimation, I repaired, between six and seven o'clock, to the place of punishment, which is in a field where a horse-market is held, on the banks of the Ligasa canal, rather more than a mile from the Admiralty. The neighborhood of the place exhibited so few of the appearances of an approaching execution, that at first we thought that we had been misinformed; but, on entering the field, the stake planted in its centre, a garrison battalion drawn up on one side, and some scores of people lounging about, showed that our information had been correct. From being so early on the ground, we had a good opportunity of examining the preparations for the execution. They were simple enough. A strong flat stake, and a few mats laid on the ground, formed the whole that were visible. The stake was nearly five feet high, planted very firmly in the ground, and sloping about eight or ten inches off the perpendicular. In thickness it was about four inches, but its breadth was very unequal, being fully two feet at the top, and tapering gradually groundward to the earth, where it was not above eight inches. On the top, it was hollowed out into three semi-circles—the central one being appropriated for the neck, and the two others for the arms of the criminal. Near to the ground, the stake was penetrated by a hole of some two or three inches in diameter, for the reception of a cord wherewith to bind the malefactor's ankles. The mats were spread out on one side of the stake, for the purpose, as I imagined, of making the footing of the executioner as firm as possible.

Exactly at seven o'clock, a bustle among the military attracted our attention; and on looking round, we saw the criminal approaching on foot, guarded by four dismounted gen-d'armes with naked sabres, accompanied by several officers of police, and followed by two executioners — each bearing under his arm a bundle, which we afterward found contained knout thongs. The battalion now formed a hollow square, three deep — the police, executioner, and criminal, being in the centre.

No sooner had the soldiers taken their ground, than a rush ensued among the crowd to secure good situations, and in the scramble I was separated from my friend, whom I did not again see till after the execution. So shoved about was I by the crowd, that at one time I thought I should have missed seeing the ceremony, after all. However, the soldiers saved me from this disappointment, as they politely received me into their ranks, and I was at once placed within a few yards of the criminal, where I had an uninterrupted view of every thing that was going on. Immediately upon the square being formed, the military presented arms, and the crowd uncovered their heads, while the principal officer of police in attendance read the emperor's warrant for the execution. This being done, the criminal was delivered over to the executioners.

Even at this moment, when the prisoner was naturally the chief object of interest, my attention was strongly arrested by the appearance of the principal executioner, so much so, indeed, that I had the curiosity to inquire afterward into his history. His name, if I recollect aright, was Kozloff: he originally belonged to the higher class; but, for cruelties committed upon his peasants, which, I believe, in some cases extended even to the commission of murder, he was degraded and sentenced to the knout. From this he saved himself by volunteering to his present situation. He was, I think, without exception, the coarsest specimen of humanity that I ever beheld. His age seemed to be about fifty: his stature was greatly beyond the average, and in spite of a stoop, must by some inches have exceeded six feet, while his shoulders were immoderately broad, his body large, without corpulency, and his limbs bulky and athletic. A profusion of dark-colored hairs, or rather bristles, enveloped his head: his complexion was of a fierce mahogany tinge, while his huge, uncouth, shapeless features wore an expression in which it was impossible to say whether ferocity or stupidity most predominated. The assistant of this male Gorgon — this ogre in the form of man — was about twenty-two years of age, and the reverse in every respect of his principal. I cannot describe him better than by saying that he formed one of the most favorable specimens of a young Russian peasant I ever met with. He had been originally a postillion in the service of the Grand Duke Michael; but being implicated in a robbery of his imperial highness's baggage, he, like his chief, to save himself from the knout, volunteered to the same execrable service. Both these men are kept constantly in prison, and are only brought out when their revolting task is to be performed. My informant mentioned, at the same time, that Kozloff seemed sunk in misery and despondency, except when he managed to procure the means of intoxication, and then he becomes absolutely furious. Dear must

life be to some men, when a bare subsistence is purchased on such terms !

I must now describe the criminal. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, very full-built, but of low stature, with a countenance of that stolid description which defies all the science of the physiognomist. Though near him, and anxious to read in his features the workings of the mind within, I could neither trace remorse, ferocity, nor fear. He seemed perfectly callous to his situation, and while sentence was being read, he deliberately took off his cap, and prepared himself with perfect coolness for his punishment. Having thrown aside his caftan and shirt, and having nothing on but his trowsers and boots, he approached the stake with a firm step, and was duly fastened to it by the executioners. This done, these functionaries threw off their coats, and got ready the instruments of torture. The knout consists of a handle about a foot long, with a piece of twisted hide of the same length. To this hide is attached, by a loop, a piece of thong prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and an inch broad : it is changed after every six or eight blows, as it is considered unfit for use when it becomes soft.

The principal executioner having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the thong of the knout on the ground, rather behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the middle of the criminal's back, leaving a deep crimson mark of nearly an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waistband of his trowsers. Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a yell of agony, and every fibre of his body seemed in a state of violent and instantaneous contortion. With scarcely any interval, the blow was repeated, followed by the same result—the same frightful yell—the same appalling shudder. The second mark appeared about an inch from, and parallel to, the first : a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed, in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant. The blows from the latter were light when compared with those inflicted by the elder executioner, more so, indeed, than the difference between their size and strength, great as it was, might seem to justify. After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who in the meantime had fitted on a fresh thong, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process of renovation. In this manner did they continue mutually relieving one another ; and, at each relay, adding a new thong, till the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the parricide. About the fiftieth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly. From the first till about the twentieth blow, each was followed by the same scream and convulsions ; from the twentieth till the fiftieth both gradually became weaker ; the latter indeed had degenerated into a sort of shivering. After the fiftieth, both ceased : the criminal's head fell to one side, and though each touch of the knout



brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

The punishment concluded, the chief executioner took some instruments from his bag, and with them marked the malefactor on the forehead, on each cheek, and on the chin. This, I understand, was merely a form typical of branding, which, as well as slitting the nostrils, was always inflicted upon a knouted criminal, until the humanity of the Emperor Alexander prompted him to abolish both practices. The marks are now made with a cold instrument, and are, I believe, easily effaced.

The criminal's back now exhibited a horrid spectacle. It was one mangled, bloated mass, of a deep crimson hue; yet still, mangled as it was, no blood ran from it. A common cart having been drawn into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was fastened to the stake, and, with the assistance of the *gend'armes*, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly upon him, then his caftan, then a mat over all. When removed from the stake, he was quite insensible; so much so, that I did not suppose he would survive till he reached the hospital: but I was mistaken; for upon observing him attentively, after being placed in the cart, I perceived that he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. I could not observe any surgeon attending the execution; nor indeed would it have been of any consequence, as the number of stripes is specified, and, whatever happens, they must be administered.

He was driven off to the prison with the same guards and attendants as at first; the whole affair, from the arrival till the departure of the criminal, not exceeding twenty minutes. What became of him afterward, I could not learn; but I have little doubt that in a few days he died from the fever and mortification that were likely, or rather certain, to follow such severe injury. On the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his punishment. Such is the knout.

#### SIMILES.

##### I.

THERE'S a cloud in the east — 't is like night in its hue,  
But the rifts in its gloom reveal touches of blue;  
So, oft, when the spirit would faint in despair,  
We catch glimpses of hope through the twilight of care.

##### II.

In a desolate spot as gay flower ever grew in,  
I saw a sweet rose leaning over a ruin;  
And I said, 'When long years steal life's freshness away,  
May Love, like that rose, lend a smile to Decay!'

##### III.

The frail water-lily is tossed to and fro  
On the stream, but its roots cling unshaken below;  
Thus the soul rides in safety adversity's wave,  
When its anchor is cast on the 'Mighty to Save.'

## RELIGION.

The mariner, when tempest-driven,  
Upon a dark and stormy sea,  
Lifts up his troubled eye to heaven,  
In hope that there some guide may be.

And if perchance some trembling star  
Shine softly through the gloom of night,  
He hails its radiance from afar —  
Blessing its mild celestial light.

Thus when o'er life's tumultuous surge  
We struggle on, through gloom and care,  
While storms of grief and anguish urge  
Our troubled spirits to despair :

Oh then, in that benighted hour,  
One guide hath God in mercy given,  
Shining with mild, benignant power,  
To light our weary souls to heaven.

RELIGION! — 't is thy holy beam  
That dissipates each cloud of gloom —  
Brightens and cheers life's troubled dream,  
And sheds a halo round the tomb.

Jefferson City, (Va.)

N. B.

## COURTSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN JENKINS: A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.'

A LIP of beauty commands our thoughts on courtship, and our fingers, imbued with the spirit of gallantry, knuckle to her behest. Lady fair! were you ever courted, when your feelings disdained not the wooer, and his devotions wreathed like incense about your heart? I see the assenting smile break like a sunny wavelet on thy lip! Was it not a brilliant season? — a choice day in the month of love? replete with sunshine and sweetness, and an occasional cloud, astray from its native mountains, just to shadow the prospect? Then you believed with Addison, that it was the happiest period in the destiny of mortals. He had experience for his belief, for he was a devout lover; but when the gordian knot was tied, the countenance of his countess became cloudy, and March weather came down upon his heart; 'Oceana' was ruffled by passion's storms and chilling rains; and he who had launched his love, his hopes, his all of happiness, upon her bosom, found that even there, as near Charybdis, where he had fancied serenity and peace, rocks, breakers, and shipwrecks, were to be encountered.

Love, like religion, has many ways of approaching its altar, and various forms for the manifestation of its sentiments. Charity admits that the road to heaven may be reached by going round the prophet's coffin at Mecca, by hanging to the car of Juggernaut, or by straining up a Persian hill, and bending beneath the father of lights.

And thus, the lover's terrestrial paradise, the heart of his mistress, may be reached, by gallant deeds on bloody fields, by genuflexions in the parlor, or by a display of personal fascinations, that captivate by their brilliancy. Let love, the master-passion of man's proper nature, and woman's also, but prove its deep sincerity, and the heart which it addresses, yearning for kindly feelings, must heed the appeal, and dissolve with tenderness.

Fashionable courtship may be considered under two main aspects. The one comes from the heart that acknowledges the potency of woman's charms, and the other rises from the mind which is convinced that woman's purse is the most desirable of all earth's attainments. The former comes from love, the latter from avarice. The one is pure, the other is mercenary: the first is divine, the second is devilish. Before we look particularly at courtship, as it at present exists, it is becoming that we glance at it as it has been.

And first, let us regard courtship as it was in the olden time, before the divine sceptre of Christianity was stretched out over the abominations of heathenism. In those twilight ages of civilization, matrimony was the result of desire in man and compliance in woman. The lovely sex, which since those times has been remarkable for the dread potency of its will, then submitted with the grace that belongs to it, to the tyrannical rule of man. In Babylon, the 'cradle of the sciences' though she was, the notions which prevailed in regard to the rights of woman, were utterly paganish. The father of history informs us, that in that famous city there was wont to be holden an annual fair, at which all the marriageable females were knocked down to the highest bidder. Of course, in those days, when beauty was considered the most valuable of feminine charms, the pretty girls excited a spirited competition among the purchasers. Beauty was a matter of speculation; woman was estimated by her symmetry, and intellectual charms were not worth a groat. The pretty girls were sold, and became slaves to the richest men; but those whom the barbarians thought bore more resemblance to Hecate than to Venus, were disposed of to moneyless men, at the lowest prices! The rich men monopolized all the beauty, and the poor fellows, concluding, like the lady of Wakefield, that 'beauty is that beauty does,' took their cash and their ladies, and went on their way rejoicing. What a profanation of the sacred rites of courtship! Think of it, ye ladies, who, priding yourselves on the charms of the mind, in the absence of those that are visible, are in the habit of bestowing 'mittens' rather than snowy hands on scores of suppliants! Think of it, ye who, like ill-formed ships, richly laden, pursue your courses onward with pride, and spurn and dash aside whole oceans of adulation, which swell before you! Think of it, ye who look unlike Aspasia, if ye had made your appearance on the stage of action ten centuries before the Christian era, you might have stood from day to day in the market-place of Babylon, and found no masters to have accepted you, even when offered portions to do so! Think of the changes that have come over the spirit of the world, and fervently thank the weird sisters, who span your threads of existence in Christian countries, and among gallant men! In this heathenish way was matrimony got up at Babylon; and of course, courtship was unknown.

A lady who happened to have an eye that was not brilliant, a nose that turned up, or a mouth not exactly kissable, was compelled to stand shivering in the shambles for days, casting imploring glances on every genteel-looking fellow who came out that way to see the show, and supply himself with a wife. How mortifying to a delicate damsel, to stand and strain her charms to the utmost, in the forlorn hope of catching a master! And then to see first one and then another of her less lovely companions taken up, while she was passed by, like a sickly chicken! How crucifying to her hopes, and how excruciating to her self-love! Be thankful, girls, that such dismal destiny is not yours; and at the same time, we beseech you, feel no malice against the descendants of those who sinned so shamefully against your prerogatives, and let your angelic smiles convince the erring sex that you can 'forget and forgive.'

There were no door-way divorcements, through which ladies could creep out of conditions that were unlovely, in Babylon, even if their masters should mete out to them never such refinement of cruelty. But the husband had an infallibly-certain resource, in case he caught a Tartar. If, at the expiration of a year, he fancied himself aggrieved by his bargain — if, like Cain, his miseries were greater than he could bear — if a stray rill of bad blood moistened the human nature of his spouse, all he had to do was, to shoulder her, carry her back, like a condemned criminal, to the place from whence she came, sell her to another master, buy himself a better spinster, and thus change his — baggage.

In this way was woman rocked and knocked about in the 'cradle of the sciences.' And her condition was not much more auspicious elsewhere. In Athens and Rome, not long after, although they made pretensions to something less abominable, yet they were far from dealing with woman according to her deserts. In courtships, she dared not do as she pleased with the palm and five fingers of her hand. She dared not fling a sickly-glaring satellite afar, and send it reeling through the never-ending shades of midnight desolation. This, the natural prerogative of charming woman, was a power that Grecian men and Roman knights denied her practically, although in theory it was granted. Courtship was a one-sided business. Haughty man looked his desire, and slavish woman bowed down obsequiously. How was it with the Lesbian dame — the passion-breathing Sappho? She who took the lover's leap, and by drowning, ended the lover's troubles? Suppose a modern Sappho — and thousands now exist — should entreat an extant Phæon? Think ye deafness would fill his ear, and coldness be upon his heart? No: although 'blue-stockings' are an horror and abomination to the men of our day, yet a Sappho's harp will ring its tenderest symphonies on the masculine heart, and like the rock in the wilderness, smitten by the rod of the law-giver, its welling fountains will come forth in purity.

How long did he who saw the spirit-ladder in his vision, as he lay by the road side, serve the trickish Laban for the light-lipped Rachael? She smiled upon him at the well; but as she was the chattel of her father, her smile alone could not make her suitor Jacob happy. For years he served her father, and thus he bought, not courted, her. Among the Ishmaelites of the desert, the same kind

of traffic is carried on to this day. Many a sighing swain, smitten by the smiles of some sweet spinster, works out his salvation from the horrors of celibacy, before his father-in-law, with fear and trembling. This state of things shows that man will do any thing to win woman, and it also shows, that woman is not free to kiss the winds as she pleases, and is very far from enjoying that privilege of choosing her own lord, to which she is of right entitled. When Paris stole Helen from her liege Menelaus, the Greeks sieged Ilium ten long years on account of the theft ; and yet Helen, Andromache, nor none of the rest of the beauties, dared to treat men as ladies do in the era now upon us. In Germany, the sex was not so abominably abused ; but every where else, the inferiority of woman was considered unquestionable, and courtship necessarily could have no proper existence.

Courtship cannot be properly appreciated and conducted, where the sexes are held to be unequal. Where the will of woman is shackled, her inclinations are disregarded, and her affections are not suffered to flow as they list. This freedom is essential to the highest class of courtships. We acknowledge all the rights of woman, as Christians ought to, and here her step is queenly, and her smile priceless. She can now be coquettish ; and if that *terra incognita* of antiquity, the beautiful fabric of the female skull, were examined by a skilful phrenologist, he would discover that a new organ, that of coquetry, had lifted itself up since the reformation, as islands have heaved themselves above surrounding surges, within the same period.

In these latter days, ladies not only exercise the natural right to smile on whom they please, but they have the privilege of wounding whomsoever they list, with the fatal archery of their charms ; and such is the gallantry of the times, that, although man has the exclusive enactment of laws, he has framed none for the punishment of those potent fair ones, who send their unrequited lovers broken-hearted to the grave ! Coquetry results naturally from these relations of the sexes. In the ante-christian ages, it can scarce be said to have had a ' local habitation and a name ' on earth. It originated about the time that the Crusades kicked up such a dust on the surface of this, the most abused of all planets. Then, when men got mad and raved, and swore that female beauty was the most magical thing beneath the stars, woman began to exercise an undisputed authority over the sex called masculine. Beauty was throned in the supremacy of despotism, and the heart of man was the field on which its tyranny was exerted. A pretty woman, in a chivalrous age, is the completest and most exquisite tyrant, before whose mandates human hopes and fears ever rose or fell. The tyranny of civil government relinquishes its power before the inroads of radicalism ; the tyranny of superstition relaxes the energy of its icy grasp on man's spirit, as the warming rays of genuine religion fall upon it ; but the tyranny of beauty, more potent than either, clings to its victim till fear is lost in death, and hope triumphs in immortality. The enchaining spell of woman is the only thing which has had exemption from the ravages of decay, and which has defied the gnawings of the iron tooth of time. Older than the pyramids, it is still fresh in its youth ; and

unnumbered ages after they shall have been mingled with the dust of the desert, it shall hold its carnival in the heart of man, and celebrate its triumphs in his sighs, and tears, and bleeding affections!

While knight-errantry was at its height, woman's visible power was at its acmé. Then, love-stricken knights bestrode their chargers, and looking up at the stars of evening, swore the eyes of their mistresses shamed Golconda's gems, and wore a lustre far brighter than ever met the gaze of lunatic or lover, in the firmament on high. The sexes were unequal, and courtship was shorn of its dignity. Every woman was a queen, and men were suppliants for the smiles of haughty and fair-browed tyrants. It was woman's province to command, and man's to obey—that is, until the link irrevocable was wrought in their twin destinies. And after that consummation, oh! what a change was there, my countrywomen! Woman left the imperial chair—the purple gradually fell from her graceful shoulders—the sceptre departed from the grasp of her little hand—and the career of the lioness of hearts was curbed forever! The suppliant lover became the imperious lord; the tiger expelled the lamb-like from his nature; and the masculine gender tyrannized over the domestic domain.

Not thus is it in the present age. Never was there a period to which the old saying, the 'gray mare is the better horse,' was more applicable. Woman is mistress, both before and after the vow to obey at the altar. Heavy charges against the present age, for its derelictions in matters of gallantry, have, we know, been made by those whose words were weighty. Burke poured forth a jeremiad over the grave of buried chivalry. The body is dead, but the spirit is with us. Were the age of chivalry gone, would heroes risk their lives, and stand up at only ten paces distance, living targets, to be shot down by rivals who, not content with taking away their sweet-hearts, must take away their lives, also? Were the age of chivalry gone, would poets sigh, and whine, commit suicide, take up their abodes in lunatic asylums, and die of broken hearts—and all for love? We wot they would not! Then Charles Lamb, the gentle, the tender, the pathetic Elia, says, that so long as women are hanged, he will be hanged if he will believe in the swagger about modern gallantry. It must be confessed, that to behold a multitude of men engaged in the graceless business of hanging a woman, is not a spectacle remarkable for its refinement of gallantry; but then, if Lamb had looked among the crowd beneath the scaffold, he might have seen even boorish men resign without a sigh the most eligible situations to curious-eyed woman! Oh no! The age of chivalry is *not* gone; and although woman occasionally may hang, yet is her retribution ample; for who among us does she not suspend between a smile and tear, or hang high in air, midway betwixt hope and fear, until our sensibilities are stretched in agonizing tension?

Former times cannot parallel the present in the longevity of its courtships. Many a lover besieges the flint-walled heart of his mistress for a period greater than the Greeks required to siege and sack Ilium. Right frequent are courtships that run the length of a mortal generation, performed by modern epicures in love. Just think of it a moment, brother bachelor! You fall in love with some lady to

night, quite accidentally, and to-morrow, you commence a courtship, the purpose of which is to nullify the robbery perpetrated by her roguish eyes on your affections, by taking hers in exchange. Day after day, and year after year, you toil and dally on, now cheered by a rosy smile that falls on your heart as sweetly as the dew of Hermon, and now saddened by a frown black as Erebus. Thus alternating, like a pendulum, between sunshine and shadow, you keep time as regularly as a town-clock, until your hair is streaked with gray, the twilight of old age. In May, twenty years after date, you promise to pay to the blushing damsel, girt with satin and rainbowed with ribbons, at your side, at the altar, on demand, any amount of love and attentions that her happiness may require. Would you not take the blessed smile that breaks upon her lips, when she promises to 'love, honor and obey' you, as an ample recompense for all the fears and troubles you have suffered through the long campaign, the stout probation of twenty years of courtship? Twenty years are rather too long for the impatience of a warm-blooded lover; but better thus, than an extemporaneous wedding, after three days of eager wooing. Six calendar months may be well employed in courtship; and this is short enough; for who that plucks a blushing flower roughly from its parent stem, or enters the land of promise with a stranger, can properly appreciate the bloom of the one, or the delights of the other? Anticipation of pleasure is sweet, but never more so, than when love's honey mingles with it.

A man should not be too cowardly nor too slow in his courtships. The Bonapartean system of warfare may be used advantageously. Concentrate the forces of your charms on the enemy's weakest points, and depend upon it, her human nature can not resist you long. The ladies make use of the Parthian tactics. As the foe approaches, they fall back, meanwhile keeping up a brisk fire with the missiles which they, the world over, use so skilfully. Glances brilliant as flashing steel — smiles that are daggers to man's affections — blushes, that glow like the evening's purple on the far-off cloud — thoughts and words that mean more than they express — all fall on the attacking party with an influence fatal to bachelorism.

The fashionable system may be illustrated as follows. A gentleman, whiskered, and scowling, and looking as fierce as belligerent Mars, encounters a lady whose smile is perfectly bewitching. This is a lure, and a signal of warfare. Mars approaches Venus, and she, reflecting a portion of his own fiery redness, blushes, and effects a transit to some other place in illimitable space. He pursues her with the most indefatigable vigor. Scenes of dramatic interest soon transpire. They meet most fortuitously on all occasions; at parties they glance with savage fierceness at each other; he strives to persuade her that he is earnest and sincere, while she hops from him like a crippled sparrow, at times turning round and smiling, after the manner of the immortals, upon him. They strive to avoid each other; but the fates have decreed their union, and accidents bring them together. The gentleman bristles up and declares himself, and the lady puts her hand in her pocket, and signifies to him that she has better use for it. He snatches courage from despair, and recommences his suit, with an ardor all-defying. She flies away on easy wing awhile, until, satisfied or fatigued with her long-sustained flight,

she comes fluttering to earth at last. The game is his. They wed. Their romance is a tale of the past. Their poetry is gone. They are soon numbered among the prose articles in the great periodical of human existence !

Go on lovers, and know the bliss of courtship ! If your love is mutual, your pleasure will be elysian. Your barques are floating on the surface of a sunny sea, fragrant winds fill your sails, and breathe in music over the flashing waters. Far before, your cynosure, the star of hope, is gleaming forth its twinkling radiance. Let discretion be your helmsman, and after a blissful voyage, you shall enter the haven of love, on the shore of that rosy sea. What though the undulating wave may conjure up dark fears before you ? It will but break the tedium of the passage : and when your dangers are over, your joys will be more brilliant in proportion to the depth of the shadows in the back-ground of the past. S.

#### THE MAID OF INTERLACHEN.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN 'REMINISCENCES OF THE RHINE.'

'T is sunset on Brientz's lake —  
The last rays brightly glowing  
On Alpine height and hamlet low —  
And the breeze is gently blowing.

Down by the very water's edge  
Is seen the peasant's dwelling ;  
At eve and morn, he sleeps and wakes,  
To the sound of the water's swelling.

A boat ! — the rippling waters bear  
Not a few at this sweet time ;  
But this is a ferry-boat — and now  
The oars are nearer heard to chime.

And who is plying them ? A maid,  
With a quick and graceful stroke ;  
And her cheek is red, and her eye is bright,  
And many a heart has it broke.

And who is with her in the boat ?  
A passenger — a student — bound,  
With eager haste and a longing heart,  
To unseen and romantic ground.

And ever as they nearer come,  
The maiden's voice is heard,  
With mingled tones of a silver flute,  
Like the warbling of a bird.

The songs of her mountain-land she sings,  
With a melody all untaught ;  
And a mingling of harmonies, from skies  
And her own blue waters caught.

And her heart was as light as the song  
She pour'd in his raptur'd ear,  
And the boatmen who pass'd would rest their oars,  
Her gushing notes to hear.



The shore is gain'd, and the song is hush'd,  
But the passenger lingers still ;  
Ah, maiden ! a whisper is in thine ear,  
That can bode thee nought but ill.

For what hath a student to do with love,  
And why will he think of thee,  
When over the Alps, to his distant home,  
He is wandering far and free ?

'But, maiden,' said he, and he looked in her eyes,  
(His own had a radiant light,)  
'Thy voice is untaught, and here is gold  
To teach it a bolder flight.

'Seek from the skill'd thy voice to tune  
By the rules of a studied art,  
And the Switzer maidens shall envy thee  
Thy power to melt the heart.'

His silver flute is hid in his breast,  
His careless 'Farewell !' is utter'd ;  
But the maiden sits still, and blushes to feel  
That her quiet bosom is flutter'd.

She follows the youth with a thoughtful eye,  
And sighs from the depths of her heart,  
As he turns in the path — he is gone from her sight —  
She must bend to her task, and depart.

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And now two years have come and gone :  
To lovely Interlachen's shore  
A stranger comes, with a radiant eye,  
An eye we have seen before.

That lovely shore it knows again,  
And the Alps in the distance seen ;  
And the waters are glowing as once they glow'd,  
And kissing their islets green.

'It is the same enchanting spot ;  
But a charm is gone — there is something yet  
Which the heart demands : the singing girls —  
Where are *they*, with their hair of jet ?

'There are maidens here, and bright ones too,  
On our fair and sunny waters ;  
But hushed is the voice, and still'd the song,  
Of the fairest of our daughters !'

'Or only in plaintive sadness heard,  
As she sits at the sunset hour,  
With tearful eyes, and a pallid cheek,  
In the shade of her lonely bower.'

A flush comes over the stranger's brow,  
As he lists to the maiden's fate ;  
His eye flashes bright, with a sudden thought,  
And a conscience awaken'd too late.

The sunset has faded in twilight away,  
But the rowers are gliding about,  
And bursts of mirth, and the '*Hens de Vache*,'  
From cottage and hill-side ring out.

But it is not to sights or sounds of joy,  
That the stranger's step is bent;  
For his memory tells him of careless words,  
That wrought ill where none was meant.

With an eager foot, though a trembling heart,  
To the maiden's bower he flies;  
She is warbling yet her evening plaint,  
And her voice is broken with sighs.

## I.

Ah! why is the breath of praise so sweet,  
That we know not the flatterer's wiles?  
And why does the heart so recklessly  
Exchange for tears its smiles?  
Tears that young eyes should never know,  
Tears that like mine for ever, ever flow!

## II.

'Ah! why is tenderness so dear,  
That to its looks and words we cling,  
Forgetting that this bird of Eden's bowers  
Upon the earth ne'er rests her wing,  
But makes her dwelling in the heavens above,  
Where only may we find a true and perfect love?

## III.

'My heart is weaned from its earthly hope;  
My path is sad and lone;  
The lightning-flash that gleam'd it o'er,  
Bewildered — and is gone!  
My voice, the source of joy, alas! too brief,  
No longer echoes aught but sighs of grief!

As the song of the maiden dies away,  
By tears of anguish still'd,  
With the soft-breathed tones of a silver flute  
The listening air is filled.

That silver flute! The maiden starts,  
And a single shriek she utters;  
An instant more, a voice is near,  
Its thrilling sound is in her ear,  
And a prayer for pardon mutters!

Is the prayer rejected — the suit disdained?  
The pleadings of love — are they vain?  
Has the student no lore, has his voice no skill,  
To bring back lost smiles again?

We know not: but now at the sunset hour,  
The maiden's song is heard,  
With mingled tones of a silver flute,  
Like the warbling of a bird.

And when you pass Brientz's lake,  
You may see by the water's edge  
A vine-covered chalet, and close by the door  
A ferry-boat moored in the sedge.

And a stronger arm than that of yore  
Pulls over the waters bright —  
But the self-same smile is by his side,  
And the self-same eyes so bright.

E.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF 'AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

## NUMBER TWO.

## THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER:

OR

## THE ABUSE OF MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

It was during a summer vacation, that a mother and her two sons were seen taking an afternoon walk, on the shaded side of one of our most fashionable promenades. She looked proud and happy, for her boys, after a year's separation from their home, had returned very much grown, and much improved, both in person and in manners. Though naturally different in their minds and dispositions, yet they were both at that period of existence when plastic emotions are indurating into principles, and when the impress of *character* is about becoming fixed for life.

It was enough to make a mother's heart throb with joy and pride to look on two such sons. They were springing into manhood in vigor and beauty, and the growing strength of their intellectual energies gave a token of future eminence and success, in any path of life to which their footsteps might be directed. The mind of Edward Vernon was thoughtful and deliberative. He was a student both of men and of books; and with him, opinions and actions were always tested by their results and their motives. The steady intellectual gaze of his dark gray eye showed that he could look beyond the surface of things, and that he never would be in danger of mistaking mere glitter for gold. His younger brother, Charles, was acute and ready-witted, and the knowledge he possessed seemed more the result of intuition than of reflection or acquirement. His quick and elastic step, and his flashing, restless eye, evinced a mind always on the *qui vive*, and an active spirit, that would make the best of every situation in which he might be placed. He was easily deceived by sophistry, or specious appearances, and his promptness of action as effectually precluded reflection, as his natural disposition was averse to it. Yet in him quickness of observation seemed to supply the want of cool judgment, or prudent foresight; and with the generality of persons he was considered as superior in intellect to his elder brother.

Mrs. Vernon's maternal feelings were gratified by the fine forms and manly appearance of her two noble boys, but of their minds and dawning characters she knew but little. They were comparatively strangers to her, having spent but a few weeks in each year with her, since they were old enough to be sent from home. Charles was her favorite, for she thought he possessed more spirit and activity than Edward. It was for him that she pictured the future with glowing scenes of magnificence and grandeur. It was he who was to be the princely merchant, whose returning ships were to be heavily freighted with the manufactures and productions of Europe and Asia; or the rich southern planter, living in regal dignity among his slaves, with an annual income far exceeding the accumulated gains of a life-time

in less favored climes. She saw that Edward was a student, and she knew that it was to Charles alone she must look for that elevation in society to which her exertions and her hopes had so long been aspiring.

During the course of their afternoon ramble, they came to a recently erected dwelling, whose architectural beauty and splendid internal decorations had been an engrossing subject of conversation among the fashionable circles. It belonged to a man who had risen rapidly both in wealth and in standing, and whose family had become a reigning one, in the *beau monde*. Mrs. Vernon pointed out to her sons the novel attractions of the lofty mansion, and repeated, with admiration, the glowing description of its satin-damask hangings — its gold and ebony furniture — its costly chandeliers, and of the dinner and tea service of silver and of gold. She showed them the emblazoned carriage standing before the door, with its liveried driver and footman, and the four proud steeds that stood pawing the ground, and with curved necks, champing their bits, as if they were impatient to bound onward to the fashionable drive, that they might exhibit their glittering accoutrements among their gaily caparisoned fellows. After having tried to impress her boys with a deep sense of all this magnificence, and having spoken of it as a glorious elevation, worthy the exertion of every faculty and energy of mind and soul, she thus held out the hopes of its attainment.

‘And yet, my sons, Mr. Delville was standing behind the counter of a petty grocery, when your father was an importer. Oh, if your father had possessed but half the *enterprise* and *ambition* of this man, how different would our situation in life have been!’

Charles’ eye sparkled with the proud thought of living in the midst of such splendor as was then displayed before him, but Edward very calmly replied: ‘But, mother, father is an honest man, and I have heard it said that Mr. Delville owes his present prosperity to means neither honorable nor honest.’

Mrs. Vernon quickly replied: ‘That happened so many years ago, that no one thinks of it now. People in society do not trouble themselves about such things. He is more sought after, and stands higher, than your father, with all his honesty. And even ‘on ‘change,’ he is one of the most popular and influential men; for as his note needs no endorser, merchants bow down to him too, in despite of all the old stories that are raked up against him. Your father is a good man, but he carries his notions of honesty to a ridiculous extent. He has no *contrivance*, or *management*, in his business, and without these, no one can expect to make a fortune. He goes straight forward, but there are little turnings and twistings, that every body must learn to practise, or else they will never rise in the world.’

After their return home, they found Mr. Vernon seated in his favorite chair, abstractedly going over in his mind the various items of his cash-book and ledger. Mr. Vernon was a merchant of the old school, now nearly extinct. He was for gains, slow but sure, and would as soon have staked one half his fortune at the faro-table, as to have risked a few hundreds in a modern speculation. He seemed to carry on his business not so much for the profit it brought

him, as for the interest he took in it. It was as delightful to him as a game of chess to a scientific player. He calculated his own moves and the moves of those with whom he was engaged, with so much deliberation and sagacity, that he could almost foretell the issue of every commercial transaction. He belonged to the obsolete class of Franklin economists, whose maxims were, that 'a penny saved is worth more than a penny earned;' that the surest art of money-getting is money-saving; and he looked upon the present race of mercantile speculators with as much pity and contempt as he did upon a lottery-adventurer, who throws away three or four hundred dollars for the bare chance of winning one prize among a thousand blanks.

Mr. Vernon had always shown an invincible aversion to the encroachments of modern style, much to the annoyance and vexation of his wife. He obstinately adhered to Franklin stoves, high-backed mahogany chairs, and Turkey carpets. Mrs. Vernon, finding there was no immediate hope of introducing fashionable furniture into her parlors, endeavored to give them as modern an air as she could, by decorating her oval card-table with all the *bijouterie* of the pier and centre-table — the wonderful creations of French confectionary, tiny candlesticks, with colored tapers, fanciful ink-stands, never to be desecrated by ink — little glass images of cupids and dogs — one or two china cups and saucers, etc., — those curious and beautiful specimens of the *fine arts*, which fashionable ladies are so fond of collecting. Mr. Vernon would overlook these for a while, but when any of his little nieces came to spend a few days in town, he would take them to the tables, and tell them there was a fine lot of toys, they might have, to furnish their baby-house, when they went home. Though Mr. Vernon thus often ridiculed his wife's folly, and restricted her extravagance within prescribed limits, yet he was a kind and indulgent husband, in gratifying her every reasonable wish, and in many respects permitted her to have too much of her own will. Like many men, devoted to business, he left the whole control and guidance of their children to her care and management. She selected their schools, directed them in the choice of their associates, and tried to mould their tastes and opinions to her own. Her husband thought he performed his part, if he gave them money to purchase their books, and paid their school-bills as soon as they were presented. Mrs. Vernon had all the fashionable predilection for boarding-schools, and as soon as her two sons and her only daughter had passed the tender years of infancy, they were successively exported to the academies patronized by the first circles. To her morning visitors she would lament their separation from her, and would add, with all the heroic self-sacrifice of a Spartan mother, that she was willing to give up her own feelings for their advantage. The Hindoo mother stifles her maternal emotions, and throws her babe into the waters of the Ganges, that she may gain the favor of her god, and secure the eternal happiness of her infant; but the fashionable mother casts her child from the sanctuary of home and its affections, to the cold and rigid government of strangers, that it may be prepared to 'strut its hour' upon the world's theatre.

Mr. Vernon, though naturally silent and reserved, was an affec-

tionate father. The absence of his dear boys was painfully felt; but when his darling Alice was sent away from him, he thought it was too hard for him to bear. He remonstrated with his wife, but finally gave a forced submission to her arguments, and devoted himself more assiduously than ever to his business. He often sighed, when he returned to his silent and solitary dwelling, after his day's sojourn in his counting-room. The glad voices of his beautiful boys, the sweet tones of his loving Alice, as she uttered her delight at seeing him, and shaking back her sunny brown curls, came with bounding steps to meet him, those charms that made his home so attractive, were now all riven away, and there was nothing left to wean him from the life-wearing intensity of his devotion to business. The return of his children, at their periodical vacations, was to him a season of rare and highly-prized enjoyment. He was proud of his boys, and felt happy to see them around him; but when he folded his loved Alice to his heart, and held her little hand in his, he almost forgot that he was a merchant.

Mr. Vernon was very much gratified by the evident improvement of his sons, and by their manly appearance; and on their present visit, he took as much pleasure in introducing them to his mercantile friends, as his wife did in exhibiting them to her fashionable ones. When Edward and Charles returned from their walk, and entered the room with their mother, Mr. Vernon roused from his abstraction, and affectionately grasped the hand of each. Then turning to his wife, he said: 'My dear, your boarding-school system has, I acknowledge, been of service to our boys, for it is probable they would not have been as noble and manly-looking fellows as they now are, if they had been all this time tied to your apron-string, or had had a mother to run to in every difficulty. But I am afraid its effects will not be as favorable upon Alice; for I fancied I saw two or three fashionable affectations about her, when she was last at home. God forbid, that my artless, warm-hearted Alice should ever be turned into a modern 'fine lady!' If I thought there was any probability of her becoming corrupted into that artificial, senseless automaton, I would immediately take her from her boarding-school, and send her to rusticate among her cousins, that she might be herself again. It would almost break my heart to see her a fashionable woman.'

'You must recollect, Mr. Vernon,' replied his wife, 'that Alice is no longer a mere child. It is time that her manners should begin to be formed. She is almost twelve years of age. Mrs. Davenant pays more attention to the manners of her pupils than to any thing else, and it was for that reason, that I gave her school the preference. The young ladies under her tuition are always admired for their finished elegance of demeanor. She is so successful in her training, that she can make all equally polished and graceful; and every one who has been her scholar, is remarked in society as having been one of Mrs. Davenant's pupils. An awkward, blushing school-girl is never found in her little band; and even the youngest among them have as much ease as if they had been in company for years.'

'Very desirable, certainly!—to be known as a member of the Davenant corps. She must be a fine-drill-sergeant—and what a rare captain she would make! 'Young ladies, attention! Heads

up! — toes out! — keep a bold face! — make a curtsy — one, two, three! — down! — up! Pay particular attention to the following order: You must all stand, walk, sit, and enter a room, in precisely the same mode, according to the instructions given you. It makes no difference what are your natural dispositions, minds, or characters; you must learn to curb these, and must think, feel, speak, and act, by the prescribed rules laid down for all situations and circumstances.' But a truce with jesting. I tell you what, wife, if Alice is to undergo such a Procrustean mode of operation, as to be made exactly similar to every other young lady in the school, it can only be done by making her assume a character that does not belong to her. So, she shall leave Mrs. Davenant: on that I'm resolved. I will take the boys with me to-morrow, and bring her home.'

Mrs. Vernon acquiesced, with seeming willingness; but she implicitly trusted that the next morning's visit to his counting-room would obliterate all remembrance of his objections to Mrs. Davenant, and his hasty resolution to bring Alice home. And with the intention of diverting his thoughts from the subject, she said: 'Edward and Charles are almost young men, both in height and appearance. What do you intend to make of them?'

'I have not thought much about it. It will be time enough when they leave college.'

'But, Mr. Vernon, as I suppose you intend them for men of business, it will be a waste of their most enterprising and energetic years, to permit them to remain until they are old enough to graduate. It will destroy every thing like business habits, and make them mere sedentary book-worms.'

'I will leave it to them,' said the father. 'Come, boys, tell me what you intend to be?'

Charles immediately answered: 'I will be a merchant. I am almost tired of the monotony of a college life, already, and think it will soon be time for me to come out upon a busier scene, and a wider sphere of action.'

'That is well said, my son,' exclaimed Mrs. Vernon: 'you have made a good choice, and I hope you may be as successful and as prosperous as Mr. Delville.' A frown passed over Mr. Vernon's face, but he made no comment on his wife's remark, and turning to Edward, said: 'My son, what will *your* choice be?' Edward replied: 'With your approbation, father, I would prefer one of the two professions, law or medicine; but I have not thought sufficiently on the subject to give a decision at present.'

'I would rather that you had chosen as Charles did,' said his father; 'but in this, your own inclinations shall be consulted. You must recollect, however, that even with the finest talents, the members of these two professions must pass through many years of obscurity and difficulty, before they can get into full practice, and also that perhaps two-thirds of their number never succeed. While, on the other hand, the man of business can get into credit and custom at once, and every merchant has the opportunity of attaining wealth. If he does not do so, it is not for want of patronage, but from his own rashness or inefficiency.'

'But, Mr. Vernon,' said his wife, 'I think you do wrong in thus

giving up to Edward's whims. He is too young to judge for himself, and I would prepare him for that occupation which you prefer, and not suffer him to consult his own wishes alone.'

'My dear wife,' he replied, 'I have seen the evil effects of opposing a young man's inclination in the choice of a profession in my father's family, and I then determined never to commit a similar error, if I ever should have sons. Gold, silver, and copper, can be easily fused, and coined into money, but wood and marble would soon be destroyed by the attempt to put them to the same use.'

'Well, if he is permitted to choose a profession, I hope it will be that of law, for it affords a pretty fair opportunity of amassing a fortune, while that of the physician rarely or never does. A lawyer of established reputation may get his thousands for a single case, while the doctor makes his money by fifty cents or a dollar a visit. The lawyer is waited upon at his office, and his client does not expect him to put himself to any inconvenience on his account; while the physician is always expected to be an obsequious slave to the caprices of the rich, and to submit without complaining to the impositions of the poor. I do wonder that so many should choose this as a profession, since there is so much labor required, and so little wealth to be gained by it.'

'If the desire of gain were the ruling motive of every man, my dear mother,' said Edward, 'the profession of medicine would soon be extinct. But there are other reasons for choosing a profession, than for the facility it affords of amassing wealth — reasons that do honor to the mind and the heart. It is the desire of expatiating in the boundless fields of knowledge to which it opens — the anxiety to alleviate human suffering, by searching into its causes, that the proper remedies may be applied, and the thirst to know all that can be known of the mysterious formation of the body, 'so fearfully and wonderfully made' — it is *these* that have sufficient attraction to induce men to forego the lustre of wealth, and the 'pride of place,' and to walk humbly and contentedly in the valley-paths of usefulness and benevolence.'

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It was a cold winter evening; but in the drawing-room of Mr. Vernon every thing wore the aspect of luxurious comfort. A bright coal fire was glowing in the polished steel grate, and the brilliantly-lighted chandelier brought into distinct relief the rich and heavy folds of the crimson hangings, and the graceful forms of the damask-cushioned chairs, while its own image was reflected in the wide and lofty mirrors. Mrs. Vernon was reclining upon an ottoman, gaily and expensively attired, and holding an open letter in her hand. On the opposite side of the fire sat Mr. Vernon, in a chair that seemed to have been fashioned after his favorite one of former days, but made of materials rich and costly, as if to hide the homeliness of its obsolete form. He was very much changed in the last few years, for his sedentary life and slavish and unremitted attention to business, had brought on premature age, with its infirmities — feeble health and weakened energies. As long as he could, he kept a firm barrier against the encroachment of fashion and style; but when Alice added



her entreaties to his wife's undermining, he found his failing strength of mind unequal to the struggle, and finally gave way to the tide. After Mrs. Vernon had finished reading the letter, she said to her husband :

'I think this ought to be sufficient to convince Edward that Charles has made the wiser choice, and to induce him to remove to the south, as I have so often urged him. Ninety thousand dollars made in one land speculation ! — and this in addition to the princely annual income from his plantation ! Charles is indeed a fine, ambitious fellow. I foresaw, from his childhood, that he would be the enterprising man of business, while Edward would not have spirit or activity enough to lose sight of the smoke of his father's chimney. Look at the difference between them now ! Charles is the proprietor of a town, has one or two banks under his control, and is one of the most influential men in his state. His name is every where spoken of, for his magnificent projections, his numerous improvements, his unbounded liberality, and his immense wealth. But who has ever heard of Edward, out of his own limited circle of acquaintance ? I did hope, when I insisted on his choosing law instead of medicine, since he had fixed his choice on a profession, that by this time he would have obtained a practice worth at least a thousand dollars a year. But he can scarcely make enough to pay his office-rent. This, however, is in some degree his own fault ; for a fellow-student of his told me that Edward was too conscientious. He said that, to a young lawyer, a conscience was rather a troublesome appendage, which should be dismissed as soon as possible, although it might be of advantage to recall it, when one became rich enough to afford it. Edward is too scrupulous, I know ; but he would have been obliged to give up his notions of honor and honesty, if he had had no one to apply to, when he was in want of funds. And I think it will be a good plan to force him into fortune, by insisting on his going to the south-west. You know that Charles has again and again said in his letters, that if Edward could only be induced to go, he would not only realize a handsome fortune in two or three years, but might become a judge, a member of congress, or any thing to which his ambition might lead him to aspire. And if you tell him that you cannot think of assisting him any longer — that he must go where he can meet with more speedy success — I think this will have the desired effect, as I said before, of forcing him into good fortune. He will not make use of those means by which he could gain practice even here. I wished him to go into society, and to cultivate the acquaintance of the wealthiest and most fashionable families, that he might gain their patronage ; but he says he has not time to spare from his studies. He is constantly poring over his books, and what has he gained by it ? As a last resort, I have tried to persuade him to secure a fortune by marriage ; but even this seems to be contrary to his fastidious principles. I was very anxious for him to attend Alice this evening, for Mr. Conrad's daughter will be quite an heiress, and I thought it possible that he might be fascinated, for she is strikingly beautiful.'

'Poor Alice !' said Mr. Vernon ; it is a cold night for her to be out — and she was dressed so thinly, too : she would not wear her cloak, for fear of disarranging her dress. I hope Mrs. Delville's

carriage is well cushioned, so as to exclude the cold air. The wind whistles bleak and shrill ; it must be a dreadful night upon our coasts. I am glad that I have no vessels now. This reconciles me to the thought of having sold them. If I had not done so, I should not have been able to sleep to-night. What a wild blast that was that just passed by ! It rushed by the window as if it would shiver every pane. Why, my dear, did you let Alice go ?

‘At first, I did not intend she should, as I was not well enough to attend her ; but Mrs. Delville insisted on it, and kindly offered to be her *chaperone*. She told me that Mr. Linton would be there, and as Alice has made quite an impression on him, I was fearful that her absence might weaken it. He would also have been left fair game for the many nets that are spread for him, both by mothers and daughters. But I think that Alice will secure him, and she may be Mrs. Linton, if she wishes, before many months have passed.’

‘Surely, wife, you are not serious ?’ said Mr. Vernon. Mr. Linton the husband of Alice ! He is two years my senior, although he is a much younger-looking man. The child could not love him. The idea is unreasonable — absurd !’

Perhaps she might not feel for him any of that silly emotion that very young gentlemen and ladies call *love* — but what is far more rational, she would have a deference and esteem for his character and standing, as a man of wealth and influence. It will be a very advantageous match for Alice, in every respect. As Mrs. Frederick Linton, she will at once take her place among the very *élite* of society, and she will live magnificently, I am sure, for Mr. Linton will indulge her in every thing, and will surround her with as much splendor as a peeress could desire.’

‘But will she be happy ?’ asked Mr. Vernon, ‘and can she love him ?’

‘Certainly,’ replied his wife ; ‘every woman loves her husband, when he is indulgent to her, and gratifies her in every wish. She cannot help being happy, if she is surrounded by all the elegancies and comforts of life. I do not know a happier married woman than the beautiful Mrs. Selwyn. You know Mr. Selwyn is not only old enough to be her father, but he has sons who are older than she is ; yet he idolizes her, and is constantly bringing home to her something rare and costly, for her house or her toilet. He takes great pleasure in seeing her richly and elegantly dressed. He indulges her fondness for the gayeties of society, and is proud of the admiration she excites. Her most extravagant tastes are fully gratified, for he lavishes his wealth upon her with princely munificence. I often bring Mrs. Selwyn forward as an example to Alice.’

Mr. Vernon, who still adhered to some of his regular habits, had retired to rest three or four hours before the return of his daughter. But Mrs. Vernon, though at present an invalid, sat up to await her coming, that she might receive a description of the evening’s entertainment, while its scenes were yet vivid in her recollection. After Alice was safely delivered into her mother’s care, by the fashionable chaperone, and the lady had taken her leave, Mrs. Vernon, whose first anxiety was to know whether Alice had been admired, and had received much attention, asked her ‘how she was pleased’ — know-

ing that young ladies always consider an evening spent in company very delightful or very dull, in direct proportion to the admiration and attention they have excited, or to the neglect they have been obliged to endure.

'I have spent a most delightful evening,' replied Alice. 'I was engaged for every set, and waltzed twice with one of the most elegant young men I ever saw — Lieutenant Elwood. He is a fine figure, has dark eyes, a rich mass of raven hair, and the handsomest pair of whiskers that ever graced a gentleman's face. He waltzed inimitably. Indeed, he is more graceful and polished in his manners than any one I ever met with.'

'But was not Mr. Linton there?' asked the anxious and alarmed mother.

'Yes, he was there, mamma, and as old and as ugly as ever. He almost persecuted me with his attentions; and if I had not been afraid of offending you, as I know he is your favorite, I would have been quite rude to him. The lieutenant seemed to pity me, and two or three times very dexterously relieved me from his disagreeable intrusion. Indeed, mamma, I think I have made a conquest of the handsome lieutenant,' said Alice, casting at the same time very self-satisfied glances at the mirror, where the youthful beauty was reflected, whose charms were heightened by the taste and skill of her Parisian dressing-maid.

'Nonsense!' replied her mother, with petulance: 'let me never hear you mention this again. I hope no portionless lieutenant will ever have the presumption to aspire to your hand. It is probable that he is a fortune-hunter, and may think you an heiress; but I can tell you, my daughter, unless you are soon married to a wealthy man, you will have to come down to a different style of living before long; for our heavy expenses made great inroads upon your father's fortune. As Mrs. Linton, you can surround yourself with even greater luxuries and elegancies than those to which you have been accustomed; and you will have an opportunity of becoming a leader of fashion. You will have your equipage, your retinue of servants, your princely mansion, and a husband who will idolize you, and will take pleasure in gratifying your taste for dress. How it would delight Lisette to open your boxes of Parisian costumes, and try their becoming effect upon your complexion and figure! You could then distance all your rivals, for you would then have the triumph of being the first in every new fashion. But if you were to marry a man without wealth, how differently would you live! You would be obliged to content yourself with a small house, or live in a second-rate boarding-house; you would have to relinquish evening parties, because you could not give them in return; and you would be forced to dismiss poor Lisette, for you could not afford to supply her with wine every day, and to give her such wages as her taste and skill entitle her to expect.'

'Indeed, mamma, I could not give up Lisette. If I were deprived of her assistance, I should not know how to dress myself fit to appear before any one. The lieutenant is certainly very handsome,' said Alice, with a sigh, 'but — I will marry Mr. Linton.'

The influence of Mrs. Vernon was successfully exerted upon

Charles and Alice, and in her hands their plastic minds and tastes were moulded to her wishes. Upon the character of Edward she failed to produce any impression; but she embittered his peace by her goading complaints of his want of success. She urged his removal, by every argument her ingenuity could suggest, and at last resorted to the means she recommended to her husband, and told him he must no longer expect any assistance from his father. Edward was struck to the heart by this sudden announcement. It seemed as if he were now cast adrift upon the ocean of life, without a sail or a rudder.\* He had entered upon his profession with high and noble aspirations, and had fixed his eye upon some prominent and glorious model, whose example he endeavored to follow. He devoted his days and nights to study, and his laborious research and patient toil had their reward in the overflowing treasury of his expanded intellect. He had ever refused to support the cause of crime and injustice, for he thought it his duty and his privilege to maintain the just and the right, and to redress the wrongs of the oppressed. Although he naturally expected that his profession would afford him support, yet he had never dreamed of making it a source of wealth, or of turning his attention to it as a means of immediate profit. With most students and learned men, he had no idea of the value or necessity of money, until it was forced upon him by being obliged to have occasional recourse to his father. It was then that he bitterly felt how slow had been his progress in gaining practice, and he became a prey to disheartening despondency. It was when suffering under its gloomy depression, that his mother tried her last experiment upon him. It succeeded. He took a hasty farewell of his family and friends, and embarked with his little library, his only treasure, in a vessel bound to New-Orleans.

It was true that his pecuniary gains had been but trifling, but he had a growing reputation, that would have finally placed him among the highest and most successful in his profession. It arose not with the bustle of workmen or the clink of hammers, but it was silently and progressively springing upward from the slender sappling to the lofty and wide-spreading tree. His opinions were frequently sought by his seniors in age and experience, and he had the high respect of all classes, on account of his moral as well as his intellectual superiority. And he was driven to leave the coming harvest of professional wealth and distinction, and the friends who appreciated him, for a doubtful success among desperate adventurers.

Shortly after the departure of Edward, Alice gave her hand to Mr. Linton, and the bridal party started upon a fashionable tour. After their return to the city, Mrs. Vernon was sorely disappointed by Mr. Linton having signified his intention of taking permanent lodgings at a private boarding-house. He said he was getting too old to

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\*Although every young man should endeavor to depend upon his own exertions, and should do without pecuniary assistance from his parents as soon as possible, yet no father should permit his son to enter a profession, without expecting to contribute to his support during the trying years of his 'early struggles.' This is a time of fierce trial, and one thrown upon the world without money or assistance, runs the risk of sacrificing his integrity and high-mindedness to his necessities, or of falling a victim to despair, insanity, or suicide.

indulge in his former extravagance, and must learn to economize, and to husband his resources.

Poor Alice, in suffering from the wreck of her vapor-built castles, had soon after the additional misfortune of becoming the nurse of a paralytic husband, for whom she had no affection. Mr. Linton, conscious that she could not love him, jealously forbade her going out or receiving visitors, and exacted from her the most slavish attendance. Mrs. Vernon's last hope for Alice was, that she would soon be left a rich widow; but in this also she was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Linton lingered on for more than four years after his marriage; and when the contents of his will were made known to the anxious mother, she found that he had left Alice a moderate annuity, and had bequeathed the remainder of his property to the family of a deceased brother.

A few months after the death of Mr. Linton, Mrs. Vernon received the following letter from Charles:

'I hasten to inform you, my dear parents, of the melancholy death of our poor Edward. He fell a victim to one of the prevailing diseases of the country, after a few days' illness. I was absent in a neighboring state, upon some pressing business, and on my return, found that my dear brother was dead and buried. This country did not suit his tastes or habits. He was too conscientious, and too scrupulously-honorable, to succeed in a place where all come determined to make a fortune as soon as possible, and by any means not openly dishonest. He found no companionship or congeniality, and he fell into a morbid state of melancholy depression, which no doubt weakened his frame, and laid him open to the attacks of disease.'

It was thus that the richly-gifted Edward died a stranger in a strange land, where he was unknown and unappreciated. His years of laborious study, his vast accumulation of legal and scientific knowledge, his high promises of future distinction, all lost — all sacrificed upon the venal shrine of a mother's love for gold. When it was too late, she reproached herself for having driven him from his home and his friends. But her remorse could avail him nothing now. He had gone from the earth to his early grave!

The afflicting intelligence of Edward's death proved fatal to Mr. Vernon, who had long been sinking into a gradual decay of his corporeal and mental powers. After his estate was settled, there remained but three or four thousand dollars for the support of his widow. And with this sum, and the small income of Alice, the mother and daughter removed to a retired part of the city, and commenced a humble style of living, suited to their altered fortunes.

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ABOUT a year after the death of Mr. Vernon, there was a rumor circulated through the city, that Charles Vernon had become a defaulter, and had suddenly left the country. The paragraph in the paper alluding to it, created quite as great a sensation in his native place as it must have done in his adopted state. The wealthy Charles Vernon — the enterprising Charles Vernon — the public-spirited Charles Vernon — a rogue and a defaulter! And there were whispers of another crime still deeper and still more disgraceful. It was hinted that he had forged several drafts, of a large amount.

These rumors reached not the ears of his mother and sister; and the first intimation they received, was from the following letter :

'This letter comes from your wretched son, Charles — an exile from his country for ever, and a fugitive from justice, as a defaulter and a forger. This, mother, is the effect of the work you have wrought upon me! Recall your endeavors to excite your children to the lust of gain, and remember your address to Edward and myself, when in front of Mr. Delville's mansion. It was *then* that you first stimulated me to the acquisition of wealth, and left the impression upon my youthful mind that in *successful* dishonesty there is neither crime nor disgrace. It was this impression that has been my ruin! Oh, what might I have been, had you directed my energies and ambition to a nobler aim than to the debasing and accursed thirst for gold! And my poor Edward, too — *he* was your victim! Had you not driven him from his home, he might have been at this hour living amidst honors and distinctions, the pride of his country. But where is he now? Lying in a grave, among strangers, without a stone to mark his place of burial!

'Farewell, mother! This is the last you will ever hear of your miserable son!'

G,

#### THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

'Give me thy heart.'

WHAT shall we offer thee, thou God of love!  
 Thou who didst build the heavens and mould the earth;  
 Thou, who didst hang the sparkling stars above,  
 And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth!  
 From all the treasures of the earth and sea,  
 What shall we offer thee?

Shall we present thee gold and glittering gems,  
 Such as might wreath the brows of royalty;  
 Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,  
 Such as in summer's graceful bowers may be;  
 And shall we lay them at thy holy feet,  
 An offering fair and meet?

Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil  
 Of mighty cities, and rich palaces;  
 Strew flowers, fling on the altar wine and oil,  
 And pour around thee mingling melodies  
 Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,  
 Breathing up praise to thee?

Or shall we bring thee treasures of the field,  
 When the rich autumn fills her flowing horn;  
 The russet fruits the loaded branches yield —  
 The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn —  
 The flowers of summer — the sweet buds of spring —  
 Oh! which, which shall we bring?

There is a voice which saith: 'Oh, dearer far  
 Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,  
 The pure aspirings of the spirit are,  
 When in the light of Truth it loves to live.'  
 Such be our offering at thy holy shrine —  
 Our hearts, our hearts be Thine!

Liverpool, England.

M. A. B.

## RANDOM LEAVES.\*

FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

## NUMBER ONE.

## ENGLAND — LONDON.

TO-DAY I have visited the Tower and the House of Commons. The first is situated on the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by a broad, deep ditch, over which there is a draw-bridge. The island thus formed, contains several acres, and is crowded with a motley pile of buildings, high and low, dwelling-houses and store-houses, palaces and huts, which almost entirely obscure the view of the Tower; and this itself is composed of three or four distinct structures. At the gate there are always several 'warders,' in scarlet-laced habiliments, who make a business of conducting visitors to the curiosities, and expect a shilling from each person for so doing. One of them was just entering 'Queen Elizabeth's Armory' with a party of four, which I joined. The matters and things which they show, and tell the history of, are 'too numerous to mention,' but are described at large in the guide-book. I lifted the axe which struck off the head of poor Anne Boleyn, and despatched also 'him of Essex.' The hall is filled with specimens of armor, weapons, etc., of all sorts, which have been preserved from the days of Edward I., downward. 'The Train of Artillery,' is in another building, and comprises a quantity of big guns, mortars, etc., which John Bull has at different times captured from his enemies. But the most curious and splendid sight is the 'New Horse Armory,' where are arranged, as if in battle array, effigies of all the kings and several nobles, in chronological order, from Edward I. to James II., in complete armor, and on horseback, thus showing the style of armor, etc., of the different periods at a glance. The horses are in spirited positions, and it seems as if you might really shake hands with 'bluff old Harry,' or him of Richmond, as he appeared at Bosworth field, or my lord of Liecester, 'and so on.' There is an immense collection of curious affairs in this hall, arranged so as to present the most romantic and brilliant display imaginable. 'The Small Armory' is a vast hall, three hundred and forty-five feet in length, and very high, filled to the very ceiling with stacks of muskets and pistols, closely piled, comprising two hundred thousand, and all kept brightened and flinted ready for immediate use. Melancholy reflection! That such a wilderness of deadly instruments should ever be used by man against his fellow! Not feeling half a crown's worth of curiosity to see the *crown* itself, I departed by the 'Traitor's Gate,' thinking of the tragedies which had been acted within those once dreaded portals.

The apartment at present occupied by the House of Commons

\* THE reader may anticipate, we think, much entertainment and valuable information from these 'Random Leaves,' wherein the author — writing only for the eyes of familiar friends, and avoiding the diffuseness of the journeying letter-writer — has recorded fresh impressions in a manner at once vivid and unstudied.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

is arranged much like Mrs. Willard's school-room, and is quite as plain, only on a little larger scale. Strangers, by paying half a crown, are admitted to the gallery, from which it is easier to *hear* than to *see* the speakers. The house was 'in committee' on the bill for the commutation of tithes. Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Howick, (a very gifted young man,) and two or three others, spoke on the question. I was struck with their singularly calm and unpretending manner of speaking. It seemed more like a familiar drawing-room conversation, than the stormy debate which might be expected on such a question, which, as was remarked, was a very important one. Lord John, in particular, who has been the leader of the house, and long conspicuous in the political world, is as plain, straight-forward a man as one could wish to see. It would seem impossible to get him excited or violent in debate. Every speaker was listened to civilly, if not attentively, and the only interruption, or rather cheering, was the cry of 'Hear! hear!' which was often heard from twenty voices at once; and occasionally there was a hearty laugh. The gallery over the speaker's chair is filled with reporters for the different papers, who will take down a long speech in short hand, at twelve o'clock at night, and the next morning at daylight you will see it in print. The houses of parliament are opposite Westminster Abbey, and the new buildings are to be erected on the old site. The ruins of the old houses are adjoining the halls now temporarily occupied.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16. — Taking my usual walk of two miles or more down Fleet-street, I found the door of St. Paul's cathedral open, and so ventured in, with my hand in my pocket, expecting some civil, obliging person would tip his beaver, as usual, for a shilling: but, strange to say, I was suffered to pass unmolested. The greater part of the interior is one vast open space, extending into the four wings, and up to the very highest dome. As you stand in the centre and look up, it seems almost like looking into heaven. The unsophisticated mind cannot grasp the magnitude of the scene: it is incomprehensible. On the walls, and in the niches and corners, are groups of statuary and monuments, some exceedingly beautiful, and most of them to military and naval personages. Public worship is held only in a chapel in one of the wings, forming a mere item of the whole structure. I was guided to it by the sound of the organ, echoing back from the vast arches, and impressively grand in its effect. Men in robes, with poles, stood at the door — 'beadles,' I believe they are called. The chapel was of much the same size and style as those at Oxford, and there were not more than one hundred persons in it — the larger part of them apparently strangers, attracted merely from curiosity, like myself. In fact, as I afterward learned, there are few or no regular attendants in this far-famed St. Paul's. Why, I cannot imagine. The chanting was done by boys. The preacher was a short, thick man, and read his sermon off 'like a book.' It became so dark — being a rainy day — that he could not see to read, and he had to stop once or



twice. Poor man! But they say the *officiates* here are *unbeneficed* gownsmen, and perhaps they cannot afford to study. His sermon was dull and common-place, but delivered in a pompous, affected style, as if to pass it off for genuine eloquence.

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DINED with Rev. T. HARTWELL HORNE — a name well known throughout the theological world. This extraordinary man was a book-seller's clerk, at a small salary. He distinguished himself by his industry, won the notice of a reverend Bishop, and was employed to make some indexes to a large work, which were done so well, that he was handsomely paid, and went to Cambridge and completed his education with the fruits of his labors. His celebrated 'Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,' in four large volumes, was the work of twenty years, and was all done in the night, after the business of the day was over. It is acknowledged to be the most accurate, comprehensive, and valuable work of the kind in the language. Fifteen thousand copies have been sold in England, and as many more in the United States, and yet the three first editions scarcely cleared expenses: the third produced him about one hundred and fifty pounds for the labor of twenty years! Mr. Horne is now engaged at the British Museum in preparing a catalogue of that immense collection. He is a living monument of industry and perseverance. He is rather small in stature, remarkably neat in his personal appearance, and quite active and robust, though now somewhat advanced, and gray-headed. His manner is free, cordial, and business-like. The moment he speaks, you are at once relieved of all embarrassment, and feel that you are talking to a friend — a plain, kind-hearted, unassuming friend. His wife and daughter are just like him. They spoke of the many Americans who had called on them — Bishops Chase, M'Ilvaine, Hobart, Dr. Wheaton, E. D. Griffin, Dr. Jarvis, and Rev. Mr. Potter, formerly of Boston. In fact, they knew more about some of the states than I did. Mrs. H. said she could always detect an American by the word *possible* and *possibly*. They (the English) say instead, *perhaps*, or *indeed*. I was pleased to find many American books in the library, and seated myself there with Mr. H. after dinner, while he wrote his sermon for the same afternoon. He completed it in about an hour, besides talking to me the while: and a good little sermon it was too, for I went with them to hear it. The parsonage-pew is close to the desk. The clerk drawled out the service in a most monotonous and pompous tone, which was really ludicrous. There was also a curate to read prayers, beside Mr. Horne. It seems, that in England each church must have a rector, curate, and clerk. Mr. Horne's manner in the pulpit is meek, persuasive, and engaging. He uses the best words, and no more than are necessary. Yet he would never be called a *great* preacher. His talents are more useful than showy.

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THURSDAY. — Having an hour or two of leisure, after running about town for a week on business matters, I took a stroll into St.

James' Park, through Waterloo-Place, where is a big monument to somebody, but it was so high I could not tell who. Walked through the park by the pond to the old Palace, where the king was holding a levee. As I had no court dress, and no introduction, I concluded to defer paying my respects to his majesty, and turned off to Westminster Abbey.

Mercy! what a place! Every thing of this kind must and *will* far exceed the expectations of the uninitiated. I gazed with as much wonder on the gigantic and venerable pile, as if I had never heard of it before. The natural feeling of awe with which one is impressed on approaching the entrance, is not much increased, however, when he sees the sign over the door, '*Admittance three pence.*' John Bull must have his fees, it seems, for every thing, and does not scruple to fill his pockets by exhibiting the sepulchres of the mighty dead. I thought of the man who was awakened from his solemn reverie after public worship in the Abbey, by the beadle's announcement :

' Service is done — it's two-pence now  
For them as wants to stop !'

I entered by the Poet's Corner, which, and indeed the whole of the abbey, has been described so often, that nothing more need be said. Having 'done' the poets, I paid an additional shilling to proceed, and was then at liberty to go where I pleased; and it is no very short walk, that one may take through those long, lofty arches and chapels. Monuments of all sorts, and to all sorts, are as thick as blackberries, in every part of the edifice. Many of them comprise three or four emblematic figures in a group — some most exquisitely designed and chiselled. I saw so many to admire, that I can scarcely remember one. There are little enclosures against the walls of the abbey, filled with tombs and monuments, principally of kings, queens, and knights of old. It was curious indeed to see those effigies of knights in complete armor, cut in stone or wrought in iron, laid out on the tombs, as if they were the very bodies of those renowned heroes of chivalry, preserved there to frighten or enlighten their degenerate descendants. Many of these tombs are four, five, and six centuries old. Mary Queen of Scots has a beautiful one. There is a marble effigy of her, too, laid out on the tomb, and you can easily imagine you are seeing the lovely and ill-fated queen herself, as she appeared in her death-robcs. The haughty Elizabeth sleeps in an adjoining apartment. I noticed, also, monuments and sculptures of the two princes murdered in the Tower by the bloody Richard, of Henry Eighth, and indeed of all the kings and queens since Edward First. The monuments to public individuals, and those who have distinguished *themselves*, are in the more open part of the abbey. Folios and quartos in abundance have been filled with their history and description; and to these I must refer you for 'farther particulars.'

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FRIDAY. — To-day I procured a nice little saddle-horse, and took a ride round the parks — going up the gay and splendid Regent-street and Portland Place, by the Colosseum, the Crescent, and the range of

terraces, which are like one continued palace, along Regent's Park. I stopped at the Zoological Gardens, which are very like Niblo's, as they are laid out; but besides the immense collection of plants and flowers of almost all species, fountains, etc., here are wild animals, quadrupeds, birds, and amphibiae, of many species which have never been exhibited in our country, and you see them almost in their natural state; not chained up in cages and close rooms, but allowed free air and exercise. Bears were climbing poles; and scores of water-birds were revelling in the luxuries of a pond. There are more than two hundred different species of parrots, and all are together. But the chief 'lions' at present, are the beautiful *Giraffes* and their attending Arabs, recently arrived. Well, as I was saying, I made the circuit of Regent's Park, and then rode down to Hyde Park, which is smaller, but more frequented. Hyde Park Corner is famous all over the world. Nothing can exceed the gayety and splendor of the scene on a fine afternoon, at this season — the superb equipages of the great, with the gold-laced and crimson-velveted footman — the ladies and gentlemen on horseback in another path, and the pedestrians in a third — but all mingled in dashing confusion. I rode boldly in among the best of them, and had a fine chance to inspect the interior of the carriages, and the pretty faces of my lady this, and the duchess of that — for many of these great ladies are really pretty — and with what exquisite neatness and elegance some of them dress! The ladies on horseback invariably wear men's hats — literally, and without the least alteration, except that a black veil is appended. This is the fashion at present. What a luxury these parks are, in such a city as this! To have a fine open space of three or four hundred acres, kept in the nicest order, with foot-paths, and carriage-paths, groves and ponds, etc., surrounded by a collection of palaces! I can well believe Willis' remark, that the West End of London is unequalled in Europe. One of Miss Edgeworth's heroes rescued a child from drowning in 'the Serpentine river.' When I read it, the idea of a *river*, in what I imagined a little park, somewhat larger than Washington-Square, seemed laughable enough; but this Serpentine river is in this park, and might drown the king, if he should fall into it. The Humane Society have a house and boats close by, to receive the luckless wights who get drowned. There is good fishing in the river, and it looks fresh and clear, and it is delightful to ride along its banks on a warm day. These parks, especially Regent's, would make a large farm. They afford abundant room for an airy ride or walk, without going out of the city. At Hyde Park Corner is Apsley House, the duke of Wellington's residence, and close by is the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the duke's battles, and erected to commemorate them by 'his countrywomen.'

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LAST Saturday I took it into my head to go to Woolwich, nine miles from London, to help the Prince of Orange review the troops. By dint of active exertion, I attained a seat on the deck of a bit of a steam-boat, loaded with two hundred and fifty pleasure-seeking

mortals like myself, while as many more were left disconsolate on the wharf—inadmissible. Off we went with the tide, *under* Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, and London Bridges, *over* Thames Tunnel, and *between* a multitude of ships and steam-boats, large boats and small boats, rowed perhaps by a Jacob Faithful, or his posterity, and following the serpentine course of 'Old Father Thames' through a beautiful green meadow, passed Greenwich, and arrived at our ultimatum in good time to see the show. The prince was dressed as a general, decorated with half-a-dozen badges of different orders; and he galloped about the field in true military style, accompanied by his two sons, and a squadron of princes, dukes, lords, etc. They fired bombs, and had a grand imitation-battle, with horse-artillery—in other words, a *sham-fight*, which was all vastly fine. Returning, I walked to Greenwich, three miles, where, as you know, is the observatory from which longitude is reckoned all over the world, as the school-girls are well aware. The observatory is on a high, steep hill, in the centre of a large and beautiful park, filled with hills and dales, deer, trees, ponds, and every thing pretty. The prospect from the observatory is superb. London on the left—St. Paul's and a few spires only peeping above the dun smoke—the Thames, winding about in a zig-zag direction, covered with the 'freighted argosies' of all nations, some just arrived perhaps from the East Indies or the North pole—some destined for Botany Bay or Nootka Sound; *beyond*, the green hills and meadows; and at your feet this lovely park, and the noble hospital for seamen, on the banks of the river. It is a scene for a painter.

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TO-DAY I have 'done' Thames Tunnel, and laughed at the humors of an English country fair, in true, genuine style, at Greenwich. The tunnel is just like the pictures of it. You have to descend as many steps to get to it as would take you to a church steeple. I walked to the end of this subterraneous cavern, where they were at work, under the very centre of the river. Ugh! Only to think of being at the mercy of those frail brick arches, under the very bed of a mighty river, on which the largest ships are moving over our heads! What if they should come in contact with the arches, at low water! The whole place would be instantly filled, and wo to the luckless wight who happens to be in it! In case of such an accident, there is no chance of escape.

The fair was amusing enough. The immense park I have described was the principal scene, and thousands of country beaux and lasses were cutting up all sorts of capers. Some were running down the steep hills, with dangerous velocity, and many a poor girl fell sprawling in the attempt. Some, in groups, were listening to a strolling songster—some looking through the telescopes and glasses, on the beautiful landscape. Here and there a ring was formed, in which the damsels challenged their swains, by throwing a glove, and then scampering away. The favored one gives chase, brings back the blushing fair one, and gives her a kiss in the centre of the ring. There were many very well dressed and passably pretty girls

among them. I joined in without any ceremony, determined to make the best of the sport. It was marvellous what a sensation I produced! The girls threw the gauntlet as fast as I could overtake them — and merry chases they were.

You will recollect, from 'Kenilworth,' that Elizabeth kept her court at Greenwich, and went from thence to Deptford in a barge, to visit the earl of Sussex — which same voyage I also performed. The same inn where the scene opens, at Cumnor, is yet used as such, but the *sign* had been altered. When the novel came out, the Oxford students went out to Cumnor, four miles, and persuaded mine host to let them put up the sign of 'The Bear' again. The bishops, Ridley and Latimer, were burnt in Broad-street, Oxford, and Antony Foster there acquired his nick-name by 'firing the faggots.' I saw 'Kenilworth' performed at Drury Lane, and it was very well done. The haughty, worthy, sensible, capricious queen was to the life.

#### A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

THIS is, indeed, a mighty age —  
 With actors, poets, wits enough  
 To rear an Athens: 'tis the rage  
 To be of 'more than common stuff';  
 Rome, in her day, *one* Cæsar claimed —  
 One Richard, too, was England's king;  
 But scores of Cæsars now are nam'd,  
 And scores of Richards *we* can bring.

Our streets are stages: watch the arm  
 Of yon lone urchin — catch his eye;  
 The thunder of a *king* grows warm,  
 And Richard's self stalks proudly by!  
 One hand is laid upon his throne,  
 The other points its shining blade —  
 A monarch, soldier — he alone  
 By nations knelt to, and obey'd:  
 When 'sweep-o-sweep!' dispels the dream —  
 The crown and purple disappear —  
 And he, as usual, 'Jimmy Green,'  
 Who bottles mead and ginger-beer.

And poets, thick as stars on high,  
 Are twinkling on our earth below;  
 You'll know them by the 'rolling eye'  
 Of 'frenzy fine,' (says Shakspeare so:)  
 Some bill and coo, like turtle-doves —  
 Some weep in rhymes, like summer rain,  
 Because their 'dear' and 'darling' loves  
 Have look'd upon them with disdain.  
 They'd eyes like 'stars,' and teeth of 'pearl,'  
 With lips of 'ruby' — 'marble' breast —  
 They had the 'jet' or 'raven' curl —  
 (*Some poets differ which is best.*)

The cynic poet next appears:  
 His thoughts are night-shade, willows, urns;  
 Creation's but a 'vale of tears,'  
 Where pilgrim man all vainly turns

For one bright ray to light his path —  
 For one sweet flower to glad his eye ;  
 And death, disease, and fiery wrath,  
 Come down like tempests from the sky ;  
 While loud and deep is pour'd along  
 The solemn torrent of his song.

Yet bards immortal we can boast,  
 Around whose temples, fresh and green,  
 Undying leaves of fame are seen ;  
 Who lift their foreheads from the host  
 That croak around, as mountains lift  
 Their shining summits, while they throw  
 In shadow all the plain below ;  
 Inheritors of a rare gift,  
 That floated in their cradle-dreams —  
 An inspiration pure and strong,  
 That color'd all their boyish themes,  
 And bore them, willing slaves, along.

And, BRYANT, clust'ring round thy name,  
 Hangs genius, wedded unto fame ;  
 The autumn hills that rise in gold —  
 The solemn streams by nature roll'd —  
 The quiet vale — the slope and flocks —  
 The brook that tumbles down the rocks —  
 With eloquence discourse of him,  
 Who, angel-like, their beauties caught,  
 And, chaste and pure as seraphim,  
 The prize to living pictures wrought.

HALLECK — whose lyre of many strings,  
 Like the wind-harp its music flings ;  
 At home upon the tented plain,  
 At home amid the battle-strife,  
 Where, smoking round the headless slain,  
 Stands the warm current of their life.  
 The poet of the simple cot  
 That rises in some lonely spot —  
 The poet of the heart and soul —  
 Who paints the lovely and sublime —  
 The thunder and the storm — with droll  
 And curious contrasts in his rhyme.

But poets, though their fount of fire  
 Is pure as that which burns above,  
 Had better hang each sounding lyre  
 Together in some willow-grove ;  
 Bank-stock and rail-roads, western lands,  
 And mortgages, are now the rage ;  
 Devoid of these, a person stands  
 A goose upon this mortal stage ;  
 There's poetry in the falling chink  
 Of many dollars — rustling bills —  
 The hammer's music, when they think  
 The prize is won — the voice that fills  
 At three o'clock the wide Exchange,  
 Is poetry as well as prose —  
 Sad prose to some : the giant range  
 Of speculation also shows  
 A specimen. These visions bright  
 In beauty float around the brain —  
 Grow wilder in the dreams of night,  
 Till morning curbs their flight again.

I'll take the hint, and rhyme no more :  
 I write for sport, and not for fame ;  
 As Goldsmith says, on friendship's score,  
 I say : ' *What is it but a name ?*

## O L L A P O D I A N A .

NUMBER NINETEEN.

KIND READER : All eyes-of late have been turned toward Washington. The last process of president-making has there been perfected, and the beauty of the republican system made manifest. The national metropolis — which is indeed, and punning aside, a *capital* place — was crowded to abundant repletion. Men, it is said, in the annals of that week, slept wheresoever they could place their superabounding skulls : some in rail-cars, some in the corners of suburban fences, and others, like 'the harvests of old, were 'gathered into barns,' consorting with jealous rats, and provident mousers — lashed by the scampering tails of the one, and visited by the omniscient whiskers of the other. In truth, from all we hear, it was a pressing time altogether, and the bed-market was never so *tight* before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Washington. But why should I enlarge upon this point — an imaginary one as far as I am concerned ?

'Of the people that suffered from evils that were,  
I cannot tell — for I was not there.'

But the pressure thitherward has awakened the remembrance of a visit to that region some dozens of moons ago. Washington is always *sui generis*, in its main features ; and turnpikes, sheets of water, with towns and cities, do not change materially in so short a time.

Every one who has crossed the line of Mason and Dixon, knows what sort of a river the Delaware is. On one side, as thou goest toward the south, from the city of PENN, thou perceivest the low shore of Jersey, calm and green ; on the other, in the direction of the occident, may be seen the undulating slopes and swells of Pennsylvania, melting into distance ; before thee is the crystal river — an affrighted member of the ichthyological tribe, frightened by the coming boat, springing now and then from its bosom — saltation by steam.

Consider me on my way to the City of Distances. The difference between the two shores and states is preserved, as far as you go. I pointed out to my friends, G. W. C —, and Le Compte C —, the beauty of the scenes we were passing. The latter enjoyed them with that keen and relishing sense, natural in one but a few months in the country, 'and sharp with his eyes.' The tame canals of Europe, the *trekschuyt*, and the sleepy landscapes from its portals of observation, were contrasted with the free and majestic movement of our good steamer, and the scenes from its airy deck, or its cabin windows.

WE are on the Chesapeake. It is early autumn. A few frosts have descended upon the woodlands, whose painted masses hang over the edge of the distant wave, like an ocean of rainbows, just breaking in turbulence upon a lake of pure and molten silver. Golden flashes of sunshine play in tremulous lines for miles along the wave ;

the distant sail flits into indistinctness, and the duck, poising its wing on the western gale, skims the blue ridges in the south-east like the messenger of a spirit, dropping ever and anon to float in its nest on the billow, and turn its quick iris to the smoky craft, gliding like a 'sea chimera' on the distant waste.

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THE approach to Baltimore was likest to magic. A long pile of rosy clouds — whether the incense of the city, or the offspring of the bay — clung to the base of the town, steeped in the gushes of the sunset, and extending for miles on either hand. Above these clouds rose the domes of cathedrals, churches, and minsters; and over all, the slender but simple and majestic shaft, at which whosoever looketh, he shall be instantly reminded of the Father of his Country, the immortal WASHINGTON. It springs toward the heavens with a plain but a commanding austerity. There, around the crowning statue, breathes the air of freedom; there circulates the sunlight which gilds the pinion of the eagle, or lights the plumage of the dove, as she sails to her rest.

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THE City of Monuments is worth a week of observation. When thou touchest that spot, oh, Tourist! rest thee there awhile. Go forth into the town. Remain not too long at morn over Barnum's rich coffee and cakes, nor at noon over his wines, those succulent, magical things, but get thee out into the thoroughfares. Convey yourself to the Holiday-street Temple: and if the gas be dubiously fragrant, thou wilt get respectable dramatics, and thine evening shall be well nigh spent ere it seem begun.

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BALTIMORE, like Boston, is a city of ups and downs. It is memorable to me; for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days, led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the great dome of the cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye, which was irresistible. I fancied that the view from the 'topmost round' of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be *magnificent*. I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air — that golden edging, which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread brightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges, and swells of cedar-green. It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unison one with another. The air was rarified and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer seemed floating by in the sunshine; and I fancied that the voices of summer-birds, taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flag-staffs waved their signals, and, what



with the fresh breeze, and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala-day.

After having fed my eyes with the beauty of the scene, from the extreme height of the ladder — the voices of the workmen in the cupola, or on the ballustrade above, making a pleasant hum in my ear — I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked toward the earth, a *dizziness* came upon me, which almost led me to instantaneous self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim — a sleepy sensation crept over me — the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze — and for a moment I seemed as if sailing in the air. I had not descended more than a dozen rounds, when my tottering steps and trembling hands really seemed to refuse their office. My sickness increased, and a languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming *indifferent* to my peril, though I knew it well. I was in truth as if in a dream; and I can safely aver, that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the laborers above — and the words came to my ear as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit — exclaim, '*My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!*'

This sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my case, and my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his last agony, at the slenderest spar. Every foot-fall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave.

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FROM Baltimore to Washington, the route is what one might call *dull*. Such, at least, was the impression of the road upon our party of three and a servant, as we wheeled over the yellow line, y'clept a turnpike. The view therefrom is limited, being confined to a few brown landscapes, describing, as it were, a stone's-throw radius on either hand. One stirring scene, however, I must needs except. There is a point, as you go from Baltimore, Washington-ward, where the former city lifts itself in supreme beauty along the line of the horizon. Dome, tower, and temple, point their glowing indices toward that heaven to which their ministering spirits guide the way; a wide lapse of silver bounds the view; and over all, like a pyramid above the plains of Memphis or of Thebes, or like to the Needles, named of her who wooed an ANTHONY to her bosom, and who fed from those fair orbs the scorpion which killed her — rose that thin shaft which commemorates the fame of WASHINGTON — *the Saviour of his Country*. As I turned my head, (thrust forth in search of the picturesque, from the window of our extra,) to survey the parting glories of that tall white column, my heart swelled into my throat; for, my dear American reader, I am peculiarly susceptible of patriotic influences. A sign-post, with WASHINGTON at its top, calls forth my admiration. I have wept at the plaudits of an audience at the theatre, when the falling of a new drop-curtain has disclosed the form or features of the *Pater Patriæ*. Simple, republican, austere in honor, sublime in war, beloved in peace — when shall we look

upon his like again? I am not of those who fancy that any eulogy can be misused upon his memory; nor do I think that terms and tributes, though often repeated, can ever grow familiar or aged, when applied to his name. Therefore I offer, as the best *synopsis* of his merits, a stanza which may be familiar to many, and yet new to the majority of those who now follow my words:

‘His was Octavian’s prosperous star —  
The rush of Cæsar’s conquering car,  
At Battle’s call;  
His Scipio’s virtue; his the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal:  
His was Aurelius’ soul divine,  
The clemency of Antonine,  
And generous will:  
In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander’s vigorous sway,  
And stern command;  
The faith of Constantine — ay, more —  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.’

The sun had gone to bed in a pile of fleecy and feathery clouds, flushed like the heart of a summer rose, long before we had reached the Great Capital. A storm came on; the rain pattered heavily against our carriage-window; and when we first caught the reflection of lights against them from the lamps in the vicinity of the capitol, it seemed as if we had embarked in a vehicle, chartered by Phæton, to be conveyed whithersoever his eccentric whipship would.

A PRESENTATION at the American court, at a private audience, and with a foreign functionary, is not an ordinary matter of your working-day world. With anticipations of this sort, so it was that I was awakened by our attendant in a crowded sky-parlor at GADSBY’S, through whose uppermost casement I looked, and saw the splendors of an autumnal morning sun streaming over the capitol, at the distant end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But, what a strange *mélange* of town and country between! Fields near at hand; rural waters twinkling nigh; and at long intervals, the indications of a city. One finds no direct chance of deciding upon his whereabouts. At first, he fancies it may be *rus in urbe*; at the next moment, he concludes himself surrounded *cum urbs in rure*. Thenceforth, those abstruse mysteries, the points of a compass — properly belonging to the shipman’s card, and not manipulated by lubbers o’ the land — become to him inexplicable enigmas. He knows the contradistinction of head and heels, barely: all facts beyond outventure his philosophy.

THERE is a halo of ‘glorification,’ after all, about a functionary, high in office and place, which makes the heart of your humble denizen beat quicker, as he approaches the imperial den. Thus it was with me, as our coach wheeled up to the mansion where le Compté was to find himself accredited. The ceremonies on such occasions are

pleasant to the spectator, and though simple, are imposing. A group of gray-heads and time-worn forms; expressions of polite regards, in different accents and various language; bows and kind assurances, are the staple scenes and sounds on such occasions.

At the same time, it is right republican to see the President, with a free-and-easy air, ask his Secretary of State to light a paper that he may convey the blaze thereof to a pipe, the stem of which would not measure in length more than three inches, and the smoke from the bowl thereof would coil up within a hair's breadth of the presidential nose. It reminds one of those calm and luxurious times, signalized in the reign of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, in the days when the KNICKERBOCKERS — pyramids of their day and generation — towered aloft in Dutch and daring dignity.

Among the fair women of that day and hour, was the gifted and accomplished \*\*\*\* L — . Song, it was said, had breathed around her footsteps from lyres of fame; and one devoted bard — (so Rumor breathes) — poured after her, when abroad, the song that en-  
sueth. He had heard, erroneously, that she was dead :

‘TO CORA.

I.

‘ I sang to thee my matin hymn  
In life's auspicious hour,  
Ere the sunlight of joy grew dim,  
O'er beauty's vernal bower :  
For all the wealth of heaven above,  
And all beneath the sea,  
I would not then have sold the love  
Thou freely gav'st to me.

II.

‘ When youth's bright hopes began to fail,  
I sung an altered strain —  
The farewell to the fading sail  
That bore thee o'er the main :  
And as I pressed thy gentle form,  
And heard thy parting vow,  
Thy kisses on my lips were warm,  
Thy tears were on my brow !

III.

‘ Still fall those tears ? Sweet mourner, no !  
Beyond the unquiet wave,  
Thy broken heart forgot its wo,  
But only in the grave !  
There Memory weeps — while trusting Love  
Looks through the clouds of even,  
To view thine angel form above,  
A habitant of heaven !’

Nothing can well be prettier, or more pathetic, than this effusion : yet the catastrophe part, as my friend of the Albany Argus would say, was ‘gratuitous.’ The parties afterward, mayhap, read it together, and pointed out the chronological inaccuracies : which reminds me, or *might* remind me, of a circumstance lately related in one of the western papers, where a gentleman who had been advertised as deceased, wrote a polite note to the editor of the journal,

(who had thus among his *personal* ship-news recorded a false clearance for eternity,) somewhat as follows :

'MY DEAR SIR: Will you allow me to correct a slight statement in your last, with reference to my death? I am grateful for the compliments to my character in your obituary notice, and I believe them *deserved*. That I tried to do the handsome thing while I lived, is most true; true, too, is it, that I never backed out of a fight, and never saw the man that could whip me, when alive; and I say the same yet, 'being dead,' according to your story. But when you state, that I left my affairs unsettled, and my widow and those eleven children unprovided for, I have only to state, that *you lie in your throat!* I mean no offence in what I say; I speak in the aggregate sense of the term. Being a dead man, and printed *down* as such in your columns, I am incapable of mortal resentments; but I leave as my avengers, CAIN, ABEL, and SIMPKINS, printers and publishers of the *Occidental Trumpet and Mississippi Battle-Axe*. To the editor of that paper, I submit my fame. To his indomitable coolness, never yet ruffled by repeated contumely, and invulnerable to contempt, I confide my reputation: feeling certain that one who has never found satisfaction for any insult, (nor sought it indeed,) can fail to be a champion in my cause. That he may be in peril in my advocacy, is possible; but he knows how to shun it. He is independent, for he is unknown; he is fearless, for no man will touch a hair of his head. To that immortal GULLIVER, in whatsoever cave or fastness he may dwell, I surrender my fame. Yours, 'till death,

ROSWELL ADAMS GREENE.'

But I wander—and I recall my rambling spirit back to the American capital.

ATTENDED church. 'T is a dull business in Washington. One's devotional feelings, that in ordinary cities kindle and rise heavenward, at the anthems of the choir, or the pealing of the organ, come down, in the metropolis of the republic; to the shallow and factitious distinctions of this common sphere of earth. The preachers at Washington have been variously described. Just before the session of the National Legislature, as at the period of which I speak, crowds of the reverend cloth convene, for the chaplaincy of Congress, and other purposes. Of course, as many of these as can, accomplish the entré to the metropolitan desk, to display their powers. The divine I had the happiness to hear, in some respects resembled the man whom my dear lamented SANDS described in his 'Scenes at Washington.' *Argument* was his hobby; and he would curtail a sentence of its dimensions, and subvert all gleanings, scriptural, historical, or political, to fortify the same. He reminded me of that queer and rural divine, of whom I have heard in Massachusetts, who found his congregation indulging in all the extravagances of provincial fashion, and rebuked them *en masse*, (especially the fairer part, who indulged in flaunting top-knots, and dresses of the head,) by choosing for one of his sermons the following text: '*Top-knot come down!*' From this text he deduced a world of sacred ratiocination: He expatiated upon the uselessness of top-knots, and enlarged upon the scriptural injunction that they should come down. Toward the close of his sermon, he confessed that he had merely adopted a *clause*; but he said that any detached sentence, even, from Holy Writ, was profitable for *reproof* and for *instruction*. 'The context of the clause,' he added, 'I will now join with the text. It is thus written: 'Let him that is on the house-top *not come down.*' Comment is unnecessary!'

THERE is a story of this same man of God, now gathered to his fathers, (or named at least of him,) for which I have great respect. It seems that he encountered a confirmed infidel one evening at a donation-party — a man who respected the pastor of the town, though he did not credit his doctrines. By accident, they engaged in a controversy, and the infidel endeavored to prove, by Holy Writ, in the same text-choosing method for which his opponent was proverbial, that the priests of old were drunkards, and that they imbibed ‘potations pottle deep,’ in public.

‘How do you prove that? Give me an instance,’ said the clerical gladiator.

‘Well,’ was the reply, ‘look at the coronation of SOLOMON, where it is expressly stated that Zadok, the priest who anointed him, *‘took a horn.’*

Yes, said he of the cloth, but you don’t give the whole passage, which is this: ‘And Zadok the priest took a horn of oil, and anointed Solomon.’

‘I did not say what he did with his horn,’ rejoined the infidel; ‘I only contended that he *took* it.’

‘Good — very good!’ responded the divine, warming at the quiz which he saw was directed toward himself: ‘You are ingenious in your argument: but I can prove by the Scriptures, in the same way, that instead of being here, resolving doubts and disputing with me, you should be swinging on a gallows at this moment, by your own consent and deed.’

‘No, no — *that’s* beyond your skill; and if you will establish what you propose, by any kind of ratiocination, I will confess my deserts, as soon as they are shown.’

‘Agreed. Now do we not read in the Bible, that ‘Judas went and hanged himself?’

‘Yes, we do.’

Do we not find, in another part of the Sacred Word, ‘*Go thou and do likewise?*’

‘Yes; you have proved that, as far as you go. What next?’

‘Only one clause more,’ replied the divine. The Bible also says, ‘*What thou doest, do quickly.*’ Now, my friend, go and hang yourself at once!’

‘Not till I show you the text to your charity sermon, preached for the Widow’s Society in Boston, last spring.’ Here it is; and there is a word there, which you either have not properly written or properly read.

Saying this, he drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and pointed to the opening passage. It ran thus: ‘Then he rebuked the winds, and the sea, and lo! there was a great *clam!*’ Why do you bring your texts to such an amphibious and testaceous termination?

The good man was thunder-struck. He acknowledged that there was an error; but he contended that shell-fish might have existed at that ancient period:

‘E’en though vanquished, he could argue still.’

UNFORTUNATELY, typical mutations in published mss. have come down to the present day. Not many moons since, I was called upon by a small and humble-looking person, in green spectacles, behind which there rolled two enormous gray eyes. He said he was a man of many occupations, and sometimes dabbled in literature. He had thoughts of buying some western lands, if any one would credit him for six years, and in that way make his fortune. A friend in Texas had also assured him that he could get some lots there on the same terms. In these enterprises he wished me to join him. But first, and before showing me some poetry which had been spoilt in the publication, he wished me to loan him a shilling, and accept his note to that amount, 'with sixty days to run.' A humorous thought struck me, and I chose the latter, with the direction that he should try it for discount at the United States' Bank. The next day I received a carefully-written 'business letter' from him, which (after promising to call on me in an hour after I received it,) contained the ensuing :

'December 17.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have had an interview with Mr. BIDDLE, and truly lament my inability to communicate satisfactory results. I fear that until the resolution of the Senator from Ohio, in regard to the repeal of the Treasury order, is finally disposed of, the trading interests will materially suffer.

'The Board of Directors, however, have some reason to indulge in the pleasing hope, that a small keg of ten-cent-pieces will arrive from Tinicum, some time during the ensuing week; in which case, the president has promised to exert his influence in my behalf on the next discount-day.

'If we should be successful in ultimately elevating the breeze (raising the wind) on my promissory note, we can proceed without delay to our contemplated acquisitions in Michilimackinac lands, and Texas scrip. Your obedient friend,

'ZEBEDEE FUSSY.'

He was with me, almost before I had read his letter. 'Ah!' said he, 'reading my scroll, I see. Funny circumstance. But never mind. You make pieces sometimes for the *Knickerbocker*, don't you? — apt kind o' pieces, that come out of your head? I borrow that there periodical, sometimes, of a friend, and I seen a piece-t there about a man who was the 'Victim of a Proof-Reader.' I am one of that class. Two years ago I was in love. I was *jilted*. Hang details; the upshot is the main thing. Well, I had tried the young lady, and found her wanting; and I thought I would quote a line of Scripture onto her, as a motto for some bitter and reproachful verses.' So, holding a manuscript in one hand high up, and placing the other arm a-kimbo, he read as follows :

'TO ONE FOUND WANTING.

—  
'*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!*' — SCRIPTURE.

—  
'THOU art no more, what once I knew  
Thy heart and guileless tongue to be;  
Thou art no longer pure and true,  
Nor fond, to one who knelt to thee;  
Who knelt, and deemed thee all his own,  
Nor knew a dearer wish beside;  
Who made his trembling passion known,  
And looked to own thee for a bride.

What is the vow that once I heard  
From those balm-breathing lips of thine?  
Broken, ah! broken, word by word,  
E'en while I worshipped at thy shrine!

Broken by thee, to whom I bowed,  
As bends the wind-flower to the breeze,  
As bent the Chaldean, through the cloud,  
To Orion and the Pleiades.

'But thou art lost! and I no more  
Must drink thy undeceiving glance;  
Our thousand fondling spells are o'er —  
Our raptured moments in the dance.  
Vanished, like dew-drops from the spray,  
Are moments which in beauty flew;  
I cast life's brightest pearl away,  
And, false one! breathe my last adieu.'

Here he stopped — his gray eyes rolling in a wild frenzy — and drew a newspaper from his breeches pocket. 'Sir,' said he, striking an attitude, 'I sent them verses for to be printed into the *'Literary Steam-boat and General Western Alligator.'* It is a paper, Sir, with immense circulation. A column in it, to be read by the boatmen and raftmen of the west, is immortality. I say nothing. Just see how my infusion was butchered. I can't read it.'

I took the paper, a little yellow six-by-eight folio, and read thus:

'TO ORE, FOUND WASHING.

—  
'*Mere, mere, treacle, O Sartim!*' — SCULPTURE.

'Thou hast no means, at once to slew  
Thy beasts, and girdless tongues to tree;  
Thou hast no l'argent, pure and true,  
Nor feed, for one who knelt to thee:  
Who knelt, and dreamed thy all his own,  
Nor knew a drearer wish betidle,  
Who maid his tumbling parsnips known,  
And looked to arm thee for a bridle!

'What is the row? what once I heard  
From those brow-beating limps of thine?  
Brokers! oh, brokers! one by one,  
E'en while I worshipped at thy shine!  
Broker by three! to whom I lowed,  
As lends the wind-flaw to the tries;  
As burst the chaldron thro' the clod,  
To Onions, and the fleas as dies!

'But thou art lost! and I no more  
Mus dirk thy undeceiving glance;  
One thous & friendly squills are o'er,  
Our ruptured moments in the dance!  
Varnished, like dew-drops from the sprag,  
Are moments which in business flew!  
I cut life's brightest peal a-wag,  
And false one, break my bust — a diem!

On breaking into a loud laugh at the utter stupidity of this typical metamorphosis, I found that the stranger grew red in the face. He snatched the paper from my hand, and disappeared, making his bow as he retired.

And, beloved reader, having exceeded my boundaries, let me do the same.

Thine till doomsday,

OLLAPOD.

## LORD ROSSELIN.

'And if he love her not, oh ! then give pity  
To her whose state is such, she cannot choose  
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is revel loud in the castle walls,  
The noble have thronged to its festive halls :  
Music floats out on the evening breeze,  
As it sweeps through the old ancestral trees ;  
Flowers, in garland and gay festoon,  
Glow in a light as the blaze of noon.  
With their 'broidered robes, with their rich gems crowned,  
Meet chieftain and peer the full board around,  
In the sculptured cup foams the blood-red wine,  
The purple fruits from their gold vase shine :  
Lord Rosselin sits by 'a ladye bright ;'  
There is not a shade on his soul this night ;  
He is watching the glance of her full dark eye,  
For the softness of woman perchance too high ;  
Perchance on her brow is a gleam too proud,  
As she speaks like a queen to the listening crowd.  
The white rose wreathed in her braided hair,  
With the glow on her cheek forms a contrast fair ;  
A thin veil is shading that cheek's deep hue,  
Like the blonden cloud that the moon shines through ;  
The orient pearls on her bosom seen,  
Well become her graceful and courtly mien ;  
On her snowy hand gleams a ring of gold —  
By that simple pledge is her whole life told :  
From the titled and great at her feet that bowed,  
She hath chosen Lord Rosselin, and deeply vowed ;  
In his bright flashing eye is a rapturous pride,  
As they quaff to the health of his-high-born bride.

THERE 's a lowly and tranquil cottage home,  
Through the dark trees seen from that pillared dome ;  
On the vine-wreathed porch sits a maiden now,  
With a settled grief on her pallid brow.  
She watches the lights on the castle walls,  
And the music that, mellowed in distance, falls ;  
She is singing a gentle and plaintive lay,  
Of a knight that proved faithful though far away :  
Her bosom heaved and her pale cheek burned,  
As her eye just then on her bracelet turned,  
But the blush has past : — she is kneeling low,  
Claspt are her hands in prayer's deep flow.  
Lord Rosselin had taught her that true-love song,  
As together they watched the moonbeams long.  
He had circled her arm with those jewels rare,  
To her simple robe so unsuited there ;  
For a blessing now her white lips moved,  
On the glorious bride that Lord Rosselin loved.  
He had stolen her heart with vows of faith,  
She had dreamt of change from nought save death !  
What to him was she now on that proud day ?  
A rose-bud just gathered to fling away !  
Those stars had shone on her joyous form,  
Fresh with the hopes at her young heart warm ;  
They had looked on her oft as she sat alone,  
Straining her ear for a step well known ;  
They were shining now o'er her soul's deep gloom —  
Soon, alas ! shall they stream o'er her unwept tomb.

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.,) 1837.

H. L. E.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY, CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY.**  
By the Rev. WILLIAM BUCKLAND, D.D. In two volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia: CAREY,  
LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, 230 G. AND C. CAR-  
VILL AND COMPANY.

THIS is one of the series commonly known as the Bridgewater Treatises, from the munificent bequest of the earl of that name, left by the testator to be paid to the person or persons selected by the President of the Royal Society, who should write a work upon the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. The subject being thought too vast and varied to admit of being treated successfully by any one individual, it was subdivided into eight parts, and that portion which gives the title to the work before us was assigned to the Rev. WILLIAM BUCKLAND, a gentleman already distinguished by his scientific researches, his lectures at Oxford, and his ingenious and original views with regard to the geological structure of the earth, and the causes of the many changes which it has undergone during the lapse of past ages. The work under notice is so voluminous, and the matters treated of so various, that our limits will scarcely allow of even an outline of it. As the importance of the subject, however, must be apparent to all, we will make the attempt.

Before entering upon the matters especially considered by Dr. Buckland, it may be well to explain to the reader the nebulous theory, as it is called, of La Place, which is the result of the labors of that great astronomer, and which the author seems to think the most reasonable yet devised. At some very remote period of time, then, La Place supposes that the solar atmosphere extended beyond the orbit of the most distant planet. In this state, it resembled one of these nebulae, described by Herschel, many of which may be faintly seen with the naked eye, in a clear night, composed of a bright nucleus, surrounded by nebulosity, which by gradual condensation becomes a star. Let us suppose such a condensation, which must be very gradual, to take place in the primitive solar atmosphere. The laws of dynamics show, that as the condensation proceeds, the sun's rotation will be accelerated, and the centrifugal force, at the verge of the atmosphere, increased, and the limits which depend upon the magnitude of this centrifugal force contracted.

'In this manner,' to quote the words of an ingenious writer, 'as the condensation proceeds, zones of vapor will be successfully abandoned, which, by their condensation, and the mutual attraction of their particles, will form so many concentric rings of vapor, circulating round the sun. But the regularity that this formation requires, in the arrangement of the particles of the zone, and in their cooling, must have made this phenomenon extremely rare. Accordingly, we see but one instance of it in the solar system — that of the rings which circulate around Saturn. In most cases, each ring of vapors would divide into several masses, which would continue to circulate around the sun. Mechanical considerations show, that these masses would assume a spheroidal form, with a motion of rotation in the same direction as that of revolution. The formation of the planets being conceived to take place in this manner, we may

easily imagine that an ulterior condensation has produced, in a similar way, the satellites revolving round the planets.'

The above is La Place's theory of the formation of the solar system. Dr. Buckland begins where the French philosopher ends, and supposes the earth, when first it assumed a spheroidal form, to have been an incandescent mass, in a semi-fluid state, encircled with a dense atmosphere of vapor, consisting mostly of steam. In process of time, as the surface began to cool, from the radiation of heat into space, an external crust gradually formed, composed of oxydated metals and metalloids, constituting rocks of the granite series, around a nucleus of melted matter, such as now forms the compact lava. That crystallization can be produced by the agency of heat, we know, from the researches of Professor Kersten, who found crystals of felspar on the walls of a furnace where copper ore had been melted; which discovery proves the igneous origin of the crystalline rocks. By degrees, as the earth cooled, the surrounding vapor became condensed, and was converted into water, which seeking its own level, took the shape of oceans and seas. Thither the first *detritus* of the dry lands would naturally be carried, and would have formed immense beds of mud, sand, and gravel, at the bottom of the seas, had not other forces been employed to raise them into dry land. These forces must have been the expansive powers of steam, which caused the elevation of the primitive rocks to the tops of the highest mountains, and which are still exerted in producing the phenomena of volcanoes. These convulsions at the present day are very reasonably accounted for, by supposing fissures to have been made, during the process of cooling, in the external crust of the earth, which would let the waters of the ocean pass through and come in contact with the great mass of melted matter beneath. The immense force of the elastic vapor thus suddenly generated, would be sufficient to lift the bed of the ocean far above its surface, and change its lowest depths to the greatest elevations. This explains satisfactorily the phenomenon of marine shells on lofty mountains, and accounts for the various degrees of inclination of the strata of rocks, which give evidence of the great force of the internal power that has upheaved them from their primitive horizontal position. It is to the agency of this power, also, that we are to attribute the immense repositories of coal, which, in the form of dense, luxuriant forests, flourished on the earth, until, overwhelmed by masses of earth and rock, it was converted into a mine of wealth and comfort to man, to be discovered after the lapse of ages.

We have thus far confined ourselves to the changes which inorganic matter may be supposed to have undergone, since the formation of the earth. We now come to speak of the systems of organic life which are shown to have existed, by their fossil remains. When the earth had cooled sufficiently to permit the condensation of the surrounding vapor into water, and as soon as this became reduced in temperature to a tepid state, we can conceive of the existence of the *Mollusca*, which were the first organized beings of whose being we have any evidence. We find many and various forms of these, mixed with numerous remains of articulated and radiated animals, in the lowest and most ancient strata that contain any traces of organic life. This is in strict accordance with what might well be supposed, since animals of the lowest order, and simplest formation, would naturally precede those of a higher grade, and more complex structure. Next in order, are the fishes and the amphibious animals of the *Saurian* family, which made them their food.

During the ages which the author significantly terms the 'age of reptiles,' none of the more perfect *Mammalia* had begun to appear; but the most formidable inhabitants, both of land and water, were crocodiles and lizards, of various forms, and often of gigantic size — which are embraced under the general appellation of *Saurians*, fitted to endure the turbulence and continual convulsions of the troubled surface of our new world.

These are remarkable for their capacious jaws, armed with rows of teeth, and their flippers, or paddles, resembling those of a turtle, which gave them great speed in the water, and enabled them to wage a devastating war against their finny prey. Among these, geologists rank a singular animal, called the *Pterodactyle*, an extinct genus of the family of Saurians, adapted, by a peculiarity of structure, to fly in the air; which Cuvier considers the most extraordinary of the animals that have come under his view. Imagine a large lizard, with wings, and we may have a faint idea of the appearance of this remarkable animal. The earth, at the period when the Saurians most abounded, was probably for the greater part a marsh, with islands here and there, and covered with rank, luxuriant vegetation. When the great convulsions which so much changed its external appearance, took place, the Saurians, being no longer needed, became extinct, and were buried among the upheaving strata.

Next to the Saurians, we find the fossil remains of more perfect animals, occupying a yet higher rank in the scale of being. Among them the *Dinotherium*, the largest of terrestrial Mammalia, and the *Megatherium*, are foremost in importance. These immense animals have deposited their gigantic frames in every quarter of the globe; since hardly a museum or repository of the sciences, throughout the world, is without some fragment of their skeletons. They are supposed to have immediately preceded man, in the epoch of their existence, and, from the structure of their teeth and feet, subsisted upon roots and shrubs. When the earth was untenanted by man, they were enabled to find subsistence in the abundant vegetation which covered its surface; but as soon as the human race began to occupy it, they seem to have been withdrawn by a wise Providence, as being no longer a useful link in the chain of animal being.

The author has a very interesting chapter to show that the appointment of death, by the agency of carnivorous animals, is a dispensation of divine benevolence; and we think he supports his position by weighty arguments. In another chapter, he shows incontestably, that had it not been for the agency of subterranean heat, the earth would have been one unvaried mass of granite and lava, and that, bound around as it would have been with concentric coverings, like an onion, it would have been impossible ever to have reached the internal treasures of limestone, coal, salt, and the metals, which contribute so much to the comfort of civilized life.

A long chapter on the consistency of geological discoveries with the Mosaic account of the creation, is at the head of this work. We do not profess to be able to criticize the doctor's arguments; but we must say that they seem to us Procrustean and refined, to an extreme. He closes with a chapter on the geological proof of a Deity, which alone is well worth the price of the work. Toward the close, he observes: 'If I understand geology aright,' says Professor HITCHCOCK, (a correspondent of this Magazine, whom our author frequently quotes, with high approbation,) it only enlarges our conception of the Deity; and when men shall cease to regard it with jealousy and narrow-minded prejudices, they will find that it opens fields of research and contemplation as wide and as grand as astronomy itself.' And Dr. Buckland adds, that the result of his researches has been to fix more steadily, and to exalt more highly, the conviction of the immensity of the CREATOR'S might, majesty, wisdom, goodness, and sustaining providence, and to penetrate him with a profound and sensible perception of the high veneration man's intellect owes to God. In conclusion, we would remark, that we consider this treatise as one of the most convincing and powerful efforts of reason we have ever read, and as such recommend it to our readers. The plates which fill the second volume are exceedingly well executed, and the typography of the work is equally creditable to the publishers.

NICK OF THE WOODS, OR THE JIBBENAINOSAY! A Tale of Kentucky. By the Author of 'Calavar,' 'The Infidel,' etc. In two volumes. 12mo. Philadelphia: CARR, LEE AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE author of 'Calavar' has won new laurels in this work, which it is no slight praise to say, is a decided improvement upon the best of his previous efforts. The scene is laid in Kentucky, at the time of its earliest settlement; and the principal personages, as will readily be supposed, are brought into frequent contact with the belligerent 'abbregynes,' as Roaring Ralph would term them, who then inhabited that primeval and pleasant region. Of the two principal characters — for such we must consider Bloody Nathan and Roaring Ralph — we can scarcely speak in too exalted terms. No creation of any modern American novelist can lay claim to the originality, the strictly *sui generis* qualities, of the Quaker of the Woods; while Ralph Stackpole, as a Kentucky backwoods hero — a 'ring-tailed roarer' in every sense — stands equally unrivalled.

The conception of the character of 'Bloody Nathan' is a bold one, but throughout the volumes the execution is every way successful. His whole career is one of intense interest; and when, in the developments at its close, which have been adroitly hidden from the impatient reader, we lose sight of him, it is with a feeling of deep regret.

Roaring Ralph, the *mal à propos*, the horse-stealer, the brave, swaggering Stackpole, will convulse the sides of every reader. He is himself alone — 'tarnal death to him, if he is n't;' and although sorely pressed for room, we must afford the reader a slight touch of his quality. He is here just liberated from an animated gallows — to which he had been noosed, in pursuance of a decision of Judge Lynch — by the hero, at the intercession of the heroine:

"'Cut the tug, the buffalo-tug!' shouted the culprit, thrusting his arms as far from his back as he could, and displaying the thong of bison-skin, which his struggles had almost buried in his flesh. A single touch of the steel, rewarded by such a yell of transport as was never before heard in those savage retreats, sufficed to sever the bond; and Stackpole, leaping on the earth, began to testify his joy in modes as novel as they were frantic. His first act was to fling his arms round the neck of his steed, which he hugged and kissed with the most rapturous affection, doubtless in requital of the docility it had shown when docility was so necessary to its rider's life; his second, to leap half a dozen times into the air, feeling his neck all the time, and uttering the most singular and vociferous cries, as if to make double trial of the condition of his wind-pipe; his third, to bawl aloud, directing the important question to the soldier, 'How many days has it been since they hanged me? War it to-day, or yesterday, or the day before? or war it a whole year ago? For may I be next hung to the horn of a buffalo, instead of the limb of a beech-tree, if I did n't feel as if I had been squeaking thar ever since the beginning of creation! Cock-a-doodle-doo! him that ar'n't born to be hanged, won't be hanged, no-how!' Then running to Edith, who sat watching his proceedings with silent amazement, he flung himself on his knees, seized the hem of her riding-habit, which he kissed with the fervor of an adorer, exclaiming with a vehement sincerity, that made the whole action still more strangely ludicrous, 'Oh! you splendidiferous creatur! you annangeliferous annegel! here am I, Ralph Stackpole the Screamer, that can whip all Kentucky, white, black, mixed, and Injun; and I'm the man to go with you to the ends of the 'arth, to fight, die, work, beg, and steal hosses for you! I am, and you may make a little dog of me; you may, or a niggur, or a hoss, or a door-post, or a back-log, or a dinner, — 'tarnal death to me but you may eat me! I'm the man to feel a favor, particularly when it comes to helping me out of a halter; and so just say the word who I shall lick to begin on; for I'm your slave just as much as that niggur, to go with you, as I said afore, to the ends of the 'arth, and the length of Kentucky over!'

"'Away with you, you scoundrel and jackanapee,' said Roland, for to this ardent expression of gratitude Edith was herself too much frightened to reply.

"'Strannger!' cried the offended horse-thief, 'you cut the tug, and you cut the halter; and so, though you did it only on hard axing, I'd take as many hard words of you as you can pick out of a dictionary — I will, 'tarnal death to me. But as for madam thar, the annegel, she saved my life, and I go my death in her sarvice; and now 's the time to show sarvice, for thar 's danger abroad in the forest.'

" 'Danger !' echoed Roland, his anxiety banishing the disgust with which he was so much inclined to regard the worthy horse-thief ; ' what makes you say that ?'

" ' Stranger,' replied Ralph, with a lengthened visage and a gravity somewhat surprising for him, ' I seed the Jibbenainoesay ! ' tarnal death to me, but I seed him as plain as ever I seed old Salt ! I war a-hanging thar, and squeaking and cussing, and talking soft nonsense to the pony, to keep him out of his tantrums, when what should I see but a great crittur' come tramping through the forest, right off yander by the fallen oak, with a big b'ar before him —

" ' Pish !' said the soldier, ' what has this to do with danger ?'

" ' Beca'se and because,' said Ralph, ' when you see the Jibbenainoesay, thar 's always abbregrynes in the cover. I never seed the crittur' before, but I reckon it war be, for thar 's nothing like him in natur'. And so I 'm for cutting out of the forest jist on the track of a streak of lightning — now h'yar, now thar, but on a full run without stopping. And so, if anngeiferous madam is willing, thump me round the 'arth with a crab-apple, if I do n't help her out of the bushes, and do all her fighting into the bargain — I will, 'tarnal death to me !'

" ' You may go about your business,' said Roland, with as much sternness as contempt. ' We will have none of your base company.'

" ' Whoop ! whoo, whoo ! do n't rifle me, for I 'm danngerous !' yelled the demi-barbarian, springing on his stolen horse, and riding up to Edith : ' Say the word, marm,' he cried ; ' for I 'll fight for you, or run for you, take scalp or cut stick, shake fist or show leg, any thing in reason or out of reason. Stranger, thar 's as brash as a new hound in a b'ar fight, or a young hose in a cornfield, and no safe friend in a forest. Say the word, marm — or if you think it ar'nt manners to speak to a stranger, jist shake your little finger, and I 'll follow like a dog, and do you dog's sarvice. Or if you do n't like me, say the word, or shake t'other finger, and 'tarnal death to me, but I 'll be off like an elk of the prairies !'

The power of vivid description, which the reader will remember we pointed out, in our notice of ' Calavar' in these pages, as a striking merit in our author, is still more forcibly displayed in the volumes under notice. The following extract, which explains itself, will prove the justice of our encomiums :

" ' What is the matter ?' cried Roland, riding to her assistance. ' Are we in enchanted land, that our horses must be frightened, as well as ourselves ?'

" ' He smells the war-paint,' said Telie, with a trembling voice ; ' there are Indians near us !'

" ' Nonsense !' said Roland, looking around, and seeing, with the exception of the copse just passed, nothing but an open forest, without shelter or harbor for an ambushed foe. But at that moment Edith caught him by the arm, and turned upon him a countenance more wan with fear than that she had exhibited upon first hearing the cries of Stack-pole. It expressed, indeed, more than alarm — it was the highest degree of terror, and the feeling was so overpowering, that her lips, though moving as in the act of speech, gave forth no sound whatever. But what her lips refused to tell, her finger, though shaking in the ague that convulsed every fibre of her frame, pointed out : and Roland, following it with his eyes, beheld the object that had excited so much emotion. He started himself, as his gaze fell upon a naked Indian stretched under a tree hard by, and sheltered from view only by a dead bough lately fallen from its trunk, yet lying so still and motionless, that he might easily have been passed by without observation in the growing dusk and twilight of the woods, had it not been for the instinctive terrors of the pony, which, like other horses, and, indeed, all other domestic beasts in the settlements, often thus pointed out to their masters the presence of an enemy.

" The rifle of the soldier was in an instant cocked and at his shoulder, while the pedlar and Emperor, as it happened, were too much discomposed at the spectacle to make any such show of battle. They gazed blankly upon the leader, whose piece, settling down into an aim that must have been fatal, suddenly wavered, and then, to their surprise, was withdrawn.

" ' The slayer has been here before us,' he exclaimed — ' the man is dead and scalped already !'

" With these words he advanced to the tree, and the others following, they beheld with horror, the body of a savage of vast and noble proportions, lying on its face across the roots of the tree, and glued, it might almost be said, to the earth by a mass of coagulated blood, that had issued from the scalped and axe-cloven skull. The fragments of a rifle, shattered, as it seemed, by a violent blow against the tree under which he lay, were scattered at his side, with a broken powder horn, a splintered knife, the helve of a tomahawk, and other equipments of a warrior, all in like manner shivered to pieces by the unknown assassin. The warrior seemed to have perished only after a fearful struggle ; the earth was torn where he lay, and his hands, yet grasping the soil, were died a doubled red in the blood of his antagonist, or perhaps in his own.

"While Roland gazed upon the spectacle, amazed, and wondering in what manner the wretched being had met his death, which must have happened very recently, and whilst his party was within the sound of a rifle-shot, he observed a shudder to creep over the apparently lifeless frame; the fingers relaxed their grasp of the earth, and then clutched it again with violence; a broken, strangling rattle came from the throat; and a spasm of convulsion seizing upon every limb, it was suddenly raised a little upon one arm, so as to display the countenance, covered with blood, the eyes retroverted into their orbits, and glaring with the sightless whites. It was a horrible spectacle—the last convulsion of many that had shaken the wretched and insensible, yet still suffering clay, since it had received its death-stroke. The spasm was the last and but momentary; yet it sufficed to raise the body of the mangled barbarian so far that, when the pang that excited it suddenly ceased, and with it, the life of the sufferer, the body rolled over on the back, and thus lay, exposing to the eyes of the lookers-on two gashes wide and gory on the breast, traced by a sharp knife and a powerful hand, and, as it seemed, in the mere wantonness of a malice and lust of blood which even death could not satisfy. The sight of these gashes answered the question Roland had asked of his own imagination; they were in the form of a cross; and as the legend, so long derided, of the forest fiend recurred to his memory, he responded, almost with a feeling of superstitious awe, to the trembling cry of Telie Doe:

"It is the Jibbenainosay!" she exclaimed, staring upon the corse with mingled horror and wonder; 'Nick of the Woods is up again in the forest!'

The high-minded Virginian who sustains the important character of the hero, although he is made in reality rather a minor personage, and the noble-spirited yet gentle Edith, are well drawn and well sustained; while the subordinate creations are conceived and managed with judgment. The writer is no friend to the Indian, and has made him act a part accordingly; indeed, to our taste, there is quite too much of the extra-sanguinary in his pages. His canvass, however, is not generally overcrowded; and, save a little extravagance of scene and adventure, in two or three instances, the events are naturally and effectively wrought out. This is a great merit, and one which some of our more popular native authors would do well to emulate. It has become quite too common to interpolate a string of unconnected events upon a pre-conceived nucleus, with no bearing on the main plot, but which are introduced for the mere purpose of bringing in characters and conversations, which only serve to distract the attention, and lessen the interest, of the reader. With these remarks, we commend 'Nick of the Woods,' with confidence, to the public, and are willing to stake our critical reputation upon its entire success.

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GLEANINGS IN EUROPE: BY AN AMERICAN. In two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

THIS is one of the most interesting and instructive books of travels that we remember to have read for many a long year. Mr. Cooper spent about eight years in England, and upon the continent, and from the duration of his stay, was enabled to make much more just and accurate observations upon the social and political system of France than any of our travelling-writers have hitherto done. He carried with him the spirit of a true American; not that which characterizes so many of our inditers of letters from beyond the seas, which seeks constantly for subjects by the discussion of which our country may be made to appear advantageously at the expense of another; but a heart whose patriotism did not carry it to the lengths of extravagant prejudice, and which could appreciate and speak of the excellence which any foreign country has attained, in any department of science or the arts, that we might be spurred to emulation by the recital, and not be left in a mist of ignorance and conceit by a servile silence respecting the very matters which it most behooves us to know. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract, in this connection,

the portion of the second letter in the second volume of the work, wherein the author speaks of the relative civilization of this country and France. We commend the entire chapter to the attention of our readers. Mr. Cooper had the good fortune, when at Paris, to receive visits from SIR WALTER SCOTT, and was for some time an inmate of La Grange, where he found Gen. LAFAYETTE living *à la Cincinnatus*, and probably little anticipating the stormy events in which he was subsequently called to take part. The author was present, also, at one of the *grands concerts* of the king and royal family; and his description of those who then governed, or rather misgoverned, France, naturally brings with it reflections upon the mutability of human affairs, when we see the *enfants de France*, then so cherished and honored, exiles and wanderers on the face of the earth.

An account of some experiments in animal magnetism, near the end of the work, given in a very naïve manner, will, we think, go far to disabuse many minds, now laboring under a delusion respecting this — we beg pardon for the phrase, but we know of none so expressive — humbug.

In brief, we commend these volumes to our readers, as a work replete with sound and patriotic views; and we trust that Mr. Cooper has still enough left of unpublished 'gleanings' on the continent, to favor us with a continuation of the series, and that he will not forget still farther to apply the wholesome maxim, '*Pes est et ab hoste doceri.*'

**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In one volume. pp. 334. Boston: American Stationers' Company. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS modest volume, which comes before us without preface, or any sort of appeal to the public regard, is well calculated to stand on its own merits, and to acquire enduring popularity. The author possesses the power of winning immediate attention, and of sustaining it, by a certain ingenuous sincerity, and by the force of a style at once simple and graceful. In all his descriptions, whether of scenes or emotions, nature is his only guide. He reminds us, continually, of the author of '*Outre-Mer*,' who, it is but just praise to say, stands nearer to Washington Irving, in his peculiar walk of literature, than any American writer of our day. Let the reader peruse the following, from an essay entitled '*A Rill from the Town Pump*,' and tell us if any thing could be more *Lamb*-like in its natural humor and beauty. The scene is at the corner of two principal streets in Salem, where the Town Pump is 'talking through its nose:'

"Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

"At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam — better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people, who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir — no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter: but, when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?"

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper."

The annexed contains a delicate hint, which should not be lost upon the *ultra* advocates of temperance, who have done no small injury to the good cause by their own intemperance:

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lectures undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

"There are two or three honest friends of mine — and true friends, I know, they are — who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable



cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

"One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink — 'Success to the Town-Pump!'"

In the 'Sights from a Steeple' are conspicuously displayed the happy skill in grouping, and the felicity of expression, so characteristic of our author. A passage or two are subjoined:

"So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor — methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long! — seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps — for who can tell? — beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and like them, would be realized in chillness, obscurity and tears. I will look on them no more.

"In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all heeding and unheeded. \* \* \* \* \* In two streets, converging at right angles toward my watch-tower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garbion the windows of a toy shop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the file ever and anon piercing through — these things have awakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of school-boys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manœuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, 'Which are the boys?' — or rather, 'Which the men?' But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell, to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this

change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men, and the military boys, are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous foot-fall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse, and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the church-yard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near."

"Lo! the rain drops are descending and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might besem a city of the dead: and turning a single moment to the sky, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the rainbow!"

Next to the discourse of the pump, we should rank 'Sunday at Home,' of which we have before spoken in these pages, Mr. Higginbotham's *Catastrophe*, 'The Gentle Boy,' and 'Little Annie's Ramble.' 'The Minister's Black Veil,' and 'The Prophetic Pictures,' are less to our fancy; but they are marked by good taste, and managed with adroitness. In short, in quiet humor, in genuine pathos, and deep feeling, and in a style equally unstudied and pure, the author of 'Twice-Told Tales' has few equals, and with perhaps one or two eminent exceptions, no superior in our country. We confidently and cordially, therefore, commend the beautiful volume before us to the attention of our readers.

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**THE LIFE OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER:** Comprehending an Examination of his Works. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY.

THIS is undoubtedly the most complete and philosophical biography of the great German poet which has yet been written in English. To use the words of Dr. FOLLEN, by whom the American edition has been edited, and than whom no one on this side of the Atlantic is better qualified for the task: 'This account of the life of Schiller is a biography, in the full sense of the word; not merely a recital of events, or a description of the peculiarities and the gradual unfolding of the personal character of the author, but chiefly a critical analysis of his works, of which the main part of *such* a life consists.'

The correction of many errors in the English edition, especially of those committed in the translations from the works of the author, made by the American editor, adds much to the value of this edition, as does likewise the entire preface, which is characterized by the critical acumen and scholarship of the learned writer. We hope that Dr. Follen may be encouraged to superintend a similar biography of the illustrious contemporary and friend of Schiller—adding to our standard libraries an adequate history of the great Goëthe.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**CHEVALIER'S WORK ON THE UNITED STATES.**—An attentive friend in Paris has sent us two handsome volumes, from the press of GOSSELIN, entitled '*Lettres Sur l'Amérique Du Nord : Par MICHAEL CHEVALIER.*' We have perused them with more respect for the talents and researches of the author, than for his candor in many cases; though we really believe that his *intentions* were as impartial as possible. If we take from his volumes that yearning for *effect*—that solicitude for pointed contrasts—which give to French literature in general so much of its piquancy and charm; if we make due allowance for the first influences of a country upon the mind of a stranger, with a proper reflection upon the difficulty which any one, however scrutinizing and observant, must find in comprehending the social or political economy of a foreign nation—we shall readily concede to our author an honesty of purpose, not always, but in the main, accompanied with judgment; and a discerning mind, from whose impressions it is impossible not to learn something of value.

We make one translation, to show the misconceptions of M. CHEVALIER, arising from a hasty and somewhat dramatic style of observation, as well as to protest against contrasts so preposterous and unjust :

"The Yankee and the Virginian are two beings very dissimilar. They love each other but passably, and often quarrel. They are the same men who cut each other's throats in England, under the names of Cavaliers and Round Heads. In England, they have made peace, thanks to the interference of the new dynasty, which is neither Stuart nor Cromwell. In America, they would have quarrelled as they had formerly done in the mother country, had not Providence placed them, the one at the north, the other at the south, extending between them the territory which includes the middle states of Pennsylvania and New-York, with their satellites New-Jersey and Delaware.

"The Virginian of the pure blood, is open, accessible, and generous. He is courteous in his manners, noble in sentiment, and lofty in his ideas. He is the worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded, from his infancy, by slaves, who obey all his commands, he not only wants energy, but is extremely lazy. He is lavish and prodigal. Around him, and in the new states, even more than in impoverished Virginia, profusion reigns. When the cotton crop has been good, and the prices are firm, he calls all his friends and dependants, not even excepting his field hands, to enjoy his wealth, without troubling himself with considering the prospects of the next crop. The practice of hospitality is with him a duty, a pleasure, a happiness. After the manner of the eastern patriarchs, or the heroes of Homer, to entertain the guest whom accident has sent, or an old friend recommended, to him, he places an ox upon the spit; and to wash down this substantial repast, he produces his old Madeira, which has made two voyages to India, and laid twenty years in his own cellar. He loves the institutions of his country, but nevertheless will show with satisfaction to a stranger his family plate, the armorial bearings upon which are half effaced by time; attesting its descent from the first colonists, whose ancestors were of respectability in England. When his mind has been cultivated by study, and when a voyage to Europe has given grace to his form, and refinement to his imagination, there is no place in the world that he would not dignify; there is no destiny so elevated, that he might not aspire to it. He is one of those men, with whom one is happy as a companion, and one desires as a friend. Gifted with an ardent mind and a warm heart, he is the stuff of which great orators are composed. He knows better how to command men, than to conquer nature, and fertilize the soil. When he possesses a certain portion of wit and order, and of that active perseverance so common among his brethren of the North, he unites all things that are required to constitute a great statesman.

"The Yankee, on the other hand, is reserved, cautious, and distrustful. His character is thoughtful and gloomy, but uniform; his manner is ungraceful, but modest, and without vulgarity. His exterior is cold—often forbidding; his ideas are narrow, but practical; they are rather directed toward the useful than the luxurious. He has no particle of chivalry in his character, and yet he is bold and adventurous, and delights in a wandering life. He has an imagination, active and full of original conceptions, which are here called '*Yankee notions.*' He is not poetical, but fantastical and odd. The Yankee is like the laborious ant; he is industrious and steady; he is economical. Upon the barren soil of New-England it amounted to meanness; transplanted to the promised land of the West, his character is subdued, and he counts his coppers with less carefulness.

"In New-England, he has a good share of prudence, but once thrown among the treasures of the west, he becomes a speculator, and even a gambler; although he has a natural horror of cards, and all games of hazard, except the innocent game of nine-pins. He is cautious, subtle, calculating, delighting in those tricks by which he overreaches a careless or confiding purchaser of his wares, be-

cause he regards them as proofs of his superior wit and talent for business. Cautious though he be, he is expeditious in his affairs, because he knows the value of time. His house is a sanctuary which is seldom violated by the stranger. He is not hospitable; or rather, he rarely dispenses his hospitality; but when he does entertain, he does it well, and liberally. He speaks without effort, and is a close logician, but not a brilliant orator.

"If, however, he is not a great statesman, he is a skilful manager, and a wonderful man of business. If he cannot control men, he is without his equal in the management of details; in their arrangement and placing them in train.

"There are no merchants more skilful than those of Boston. But it is as *colonist* that the Yankee is admirable above all others. Fatigue or hardship cannot conquer him. He has not, to so great a degree as the Spaniard, the power of enduring hunger or thirst; but he possesses a faculty which is far superior; that of providing in any place, and at all times, food and raiment; and of guarding against the cold, first his wife and children, and afterward himself. He lays siege to nature herself, and notwithstanding her resistance, brings her into subjection, and forces her to surrender at discretion."

Now any one at all acquainted with the provincial characteristics of our countrymen, would instantly set this picture down, as exaggerated and absurd; and we are quite sure that every liberal man among the great multitude of our southern brethren would stamp it as such at once, without hesitation. We are perfectly willing to consider that 'the honors are equal' between the two sections of the Union, with respect to sporting, speculating, and gambling, (as M. CHEVALIER chooses to call it;) and in the latter respect, we are sure we concede rather too much. However, we are willing to let that pass. There may be — there undoubtedly is — a floating class of yankees to be found in various quarters — pedlars of tin-ware, 'notions,' nutmegs, maps, books, flints, *cum multis aliis*, in various quarters of the country; and they are stigmatized by HALLECK, in his poem of Connecticut, as men on whom the Virginians look

'With some such favorable eyes  
As Gabriel on the Devil in Paradise.'

But let the substantial *people* of New-England be seen at home. They are cautious, it is true, but hospitable, and warm-hearted; faithful to death in friendship, and chivalrous in war; (witness! ye fields of Concord, thou, Bunker Hill, and you, ensanguined Lexington, whose soil drank in the most devoted rain of blood that was ever showered for the salvation of a continent, and the welfare of millions yet to live!) Let the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers be seen and known, and we fear not the verdict which will assign them a place, superior we will not urge, but *equal*, to that of any province or commonwealth on the globe.

We should be pleased, did our limits allow, to translate sundry quotations which we have marked — among others a truly idiomatic and amusing sketch of Crockett's appearance and phraseology — and which we are sure would afford pleasure to our readers; but they will doubtless soon meet with the volumes, entirely rendered. The indiscriminate re-publication of foreign matter from the English press, and the avidity in Great-Britain for French comments upon the political and social condition of the United States, render such a result highly probable.

**CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT.** — In another department of this Magazine, will be found an article descriptive of the Russian mode of inflicting corporeal punishment upon criminals. We are indebted for it to a gentlemen recently from England, who informs us that 'it was written for a Scottish annual, which was attempted at Glasgow, and which promised well, but was subsequently given up.' It will have the effect, we hope, to convince the advocates of *whipping* in the prisons of the United States — which is, after all, but a variety of the *knout* — that the practice is a species of barbarism, and that, possibly, there may be some punishment devised, a little less cruel, and more effective, than lacerating the human body by scourging. We are no advocates of a blind philanthropy; but this subject is one which has excited the attention of some of the wisest and best men of the age.

'UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.'—This sentence is true of crowned heads generally, yet it is most particularly applicable to the citizen-king of the French, whose every movement appears to be watched by some lurking assassin. But the printed reports of the attacks on the life of LOUIS PHILIPPE have always struck us as laughable in the extreme. The minuteness of detail, the far-fetched inferences, and the tortuous ramifications of suspicion, are peculiarly *French*, and tend to distract sympathy from the *grand monarque*, whose life has just been placed in imminent peril. The following is something after the common formula: 'Last evening, at seven o'clock, another attempt was made upon the life of our beloved king, by a man named FRANÇOIS SPRIGGINS. He had for some days attracted the attention of a police agent of the third division, and the inspector-general of the interior of the chateau, by a certain daring cock of his eye, whenever any of the National Guard passed near him, and by the contemptuous manner in which his hat was placed upon the side of his head. At the moment the king passed, in his carriage, the criminal was observed to thrust his right hand into the left hand pocket of his surtout, and draw from thence a pistol, which, before it was possible for any of the by-standers to arrest his arm, he presented and fired. The ball entered the middle of the carriage window, and narrowly missed the very head of the king, who was fortunately at the moment seized with a violent attack of *sternutation*, which threw it downward with great suddenness. Instantly, persons from all sides rushed upon the culprit, and, to use an expressive English term, before he had time to vociferate 'Jacobus Robinson,' he was firmly secured, and not a little maltreated by the crowd. He was perfectly cool and self-possessed — so much so, that, turning to the first indignant citizens who had grasped his arms and legs, in the attempt to secure him, he exclaimed, 'Well? — what of it?' His eye, as he uttered these words, beamed with much intensity. The assassin was immediately taken to the Tuilleries, and placed in one of the lower cells, under a tripple guard of twenty-four soldiers. His clothes were at once removed from his person. They consisted of a dark-brown surtout, quite *passé*, one of the elbows of which, in particular, was very much dilapidated, as if worn by constant friction. This circumstance was noted by an officer, and may lead to a disclosure of the nature of the culprit's calling, and to the discovery of his accomplices. He had, beside, a pair of gray cloth pantaloons, much worn, with a small fissure or hole in the lower region of the backward portion, through which, previous to his being undressed, it was remarked by several persons that a dingy fragment of linen hung suspended, like a pocket-handkerchief. His waistcoat was of faded black, and exceedingly tattered, and in one of the pockets was found a single franc. In the pocket of his body-coat, the least valuable of all his garments, was found a discolored pipe, from which arose an effluvia very offensive to the examining functionary. He had four shirts upon his body, varying in hue and cleanliness, downward to the first in which he had encased himself. A pair of old boots were taken from his feet, on one of which was a blue, and on the other a white, stocking — both in very bad condition. The pistol which the culprit used, was of a medium size, with a screw rifle barrel: it was a very common weapon, with a damaged stock, and had been very slightly charged, although it made a very loud report. In the hat which he wore, and which was not found until some time after his arrest, was the name of the maker, in the Rue St. Martin. An officer immediately went to this address, when it was found that the artizan, a tall, one-eyed man, very fond of snuff, and well known to the police, had been absent from Paris for three months, but that it would be very easy to find him out. The criminal has been removed to the Conciergerie, under a strong escort. Other important particulars will be given in the bulletin at noon. A public *affiche* may be seen at the Bourse.'

Such is a fair sample of the gossip which attends a shot at that animated target whose misfortune it is to be Monarch of the French. But, poor man! he cannot help it. As Byron would say, 'it is all owing to his bitch of a star.' He was born to trouble! when he was born to be a king.

'SPRING-TIME OF THE YEAR IS COMING!' — We had newly nibbled our gray goose-quill, to say a few words upon the season — which, as we write, is breaking upon us in the song of birds, and the glow of unclouded skies — when, in glancing over our latest London periodicals, we chanced upon the annexed, from a work in press by 'THOMAS MILLER, Basket-maker,' the delightful prose-poet of 'A Day in the Woods.' Truly, it cannot be improved; and desiring the reader to make the slight changes necessary to give the descriptions an American 'keeping,' we commend it to his affections. 'Spring,' says he, 'is come at last! There is a primrose color on the sky — there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes. Call her fickle April, if you choose; I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes: if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more lovable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms. Call her not fickle, but modest — an abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May or passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple-blossoms upon her cheek, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm, and the sky-god bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty; and if he withdraws his shining countenance, she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss. Fickle Sun! He, too, soon forgets the tender maiden, clothed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full-bosomed May, or the voluptuous June, forgetting April, and her sighs and tears.

'Oh! how delightful is it now to wander forth into the sweet-smelling fields; to set one's foot upon nine daisies — a sure test that spring is come; to see meadows lighted with the white flowers; to watch the sky-lark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies,

Singing above, a voice of light;

to hear the blackbird's mellow, flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the wood, who are robing themselves for the masque of Summer.'

MORROS. — We have somewhere seen the quotation which SCOTT appended to his acknowledgment of the authorship of the *Waverly* novels, cited as a happy specimen of an appropriate motto:

——— 'And must I then  
This lengthened skein unravel?'

But it seems to us scarcely more felicitous than the lines selected by the clever author of 'The Fidget Papers,' to preface the history of the 'reduced fashionable,' whose history he records in the present number of this Magazine. Let the reader remark, after perusing the article, with what entire aptitude every word of the quotation may be applied to the events narrated. *Appropos* of the 'Fidget Papers.' The author says, in a private note: 'They came to us with the effects of FRANCIS FIDGET, Esq., a gentleman recently deceased, who was an old bachelor, had seen much of the world, and recorded every thing which he deemed worthy of preservation. He was frequently solicited, during his life-time, to publish a portion of his papers; but being totally destitute of literary ambition, he refused to comply with the request of his friends. A large portion of the MSS. relate to the fortunes of a family by the name of MORTHAM, whose country villa was not far from the humble residence of Mr. Fidget. This family consisted of Col. Mortham, and a lady who was his second wife, two sons, and a daughter. Of the two

sons, Albert, the elder, was an ambitious lawyer, not very generally beloved, while Walter is represented by Mr. Fidget as very amiable, and a universal favorite. Of the charms of the daughter, Emily, Mr. Fidget often spoke with a warmth unusual in an old bachelor; and many passages in his papers are devoted to her. He cannot, however, be suspected of having entertained more than a friendly affection for the beautiful girl. This explanation may prove useful to the proper understanding of some of our extracts.'

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INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. — We have heretofore alluded to this great national work, now in progress of publication in Philadelphia, under the pictorial charge of eminent artists, and the literary supervision of Col. M'KENNEY, and Hon. JAMES HALL, of Cincinnati. The portraits, twenty in number, are from the well-known Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington; and nothing can exceed the beauty of the execution and coloring of those which have been issued. In England, whither an agent for the work has gone, it is in such request, that it is found impossible to supply the demand. The subscription in London was opened by the king himself, who gave his own signature at the head of the list. In this country, it has already been taken by great numbers, and in this city, it ranks among its subscribers many of our most distinguished citizens. The price of the work — which, considering its great excellence in every department, must be deemed exceedingly small — is but six dollars a number. It will be delivered to none but those who subscribe; and the names of these, *in fac simile*, will be engraved and bound up with the 'Gallery,' when it shall be completed. Mr. FULLER, the accredited and gentlemanly agent for this publication, will remain for a limited period at the Astor-House, where subscriptions may be registered.

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THE DRAMA. — We have little in the way of novelty to chronicle in this department. POWER, as welcome as ever, has been through with his usual round of characters at the PARK, delighting crowded audiences with acting so true to nature that it can never pall upon the beholder. At the AMERICAN THEATRE, within the month, in addition to the gorgeous spectacle of 'MAZEPPA,' which has had a triumphant career, a 'young lady,' Mrs. GEORGE JONES, has made her *début* in the character of Bianca, in MILMAN'S 'FAZIO,' with entire success. On every hand, her performance, for one so new to the stage, is pronounced unexampled. The inclement weather, which prevented our attendance, we are glad to learn had little effect upon the house, which was, as usual, brimming. The NATIONAL THEATRE has passed under the direction of Mr. HACKETT, whose inimitable personations, notwithstanding other attractions, have formed the most inviting feature in the management, thus far. New and interesting pieces, however, are in preparation, in which Mr. COOKE'S well known equestrian *troupe* are to be conspicuous.

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DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS. — We have derived much satisfaction from the perusal of a sensible and occasionally eloquent 'Address on the Duties of American Citizens, delivered before the Franklin Society of Saint Louis, on its second anniversary, January 7th, 1837, by CHARLES D. DRAKE.' The topics upon which it touches are, love of country, the necessity of home education, and a knowledge of the principles of a republic; the influence of demagoguism; the bad effects of a superabundant and blind national vanity, and wide-spread love of office; and the importance of a universal knowledge of the constitution. These subjects are so well reasoned, and in a style so terse and emphatic, that we doubly regret the necessity which compels us, at the late hour at which we receive the pamphlet, to limit ourselves to this brief notice of its contents, without fortifying our favorable opinions by extracts.

## LITERARY RECORD.

'**SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.** — A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of CHARLES BALL, a Black Man, who lived forty years in Maryland, South Carolina, and Georgia, as a Slave, under various Masters.' Such is the title of a book of more than five hundred pages, from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. Some very clever writer, who has read Robinson Crusoe, and caught, in no small degree, the spirit of that unsurpassed narrative, has wrought the stories of a garrulous and highly imaginative old colored man into a large volume, in which it must be admitted there is no lack of interest. Credulity, however, will be sadly tried, in various parts of this 'authentic history;' but there will be none left of consequence, we apprehend, after the reader shall have arrived at the 'full and particular account' of a horrid execution which was done upon two black men, in South Carolina, by fastening them down with their backs to the ground, in a desolate spot, where the turkey-buzzards were suffered to eat them away piecemeal! That due horrific effect may be given to this story, the amanuensis of the narrator assists the imagination of the reader, by informing him that 'buzzards and carrion-crows always attack dead bodies by pulling out and consuming the eyes first; they then tear open the bowels, and feed upon the intestines!'

**THE 'NEW-YORKER.'** — We take pleasure in calling public attention to the new quarto volume of this excellent journal, which has just commenced. We have perused the work from its beginning, and appreciated, we think, the great industry, talent, and good taste, which have marked its course. While it has avoided all noisy and lying boastings of its merit and success — the surest criteria of a lack of both — it has worthily obtained a strong hold upon the popular favor — a reputation, indeed, equal to that of any similar periodical in the country. The 'New-Yorker' is executed with much typographical neatness, and published by the proprietors and editors, Messrs. H. GREELEY and E. B. FISHER, at 127 Nassau-street.

**'THE YOUTHFUL IMPOSTOR.'** — This is a novel in two volumes, just re-published by Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia. It is from the pen of Mr. GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, a new candidate for literary honors. He is evidently an unpractised writer; but he understands dramatic effect, and is very expert in the effective grouping of scenes and incidents. He has so much to do with low life in London, as to induce the reader to believe that he might have passed his early years in the very heart of Alsatia. He describes well, however, and has the power of taking the reader along with him, whether he approve or condemn, as he journeys. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

**ESSAYS OF ELIA.** — A neatly-printed volume of some hundred and thirty pages, in a firm and tasteful paper cover, from the press of GEORGE DEARBORN, contains the essays of our beloved 'Elia.' Perfect creator of rich conceits — charming architect of periods! What an essayist is he! How shrewd in observation — how discriminative of the burlesque — how quaint yet melodious in diction — in expression how varied! Who ever rose from his pages without brighter thoughts and softer feelings! But we have said all this before, and would not iterate. The writings of CHARLES LAMB need no eulogist.

**HIESTAND'S TRAVELS.** — 'Travels in Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, by Rev. HENRY HIESTAND: including some Account of his Early Life, Conversion, and Ministerial Labors in the United States.' Thus is denominated a volume of some two hundred open pages, 'edited by a minister of the gospel in New-York,' and recently published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. We can do little more than announce the work; since candor compels us to say, that after entering upon its perusal, we found it not sufficiently inviting to induce us to accompany the author in his various journeyings.



**SARTOR RESARTUS.** — This is a collection of papers from Frazer's London Magazine, which in truth are very little to our taste. The writer walks beneath a German cloud more dense than a Scotch mist; and, in our humble estimation, the trouble of penetrating it is worth all his companionship. We cannot divest ourselves of a strong distaste to the 'peculiarities,' for which patience is invoked in the preface by some German-loving *littérateur*; and while we disclaim any intention to flatter, we must say, that, to our poor conception, Professor Tausfeldröckh is an eminent hero. But, '*Chacun à son goût.*'

**'DELICATE ATTENTIONS.'** — MESSRS. CAREY AND HART have issued, in a thin, open volume, 'Paul Pry's Delicate Attentions,' and other Tales, by the author of 'Little Peddington.' The 'other tales,' together with the one which gives the title to the book, have already appeared in an English magazine, and have been transplanted into journals of British literature on this side of the Atlantic. It is quite unnecessary to say that they are clever, and well worth reading.

**'TRAITS AND TRIALS OF EARLY LIFE,'** is the title of a volume by Miss LANDON, from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART. It is designed for the instruction and amusement of children, and consists of eleven stories, in prose and verse. They seem to us, on a cursory perusal, to be well and naturally wrought up, and to be imbued with good sentiments. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and the Messrs. CARVILL.

**FAULKNER.** — This novel, by Mrs. SHELLEY, author of 'Frankenstein,' has been published in one volume by the Messrs. HARPER. We have not found leisure, at the late hour at which it reaches us, to peruse it attentively; but a portion of the London periodical press, from which good judgments and unbiassed generally proceed, pronounce it a work of a high order, and the best which the author has yet given to the public.

**'MINOR MORALS.'** — We predict for the work by JOHN BOWRING, entitled 'Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated by Tales and Travels,' recently issued from the press of Messrs. CAREY, LEE AND BLANCHARD, a career of great usefulness. Blending amusement with instruction, simple in style, and good in tendency, it is admirably adapted to the capacities and wants of young people.

**POLITENESS.** — MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have published 'A Manual of Politeness, comprising the Principles of Etiquette, and Rules of Behavior in Genteel Society, for Persons of both Sexes.' To the true lady and gentleman, this book is unnecessary; but it may serve as a guide to very many in general society. New-York: C. SHEPARD, Broadway.

**THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, AND FAMILY MISCELLANY,** published by Mr. W. H. S. JORDAN, Boston, and conducted by Prof. E. A. ANDREWS, is entitled to a liberal patronage from the religious community. The number for March is very varied in its contents, which are well calculated not only to arrest and fix present attention, but to be productive of future moral and religious results.

**SKETCHES BY 'BOZ.'** — These sketches, illustrative of every-day life and every-day people, are a continuation of 'Watkins Tottle, and other Sketches.' They are far less attractive than the writings of the author hitherto published, and evince, what is admitted, that they are among the earliest compositions of the writer. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART: New-York: the Messrs. CARVILL, and WILEY AND PUTNAM.

**DUNALLAN.** — MESSRS. VAN NOSTRAND AND DWIGHT have recently published 'Dunallan, or Know what you Judge,' by GRACE KENNEDY, author of 'The Decision,' 'Father Clement,' etc. This religious novel has great popularity, having gone through numerous editions. The printing of the present edition is clear, and the binding tasteful.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. IX.

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No. 5.

## SCHILLER'S MARY STUART.

THE subject of Mary Stuart is scarcely a favorable one for dramatic composition. The wonderful events that crowded so thickly together in the life of that unfortunate princess — rendering her career, though unnaturally brief, one of the most remarkable in the records of history — are not precisely of that nature which is most susceptible of being wrought into a play, nor are the sufferings of the queen, and the fortitude and resignation displayed under them, such as the poets of the theatre could depict with most success. The ingratitude she experienced at the hands of unworthy friends, or disloyal servants — her unfortunate marriages — her long imprisonment, and cruel death — present fit subjects, it is true, for poetical embellishment, but not exactly for the dramatic muse, which demands something more startling, and, we may say, boisterous in action, than would comport with the facts recorded, or the character of the lovely and hapless sovereign. Some detached passages from her life may indeed be susceptible of a theatrical dress. The assassination of Rizzio, for example — exhibiting the petulant cruelty of Darnley, the blood-thirstiness of Morton, and the base born Douglas, the cold-blooded atrocity of Ruthven and their brutal accomplices, Ker of Fawdonside, de Balantyne, and the rest — with the unavailing anguish and just resentment of the outraged queen, would form a striking scene. So it might be with Darnley's murder — the festival, the dance — the boldness of the profligate Bothwell — the unsuspicious innocence and princely gayety of Mary, imprudent in the bestowal of her favor, yet guiltless of a thought of wrong — these might be successfully brought into contrast with the dark conspiracy — the broodings of guilty ambition, the deep deceit with which the traitor's snares are laid for the victims — the hopes and fears — the terrific catastrophe! But here the chief places in the action are filled by others — not by the queen; she is herself comparatively passive, while the deeds belong to her turbulent nobles. Alfieri has constructed a tragedy upon this portion of Mary's history, partly with the purpose, as he himself avows, of testing his success in an unpromising subject. It is not a little interesting to observe how the Queen of Scots and the fiery nobles of her court look in the 'Athenian garment' with which the classic genius of the Italian poet has invested them. He has handled the matter, perhaps, with more skill than could have been expected from the total want of harmony between the material and his peculiar genius; but the absence of local coloring in his play, the severity of his style, and his rigid exclusion of external objects and second-

any personages, serve to divest the picture of life. The author himself acknowledges his drama deficient in action, feeble, and cold ; and we have no reason to differ from his opinion. One emotion, however, is excited in the perusal of the piece ; it is that of wonder that aught so uninteresting could have been written of Mary, by a poet of undisputed ability. The prophetic frenzy of the second-sighted *La Morre*, which has met with favor in the author's eyes, we cannot regard as happy.

The queen's death is still more destitute of incident suited to dramatic purposes. A decapitation cannot be represented on the stage ; and the monotonous display of preparation, the grief of her adherents — even the triumph of malice, and the resignation of the victim — are but scanty materials for the dramatist. The termination must necessarily be foreseen from the first ; no interest, therefore, arising from curiosity can be excited. The scaffold frowns in full view, from the very opening scene ; and we approach it as it were through an avenue of cypress. Hence the chief interest must depend on the delineation of character ; and here it is that Schiller has shown himself so masterly. He has been compelled to distort history to furnish incidents for his drama ; the love of Mary for Leicester, her communication with him through the impassioned Mortimer, the meeting of the two queens, and the interview that hastens Mary's death, are freely painted by the fancy of the writer. None but a poet would have conceived a task like this ; none but a poet would have accomplished it as Schiller has done. It would be a bold enterprise indeed to attempt the fanciful embellishment of an image which the muse of history, seeming to have dipped her lavish pencil in the most luxuriant hues of fiction, has portrayed so freshly and so vividly. The image of Mary Stuart — to which even the pictures of the romancer, warm and glowing in the richest tints of poetry, have failed to add a single enchantment — familiar to every heart as some admired and beloved object known in actual life — familiar as the embodiment of all grace, and loveliness, and majesty, in the woman or the queen ! The intense interest that has been felt, even through the lapse of so many centuries, in every circumstance of her life, has drawn forth the most minute and copious biographies and histories of the unfortunate princess, and left little to be done by those writers who avowedly depart from severe historical accuracy. The subject even forbade the indulgence in that poetical imagery, and those beautiful strains of reflection, with which Schiller has delighted to adorn many of his dramas ; the incidents have an importance too grave and momentous to permit any diversion of the imagination, and there would have been risk of injuring the *vraisemblance* of the picture, by any departure from the simplicity of actual truth. With all these disadvantages, Schiller's work, in plan and execution, is truly noble and worthy of the subject ; and to say that, is to award it all praise. Some trifling faults interfere with and lessen the grandeur of the whole ; but the dignity of the last scenes more than effaces any unfavorable impressions. The poet has bestowed his greatest care on the character of the Scottish queen ; and the result of his labor has well rewarded his skill and pains. Her first appearance on

the stage is highly effective. Paulet, her keeper, with rude force, has possessed himself of her private papers; and the vehement and bitter complaints of her nurse, Hannah Kennedy, are checked by the entrance of the illustrious captive, whose beautiful calmness puts the stern knight to shame for the indignity he had offered her. 'You have forcibly possessed yourself,' she says, 'of what I had with my own free will delivered up to you;' then, without reproaching him, she requests that the letter found in her casket, addressed to the Queen of England, may be delivered to her royal sister by his own hand, not sent by the faithless and cruel Burleigh. It contains Mary's petition for a personal interview with Elizabeth:

'They've summoned me  
Before a court of men, whom as mine equals  
I cannot recognise. Unto no heart  
'Mong them, can I appeal. Elizabeth  
Is of my stock — my blood — of my own rank;  
To her alone — the sister — queen — the woman —  
Can I unbosom me.'

PAULET.

'Too often, Lady,  
Have you your destiny, ay, and honor, trusted  
To men who were less worthy your esteem.'

MARY.

'For yet another favor I must sue,  
A prayer inhumanity alone  
Would ne'er deny. Full long, a prisoner,  
I've lacked the consolations of the church,  
The blessing of the sacrament! I deem  
They who have robbed me of my crown and freedom,  
Who threaten now my life — will not so close  
The gate of Heaven against me!'

When left alone with her nurse, with how much sweetness and humility does she reply to the murmurs of her aged servant against the brutal ferocity of their gaolers:

MARY.

'Ah! in the days of our prosperity  
We've lent the flatterer a too willing ear!  
Just is it now, good Kennedy, we list  
The accents of reproach!'

The review of her eventful life, her expressions of regret for past weaknesses and imprudences, and of deep remorse for the derelictions from the strict path of duty, which conscience lays to her charge, form an affecting scene, before her mind is again disturbed by the delusive visions of hope, called up by the unexpected disclosures of Mortimer. The conspiracy of this youth and his friends to effect the queen's deliverance, contributes to give action to the piece; though we cannot but regard the display of the ungovernable fury of his wild passion as offensive to good taste. The exhibition of his violence in the park is the more to be regarded as a defect, since it is quite unnecessary, and only injures the effect of the previous scenes. Mary's interview with Burleigh, the lord treasurer of England, her relentless enemy, develops her character still more admirably. With a dignity and spirit that baffles and disconcerts her persecutor,

she vindicates her own rights, and exposes the mean subterfuges of her foes; the severity of her keen sarcasm visits for a moment the characters of those selected to be her judges — but not condescending to dwell on them individually, she assumes the broad ground of the improbability that impartial justice should be received at their hands by one of a strange faith and country, citing the proverb so long current among both nations, that pronounced doubtful at any time the evidence of a Scot against a native of England, or a Southron against a Scot. This national hostility, she adds, will never be at an end, till the whole island is united under one sceptre and one parliament.

BURLEIGH.

—— 'This blessing shall a Stuart  
Bring to the Kingdoms.'

MARY.

'Why should I deny it!

Ay, I confess — that I the hope have nourished  
Two noble nations to unite in joy  
Beneath the shadow of the tree of peace.  
Alas! I deemed not that myself would be  
The offering of their hate! Their jealousy,  
The fretful soreness of the olden discord,  
I hoped in that full sunshine to efface;  
And as mine ancestor the rival roses,  
After long strife, did twine in amity,  
To bind in one the crowns of sister kingdoms.'

When Burleigh announces the decision of her judges, and the sentence under which she is to suffer, her exposition of its injustice is so clear and unanswerable, that the stern courtier is forced to shun the argument, and change the subject of discourse. Beside his portrait of Mary, Schiller has delineated the other personages of his drama with a pencil not less happy — the haughty and selfish Elizabeth, the noble and honorable Talbot, the savage Burleigh, the feeble and dissimulating Leicester, and the stern but upright Paulet, are all painted in striking and discriminating colors. The somewhat lengthened dialogue between Paulet and Burleigh, where the latter vainly attempts to instigate the knight to the secret murder of his prisoner, is characteristic. The lord treasurer dwells on the apparent necessity of Elizabeth's pardoning her rival:

BURLEIGH.

—— 'O, also holy justice  
Escapes not blame. The popular judgment sides  
With the unhappy, ever; and pale envy  
Doth follow in victorious fortune's wake.  
The sword of law, wherewith man girds himself,  
Is odious in a female hand. The world  
Confirmeth not a woman's righteous sentence,  
When woman is the victim. 'Tis in vain  
That we, her judges, with free conscience speak;  
The queen hath still the royal right to pardon,  
And she *must* use it; 't were insufferable  
She should the law's relentless course allow!'

PAULET.

'Therefore ——'

BURLEIGH.

'And therefore — she must live? No — no —  
She must not live! No! — This it is — even this,

Disturbs our queen.— this is it banishes  
 Sleep from her couch ! I read her bosom's strife  
 In the queen's eyes : her lips speak not her wish —  
 Yet meaningly the silent glance doth ask :  
 'Is there among my servants none, will spare me  
 The hateful choice — to tremble on my throne  
 In daily fear — or to abide the shame,  
 And bring a crown'd head, of mine own blood,  
 Unto the block ?'

PAULET.

'That is necessity  
 Which may not now be shunned.'

BURLEIGH.

'It may be shunned —  
 The queen would say — had she but heedful servants.'

PAULET.

'Heedful, say you ?'

BURLEIGH.

'Who knew but to interpret  
 A mute command.'

PAULET.

'A mute command ?'

BURLEIGH.

'And who,  
 Were some envenomed dangerous serpent given  
 Into their charge, the intrusted enemy  
 Would not as some dear holy jewel guard.'

PAULET.

'A noble jewel is unsullied fame,  
 The blameless reputation of a queen ;  
 This — this — my lord, cannot too well be guarded !'

*Act II. Scene 8.*

The political sagacity of Elizabeth, as well as her haughty self-will, is exhibited in her interview with the ambassadors of France, where she dismisses them without deciding on the suit of their monarch, and cuts short their faint attempts at intercession in behalf of Mary ; and her violent and imperious temper breaks out in the privy council with her lords, on the subject of her hated rival. Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, scruples not openly to counsel a magnanimous conduct toward the prisoner, while Burleigh urges her immediate execution, and Leicester, whom the poet represents as a lover of the Scottish queen, recommends moderate measures, on the ground that Elizabeth has nothing to fear from one fallen so low, whom he ventures to stigmatize as the

'Homicide and husband-killer.'

But only a faint and most inadequate idea of the power of these scenes could possibly be conveyed by the closest analysis of the dialogue ; and we are sure none who can read the original, would thank us for a meagre outline. Their beauty lies in the dignity and completeness of their execution ; the characters wear the truth of history ; and if characters of this nature fulfil expectation, they merit eminent praise. Expectation in this case exacts much. The cowardice and irresolution of the Earl of Leicester, on the receipt of Mary's

picture and letter, conveyed to him by Mortimer, excites indignation, and his duplicity to Elizabeth contempt; but no false gloss is thrown over his character. He prevails on his mistress to afford the prisoner an interview, by suffering an apparently accidental meeting to take place, while Elizabeth is hunting in the park of Fotheringay. To effect this purpose, Mary is on that morning allowed to leave her dungeon for a walk in the open air. The third act opens with this scene: Mary, exhilarated by the intoxicating sense of new freedom, the cool breath of morning, the view of the limitless landscape, and the distant music of the bugle horns, comes bounding forward, and in her almost delirious enjoyment seems to forget that she is still in thralldom. Her wild delight is poured forth in lyrical measures adapted to her varying emotions; and the scene is so beautiful, that we shall yield to the temptation of presenting it to our readers, though merely in a literal and prosaic translation. Some other reader of the German may be fortunate enough to execute a version which shall unite the spirit of the original to its sweetness and variety of measure.

*Enter MARY, from the shade of the trees; KENNEDY following slowly.*

KENNEDY.

'You hurry on as you had wings indeed;  
I cannot follow you.'

MARY.

'Let me enjoy my new freedom; let me be a child again! and be thou so with me! Let me traverse the green carpet of this lawn with light and wingéd steps! Have I ascended from the darksome dungeon? Doth the doleful pit indeed no longer hold me? Let me unchecked, with thirsty lips, drink in the free heavenly air!'

KENNEDY.

'O my dear lady! but a little wider  
Your prison! You behold not here the walls  
That shut us in, because the trees' thick foliage  
Doth hide them.'

MARY.

'O bless, bless the friendly green foliage, that hides from me my dungeon walls! I will dream myself free and happy: wherefore disturb the sweet vision? Doth not heaven's wide vault surround me? My glance, free and fetterless, roves through illimitable space. Yonder, where the gray misty mountains rise, stretch the borders of my dominions; and these clouds, floating through the noonday sky, seek the distant seas of France. Speeding clouds! mariners of the breeze—who wanders—who sails with you? Bear my greeting to the land of my youth! I am a prisoner—in chains—ah! I have no other messengers! Free is your path through the air—you owe the queen no homage!'

KENNEDY.

'Alas, dear Lady! you're beside yourself;  
Your long sad durance hath bewildered you!'

MARY.

'Yonder lies a fisherman in his boat; that wretched instrument could save me, could bear me swiftly to friendly shores. Heedfully doth the needy man cherish it. I would load him richly with treasure—a draught should he make such as he never made: fortune should he find in his nets, should he take me hence in that rescuing vessel.'

KENNEDY.

'Vain wish! lo! yonder in the distance, following  
Our steps, the spy!—a cruel prohibition  
Scares all that can feel pity, from our sight.'

MARY.

'No, my good Hannah; trust me, not in vain  
My dungeon door is opened. This slight favor  
To me proclaimeth a far greater fortune.  
I am right. 'Tis the active hand of love  
I thank for this. Lord Leicester's powerful influence  
I recognise therein. Thus by degrees  
They will enlarge my prison, and inure me  
From small to great — till I that face behold  
Which shall unbind my chains — forever!'

KENNEDY.

'Ah!  
I cannot reconcile this contradiction;  
But yesterday announce your death to you —  
To-day this sudden grace! Your chains shall fall —  
You shall depart — but to eternal freedom!'

MARY.

'Hear'st thou the hunting horn? Hark to its peal! The mighty call through field and wood! Ah! to vault upon the eager steed, and join the cheerful greenwood chase! Yet more, O familiar voice, full of sad, sweet remembrances! How oft have I heard it with joy, in the breezy Highlands — when the clamorous horns summoned to the chase!'

The poor queen is ill prepared at such a moment to encounter the presence of her 'good sister,' who comes to exult in her calamities; but encouraged by the counsel of Talbot, she collects herself for the approaching emergency. As many of our readers will probably feel curious to see how the poet has managed such an interview, we shall be excused for translating a part of it;

ELIZABETH (*to Leicester*.)

'What is the place called?'

LEICESTER.

'Fotheringay castle.'

ELIZABETH (*to Shrewsbury*.)

'Send all our followers before, to London.  
The people crowd the streets too eagerly;  
We seek diversion in this quiet park.'

(*Talbot dismisses her train; she fixes her eyes on Mary, while she continues speaking to Paulet.*)

'Too dear our people hold us: passing reason,  
Idolatrous, the tokens of their joy.  
A god is honored thus — and not a mortal!'

MARY (*who during this time has been leaning half insensible upon her nurse, lifts up her head, and her eyes meet the full gaze of Elizabeth. She shudders, and throws herself again on Kennedy's bosom.*)

'O God! out of those features speaks no heart!'

ELIZABETH.

'Who is the Lady?'

(*universal silence.*)

LEICESTER.

'You are at Fotheringay, gracious queen.'

ELIZABETH (*looks surprised and astonished, then darts a stern look at the Earl.*)

'Who has done this to me? — Lord Leicester?'

LEICESTER.

'My sovereign — it hath chanced — and now, since heaven  
Your steps has hither led, let generosity  
And soft compassion conquer!'



TALBOT.

'Let me pray you,  
O royal mistress, look on the Unhappy  
Who passes now before you.'

(*Mary recollects herself, and offers to approach Elizabeth, but stands half way, shuddering and motionless; her features express the strong conflict of her feelings.*)

ELIZABETH.

'How, my lords!  
Who was it told me of one bowed so low!  
A pride I find, by suffering no ways softened!'

MARY.

'So be it! to this also will I stoop:  
Away thou powerless pride of the free soul!  
I will forget even who I am, and what  
I've borne; I will before her cast me down,  
Her, who hath brought me into this reproach.  
(*she turns to the queen.*)  
Heaven hath decided for you, sister! Crowned  
With happiness and victory is your head.  
The GODHEAD I adore, that lifts you up!  
(*kneels.*)  
Be you now also noble minded, sister —  
Let me not kneel unworthily! Stretch forth  
Your hand — extend to me the right of princes,  
And raise me from abasement!'

ELIZABETH (*stepping back.*)

'Lady Mary!  
That is your place; and grateful I adore  
The grace of God that would not suffer me  
To lie at your feet as you now lie at mine.'

MARY (*with rising emotion.*)

'Think upon human life's vicissitudes!  
That there are gods who haughtiness chastise!  
O honor, reverence them, the Terrible,  
Who thus have bowed me to your feet!  
\* \* O honor  
In me yourself! profane not nor disgrace  
The blood of Tudor, — which in my veins flows,  
As in your own. O God in heaven!  
Stand not so stern and so immovable,  
Like the proud rock, which some poor shipwrecked wretch,  
In his extremity, vainly strives to grasp!  
Mine all doth hang — my life — my destiny  
Upon my words — upon the force of tears!  
My heart unburden that I yours may reach!  
If still that freezing glance you bend upon me,  
Shuddering, the channels of my heart are closed,  
My tears are checked — an icy horror locks  
The word of supplication in my breast!'

ELIZABETH (*coldly.*)

'What would you, Lady Stuart, say to me?  
You wished to speak with me. I have forgot  
The queen, the deeply injured, to fulfil  
A sister's gentle duty — granted you  
The craved boon of my presence. I obey  
A generous impulse, tempting a just blame  
For that I stoop so far — for well you know  
That you have willed my murder — would reward it!'

In allusion to the injuries she has sustained at the hands of the English queen, Mary studies to avoid reproach or bitterness. She has hoped every thing from this interview — and will not, by giving way to the impulses of resentment, throw away her chance of success. Hence her language is mild and conciliating.

## MARY.

'I've met unworthy treatment at your hands;  
 For I too am a crowned queen — but you  
 Have held me in a base captivity;  
 I came to you a suppliant, and you  
 The holy law of hospitality,  
 The sacred law of nations, violating,  
 Shut me in dungeon walls — my friends and servants  
 Torn from me, and myself condemned to want —  
 Before illegal judges dragged for doom:  
 No more of that! Oblivion eternal  
 Cover the woes endured! Lo! I will call them  
 Inevitable fate! You are not guilty —  
 I am not guilty: some bad spirit rose  
 From the abyss, hate in our breasts to kindle,  
 That disunited us in years of youth;  
 It grew with us, and ill-designing men  
 Fanned the unhappy flame, and insane zeal  
 Officious hands armed with the sword and dagger.  
 It is the wayward destiny of kings,  
 That they, divided, rend the world in hate,  
 Let loose the furies of fire-eyed discord!  
 Now is no stranger's tongue to plead betwixt us;  
 We stand before each other. Sister, speak!  
 Name me my fault; you shall have full redress:  
 Ah! that you then had granted me a hearing,  
 When I so earnestly besought it of you!  
 It had not gone so far; nor in this place  
 Of sorrow had this hapless meeting chanced.'

## ELIZABETH.

'My lucky star preserved me from such fate,  
 The viper on my breast to lay. Not fate,  
 Your heart, accuse; your house's wild ambition.  
 There was nought hostile yet had chanced between us,  
 When your proud uncle, that imperious priest,  
 Who stretched his bold hand to profane all crowns,  
 Taught you my arms to assume, in royal title  
 To take upon yourself — for life and death  
 To battle it with me? Whom called he not  
 Against me? The priest's tongue, the people's sword,  
 Infatuate zeal's fierce weapons! Even here,  
 Here, in my kingdom's peaceful heart, he strove  
 To fling the scathing fire-brand of revolt!  
 Yet God is with me, and the haughty priest  
 Discomfited. My kingly head was threatened —  
 'T is yours that falls!'

## MARY.

'I am in the hands of God.  
 You will not vindicate in blood your power —'

## ELIZABETH.

'What hinders me? Your uncle the example  
 Gave to all kings on earth — now with his foes  
 Peace is concluded. St. Bartholomew —  
 Be that my school! What's consanguinity  
 To me — or law of nations? Duty's bonds  
 The Holy Church divides; the breach of faith  
 She sanctifies — the shedding royal blood!  
 I practise but the lessons of your monks.  
 Tell me, what pledge or warranty have I,  
 Should I with generous pardon loose your chains?  
 What lock shall keep your faith to me secure,  
 That soon St. Peter's keys will not undo?  
 The hand of power 's the sole security;  
 There is no covenant with a brood of serpents.'

The quarrel that ensues is not so well; yet there is infinite dignity

in the anger of Mary, when driven by the cruel insults of her rival to reply with taunt for taunt. The introduction of this scene was probably suggested to Schiller by the letter which it is known the Scottish queen wrote to Elizabeth, full of the most biting sarcasm, and which unquestionably hastened her doom. The revenge thus taken by the captive, she is here allowed to take in person, and to witness her triumph; Elizabeth, pale and speechless with rage, is led off by her lords.

The discovery of Leicester's correspondence with Mary, compels him to the basest falsehoods to vindicate himself in the eyes of his jealous mistress; and he consents to give the demanded proof of his sincerity, by witnessing and superintending the execution of the victim. Mortimer is arrested, and puts an end to his own life, professing his belief in the Romish church, and his devotion to the imprisoned queen. The pretended reluctance of Elizabeth to consent to the execution and sign the death-warrant brought her by the secretary, Davidson, and the stern determination she veils under a show of humane scruples, are admirably painted; the picture of the pitiable state of mind into which uncertainty, fear, jealousy, and hatred, have thrown the English queen, is truly impressive, and convinces the reader at once of the impossibility of her pardoning a rival so near her own throne. The attempt upon her life that is described, and the impatience of the people to be assured of their sovereign's safety, and the punishment of the criminals, is taken advantage of by her nobles, to excuse the eagerness with which they press on her an immediate decision; but it is not needed to confirm her own resolution. She cannot disguise from herself that her title to the English throne is regarded by many as inferior in justice to Mary's. She would in vain hide the stain cast on her birth by her own father.

## ELIZABETH.

—— 'Opposing hate  
Hath stripped it bare, and places in my sight  
This Stuart — an eternal threatening spectre.  
No, no! this fear shall end!  
Her head shall fall! I will at length have peace!  
She is the restless fury of my life,  
A torturing spirit, sent by fate to haunt me!  
Where'er a budding joy doth spring — where'er  
I have reared hope — there lurks the venom'd serpent,  
Forever in my path. 'T was she that robbed me  
Of the beloved — the bridegroom! MARY STUART  
Is each misfortune named, that smites me down!  
Let but her name be blotted from the living,  
And I am free — free as the mountain air!

Act IV., Scene 10.

Her scene with the secretary is curiously characteristic. She leaves the fatal warrant in his hands, without directly commanding him to deliver it to the lords, and Burleigh, entering immediately after, snatches it eagerly. A painful but a more elevating scene is displayed in the fifth act, in the apartments of the doomed queen, on the morning of her execution. From the shufflings of policy, and the machinations of malice, we turn to this exhibition of a resigned and forgiving spirit. How deeply do the gentleness and calmness of Mary sink into the heart! There is truly a poetical elevation in her language. The scene is in her ante-chamber; Han-

nah Kennedy, clad in deep mourning, and exhibiting every sign of the keenest grief, is busied in sealing packets and letters. Paulet and Drury, likewise in mourning, enter, and are followed by servants bearing gold and silver vessels, mirrors, pictures, and other valuables, which are ranged in the back-ground. Melvil also joins the group, and the queen's ladies, and lastly, the queen herself. She is magnificently arrayed in her robes of state; from a small chain round her neck is suspended an *Agnus Dei*; a crucifix is in her hand, and she has a crown upon her head. Her long veil is thrown back. At her entrance, all those present range themselves on either side, suppressing the signs of deep sorrow. Melvil has sunk upon his knee.

MARY (*looking around the circle with quiet dignity.*)

'What grieves you? Wherefore weep? Ye should rejoice,  
Ye all, with me, that now the end approaches  
Of all my woes; the captive's fetters fall,  
My dungeon opens, and the glad soul, mounting  
On angel wings, soars to eternal freedom.  
Then, when a victim to my haughty rival,  
I bore indignities, it ill beseemed  
A free-born queen to bear — then was the time  
To mourn for me! A power beneficent,  
With healing and salvation, Death, draws nigh,  
A friend in earnest! With his gloomy wings  
He covers my reproach! The last great doom  
Ennobles man — the sunken soul doth raise:  
Once more I feel the crown upon my head;  
A noble pride fills my expanding heart!

(*advancing.*)

Ha! Melvil here! Not so, most noble Sir!  
Stand up! You come unto your sovereign's triumph  
Not to her death. Fortune is kind to me;  
Kind beyond hope; for that my fame lies not,  
After my death, all in mine enemy's hands!  
I have one friend, confessing mine own faith,  
A solemn witness in the hour of death.  
Say, noble knight, how hath it fared with you,  
In this inhospitable land, since you  
Were severed from my side? The thought of you  
Hath often troubled me.'

MELVIL.

'No want oppressed me,  
Save grief for you, and mine own powerlessness  
To serve you.'

MARY.

'How with Didier hath it fared,  
Mine ancient chamberlain? That loyal servant  
Must long ere this have sunk to his last sleep,  
For he was well in years.'

MELVIL.

'God hath denied him  
This grace, my queen; he lives, your youth to bury!'

MARY.

'Oh, had it been my lot, ere death, to lean  
On some beloved and kindred breast! I die  
'Mong strangers — by no tears bewailed, save yours!  
Melvil, my last dear wishes for my friends  
I leave in your true breast. I leave my blessing  
With the most Christian king, my brother-in-law,  
And all the royal house of France; mine uncle,

The Cardinal, Henry Guise, my noble cousin ;  
 And with the Church's Father, Christ's vicegerent,  
 Who blesseth me again : the Catholic king,  
 Who would have been my saviour and avenger,  
 All are remembered in my testament ;  
 My gifts of love, however poor they be,  
 Will not in their regard be lightly held.  
 (turning to her attendants.)

I have commended all of you, kind friends,  
 Unto my royal brother of France : his care  
 Will give you a new country. As ye hold  
 Sacred my last request, stay not in England.  
 Let not the haughty malice of our foes  
 Feed on your ills ; look not upon my dust !  
 Swear by this image of the crucified,  
 When I am dead, to leave this luckless land !'

MELVIL.

' I swear it in the name of all !'

MARY.

' What I,  
 Poor and despoiled, yet own whate'er is left me  
 Free to bestow, I've shared among you all :  
 They will respect, I trust, my latest will.  
 What I wear, too, upon the way to death,  
 Belongs to you. Let me this once cast back  
 An earthward glance upon my path to heaven ! [ To her Ladies.]  
 To you, my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamond,  
 I give my pearls, my robes ; your youth delights  
 In such. Thou, Margaretta, nearest claim  
 Hast on my liberality — left behind  
 The unhappiest of all. That I revenge not  
 Thy husband's guilt on thee, my will shall show.  
 Thee, my true Hannah, gold nor gems allure ;  
 Thy dearest jewel is my memory.  
 Receive this cloth ; with mine own hand 't was wrought,  
 Embroidered for you in my heavy hours,  
 And many a bitter tear is woven therein.  
 With this, my Hannah, shalt thou bind mine eyes  
 When I shall need. This last and solemn service  
 It is my wish that thou dost render me.'

KENNEDY.

' O Melvil ! I can bear no more !'

MARY.

' Come, all !  
 Come, and receive my last adieu !'

[She holds out her hand ; one after another they kneel and kiss it, with loud weeping.]

' My Margaretta — Alice — fare you well !  
 Thanks, Burgoyne, for your faithful service. Gertrude,  
 Thy lips are feverish — I have been much hated,  
 But O, much loved ! A noble consort bless  
 My Gertrude ; love that burning heart demands :  
 Bertha, thou hast well chosen the better part,  
 The spotless bride of Heaven ! Haste to fulfil  
 Thy pious vow. Deceitful are earth's pleasures ;  
 Learn that from me, thy sovereign. No more !  
 Farewell — farewell — eternally farewell !'

Act V., Scene 6.

Her confession to Melvil, who comes as a priest to administer the last consolations of religion, is detailed at length ; and this scene, though a singular one, is not without its effect. It completes and

softens the picture. Burleigh and the other lords then appear, to conduct her to execution. Leicester remains in the back-ground, without daring to look upon her. The queen gives her last requests to Burleigh with dignity.

MARY.

'Since my body  
Is not in consecrated earth to rest,  
Let leave be granted to my faithful servants  
To bear my heart to France, among mine own.  
Ah ! it was ever there !'

BURLEIGH.

'It shall be done;  
And aught yet farther —'

MARY.

'To the queen of England,  
I send a sister's greeting. Say to her  
With all my heart I pardon her my death ;  
And pray her pardon for my violence  
Of yesterday : God keep her —  
Send her a happy reign ?

\* \* \* \*

[*Her women crowd round her, with lamentations ; she addresses Melvil.*]

'You, worthy Sir,  
And my good Hannah, will accompany me  
On this last journey. Sirs, deny me not  
This grace.'

BURLEIGH.

'I have no power to grant it.'

MARY.

'How !  
This small petition can you then deny ?  
Bethink you of my rank ! Who is to render  
Me the last services ? It cannot be  
My sister wills my race in me should suffer  
Indignity ! Men's rough hands to unrobe me ?'

BURLEIGH.

'No woman must ascend the scaffold's steps  
With you ; their cries and lamentations —'

MARY.

'They 'll not be heard ! Myself will be the surety  
For mine own Hannah's steadfast soul. Be kind,  
My lord. O separate me not, in dying,  
From my true nurse and hand-maiden ; she bore  
Me living, in her arms — and she will lead me  
With gentle hand to death.'

Her words prevail, and as she turns to depart, Mary encounters the glance of the Earl of Leicester ; at this sight she trembles, and seems about to fall, which the Earl perceiving, he supports her with his arm. She fixes a steadfast look upon him, which he shrinks from, in guilty consciousness.

MARY.

'You keep your word, my lord of Leicester !  
You said your arm should bring me from this dungeon,  
And now you lend it me !'

She bids him, however, a dignified farewell; forgiving his selfishness and duplicity to her, and wishing him the reward for which he has sacrificed her. The conscience-stricken Leicester sees her depart to death, and hears, soon afterward, the announcement that all is over.

From the author's too careful anxiety to deal poetical justice on Elizabeth, the impression left on the reader, at the close of the foregoing scenes, is considerably weakened before the end of the tragedy. The agitation of the English queen, her pretended surprise and displeasure at finding her warrant had been executed, her attempts to make Burleigh and the secretary the scape-goats of the iniquity whose stain she fears will rest on herself—the resignation of his office by the disgusted Shrewsbury—the intelligence of Leicester's sudden departure for France—and the deep chagrin manifest through the forced calmness of Elizabeth—while they satisfy the demands of dramatic justice, tend to dismiss the reader with feelings approaching to indifference. Had the play ended with the execution of Mary, the picture might have been less complete, but much would have been gained by leaving undisturbed those feelings of admiration, pity, and indignation, which the poet had succeeded in awakening. It is all important to the *effect* of a tragedy, that the strongest emotions excited should remain in their first strength and vividness. E. F. E.

# L I N E S

## ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND GOING TO EUROPE.

Spring's voice is on the breeze!  
She calleth home her wild birds o'er the main,  
And loud they carol back to her again—  
Swift winging o'er the seas!

Her breath hath waked the flowers!  
She whisp'reth forth the young leaves from their rest;  
She woos the soft grass from earth's parent breast,  
With her bright sun and showers.

She hath unlocked the chain!  
The streams come dashing downward from the hills;  
An echo soundeth from a thousand rills  
To the rejoicing main!

And hath she wiled thee forth,  
Now, in the joyous childhood of the year,  
To tell to other climes her beauties here,  
Of sky, and fount, and earth?

Thou goest with the wind—  
With white-wing'd ships o'er ocean's foaming crest—  
Thou leav'st for far-off lands the eagle's nest,  
With mourning ones behind.

Kind wishes waft thee on!  
There is an outspread wing above the tide—  
A 'strong right hand,' that will thee safely guide  
Upon the way thou'rt gone.

## THE FATE OF PERCY.

A CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S STORY: FROM THE 'FIDGET PAPERS.'

RETURN we now to the gallant Percy, whom we left in the hands of Justice — that blind old lady, with her usual acumen, having seized upon the descendant of a hundred earls. He was soon liberated, for it was speedily discovered that he was not the author of the 'Genius of Washington,' on whom the writ should have been served. Notwithstanding his prompt enfranchisement, the slayer of men regarded the transaction in the light of a premeditated outrage, and was induced by it to vent his spleen in a published article against the Judiciary of the United States, which gained him great applause with at least one political party. In the mean time, his funds ran very low, and he hardly dared to look his situation in the face. His duns, those constant followers of those who follow the fashion — the only acquaintances who never forsake a man in a reverse of fortune — were assiduous in calling on the Percy. At length, the aspect of affairs became so alarming, that the unfortunate officer resolved on doing something desperate. He could not blow his brains out in the Tremont House, because it would alarm the ladies; but, one evening, having carefully loaded his pistols, and seen that the detonating caps were fresh, he buttoned his surtout to his throat, drew his riding-cap doggedly over his eyes, and descending the steps of the Tremont, mounted his horse, which had been brought at ten o'clock, according to appointment.

Behold him now, brooding over his pecuniary difficulties, as his sure-footed steed paces gently down the noiseless declivity of Beacon-street. The captain urged the animal to a gallop, so soon as he entered on the mill-dam, and casting a look upward at the sky, in which the wan, watery moon seemed wading slowly through the banks of clouds, he mentally ejaculated: 'Tis a fit night for my fell purpose!' Alas! poor Percy!

The mills are reached, and the sign-board of McGills, creaking in the evening wind, does not allure our desperate traveller to stop. Arrived at that spot where the dam puts forth a branch to the left, he paused for a moment, in grave deliberation, doubting whether to strike into the road to Brookline, or follow that which led to Brighton. He determined on the latter course, and struck his spurs into the sides of his gallant steed. Two or three minutes' sharp riding brought him to the brow of a hill, upon the Brighton road, about three miles from Boston. Here he somewhat restrained the rapidity of his steed, and again cast an uneasy look at the moon, which peered curiously forth from an open space of clear blue, darting her beams upon the autumnal scenery beneath. The rising wind, lifting the heavy boughs of the trees, sighed through the brown foliage with a melancholy and foreboding sound. The oppression of Percy's mind was almost insupportable; and seeking to dispel it by rapid motion, he again roused the mettle of his horse, and smiled as the animal dashed forward in a rapid gallop. Two more miles are past, and the spires of Brighton glimmer in the cold moonbeam. But



now the horseman strikes into a shadowy by-lane, perhaps suffering his charger to choose the path, for a horse's hoofs have been heard *glinting* on the stones, and Percy's animal has pricked up its ears, and answered with a joyous neigh.

On! on! A stream of moonlight pouring through an opening in the fringe of wood that skirted the road, displayed a short, thick-set man, mounted on a sorry nag, and trotting leisurely along. Percy firmly grasped his bridle-rein, drew forth a pistol, cocked it, and whispering a word of encouragement in the ear of his horse, dashed after the stranger. At the instant of overtaking him, the unknown wheeled his horse about, and presenting a pistol, exclaimed, simultaneously with Percy: 'Halt! or you're a dead man!'

'Your purse!' cried Percy. Yes, reader! well may'st thou stare, and peradventure raise thy hands in romantic or in pious horror. The gallant Captain Percy — he of the guards, the observed of all observers — was a robber! 'Your purse!' he reiterated, more peremptorily and impatiently.

'Vell now,' said the stranger, dropping the muzzle of his pistol, and working himself uneasily in his saddle, 'Vell, now, I'm blowed if I think this 'ere 's the caper. To think of two gemmen robbin' von another!'

'Damnation!' cried Percy; 'after screwing my resolution up to the sticking-point, to be thus baffled at the outset!'

'Vy!' exclaimed the stranger, with an air of comic surprise, 'I'm blowed if it is n't — yes — as sure as the devil's in Lunnon, it is — my old pal, Captain Glen! Your hand, old pal!'

'Really, I have n't the pleasure of recollecting you,' replied the captain, calmly, 'and yet you seem to know my name.'

'Vat!' cried the other, 'you have n't forgotten light-fingered Jack — Jack Diver — the greatest *cliy-faker* in London or out of it!'

'Jack! your hand, my cove! Why, upon my soul I did n't expect to find *you* here! I thought you were *scragged*.'

'Oh, captain, captain! don't mention it! — it has such an effect on my nervous sensibilities. True enough, I *vas* brought to the scraggin'-post, and they said 'ow I died game. Bless your soul, captain, I *recollects* wery vell the ride in the cart, though I'd been lushing pretty heavy, to keep my spirits up. But they say I made a confession, which I never did — for though they stuck a Bible in my fist, I *recollect* perfectly, I said, 'I'm hinnocent! I'm hinnocent!'

'And so went out of the world, Jack, with a lie sticking in your throat?'

'Vell, captain, you may laugh, but I think it was that same lie sticking in my throat vat kept the rope from choking me: for ven I *vas* took down, and the bloody coves at Surgeon's Hall began for to cut into me, I came to life, just in time to be too late, I *vas* afeard, ven I *saw* so many of 'em all about me. But I sprung up, and caught the biggest doctor's knife, and flung it out of the vinder; and I *guv* von of the little doctor's a rap on the nob, and I hits another a vipe in the chops, and showed that if I *vas* to die, I'd die game. Vell, captain, the hupshot of it *vas*, they promised not to blow me, and they got up a superscription, and *guv* me eight guineas and my liberty. So

'the world vas all before me vere to choose,' as the poet says, and I crossed the herring-pond.'

'Alone?'

'No, no! You shall know who come with me, by-and-by. I came 'ere 'cause I vas afear'd to stay at 'ome — that's von thing — and 'cause I wanted to find you out — that's another. London's no place for a gemman to live in: there's so many on us there, that hopposition 'as ruined the trade. As for 'igh toby, there's too much risk in that now-a-days, as I know to my cost, 'cause the only job of that sort I attempted, brought me to the *crap*, and did your business in London.'

'Well, Jack, and now you've found me, tell me, where do you hang out? — at some flash-house?'

'Oh! captain, captain! this is the cursedest country ever vos. Vy, bless you, there aint no flash cribs in America. No, no: I lives under ground.'

'A very proper place for a man that's been hung.'

'Ha! ha! very good. I 'ope it is n't 'unger that sharpens your vit, captain: but you always vos a merry 'un: all the blowers cried their eyes out, ven they heard you'd gone to the other world.'

'The other world! Ha! ha! a very good epithet for this 'undiscovered country!' But go on.'

'Vell, you must know, captain, I'd no sooner landed in New-York, than I hopened a dry-good store.'

'The deuce you did!'

'*Broke* it hopen. Vell, they made sich a row about it, that I was forced to do as the British have done afore — evacuate New-York. Oh! I didn't vant to come on 'ere, for I'd 'eard it vas *sich* a sober, moral place.'

'So much the better for our trade.'

'No, captain, the better carackter a city 'as, the more rogues there is in it: and in Boston — vy, bless you! I 'ad my 'ole trade to learn. It was like sarving an apprenticeship. Vy, Sir, there vas von time ven I thought I should be obliged to take to preaching.'

'And what prevented you?'

'Vant of heddication, and vant of a call, partly — partly 'cause I 'appened to fall in vith an old cove hard by 'ere — an American, who has cracked many a joke with us in times past.'

'Who?'

'Vy, who do you think? Tom Ashburn!'

'You do n't say so!'

'He had been settled here some years on a farm; and the old cove vas n't much pleased to see me, you may be sure. But I threatened to blow the gaff on him, so he come round, and hofferred to support me, if I'd give up business, and live like a gemman. I told him if he'd buy my dishonesty, I'd accept his hoffer. He axed me vat I considered my bad carackter vorth: I told him that it hought to fetch me in £400 a year, but it mought be worth no more 'n £200, because the fine harts don't flourish in this country. The old cove shook his 'ead, and could n't give me that; but he agreed to shelter me. There vas an old tomb, in the side of an 'ill, on his place, and he and me cleared it out, and enlarged it, and now we've got a snug

room, and a place for a norse or two. But I say, captain, 'ow 's the stumpy with you? Clean out?

'All gone!'

'Then you shall come with me, and share my comforts. You need n't look so grave, captain, and turn up your nose at my lodgings. I assure you many 's the gentleman has slept up there in the 'ill-side — ay, and been *boarded up* there, too.'

'Well, my good fellow, since I have none but duns to welcome me in Boston, and no other shelter for my head, I'll accept your offer. But tell me, does your companion share the comforts of your under-ground lodging?'

'No, no, Tom has adopted 'er, as von may say: she lives in his 'ouse.'

'*She!* A woman, then?'

'No, no — a child — a little innercent child. My heyes! if you speak to me about it, I shall snivel like a baby.'

'Lead on, then; I am cold and weary.'

Thus urged, and not unmindful of his own comfort, the London prig belabored the ribs of his starveling nag, and preceded our captain at a good round trot. As he passed a rustic farm-house, he turned his head, and said in a low tone to his companion: 'There's the old cove's crib. Not so bad an idea to retire on a farm.'

'No,' answered Percy, or, as we must now call him, Captain Glen; 'many great men have found solace on a farm; among our British heroes, Bolingbroke and the victorious Earl of Peterborough; and Frederick the Great cultivated melons with his own hands, at Sans Souci.'

To this remark, the illiterate cockney made no reply, but drew up his rein at a five-barred gate. The trained animal which he bestrode, albeit presenting little promise of such agility, cleared the barrier at a single bound, and the gallant captain, following his example, was instantly beside his daring guide. Side by side the moral pair cantered across a *moving*, and half way up a hill, when the leader directed his companion to halt, and dismounted before a gloomy, low-browed arch, that gave admittance to a tomb which had been excavated in the stony bosom of the rising ground.

So soon as the gallant captain and his comrade stood within the precincts of the tomb, the latter secured the double doors by heavy bolts, and then proceeded to strip the horses of their saddles and accoutrements. The apartment in which the captain found himself, was lofty, and both walled and ceiled with stone. Nature appeared to have done as much for it as art, and it was very doubtful whether it had been actually intended as a receptacle for the dead. At the farther extremity was a door which led into a sort of stable, and another aperture in the sides of the cavern gave a glimpse of a small sleeping-room, in which two beds were visible. On the walls of the cave hung several rough coats and hats of various fashions, culinary implements, bridles, halters, whips and spurs, mingled grotesquely with hostile weapons, such as pistols, a cutlass or two, a rusty fowling-piece, and an old king's arm, of very ancient workmanship. These features of the scene were revealed by the strong wild glare of a peat fire, which was built upon a brick hearth, in the centre of the

tomb, and flashed and flickered fiercely, as the captain, covering over the blaze, fanned it with his cap. The shadows of Jack and the horses danced in strange contortions on the wall and ceiling, as the hardy thief was occupied in grooming them. At length he led them to the inner stable, where, throwing down the straw and fodder, he left them for the night.

Returning to the parlor, as he called it, he busied himself in preparations for supper. A tea-kettle, placed upon a trivet over the embers, soon threw up a reeking steam, while from some savory slices of bacon, hissing on the gridiron, arose a peculiar incense, grateful to the senses of the hungry rascals. At length the meal smoked upon the table, and to the articles already mentioned, tea and ham, light-fingered Jack added bread, butter, cheese, smoked beef, toast, and sundry condiments, not forgetting, by way of a whet, a bottle containing the true juice of the juniper, and one of lighter claret, acceptable to the refined taste of the more accomplished robber. These arrangements had been made in profound silence, which was maintained with due gravity, for a long time after the ravenous pair had been seated at the table. At length, Jack Diver, valorous trencherman as he was, paused, and eyed the captain, who was still busily plying his knife and fork. The light of a tallow candle, streaming full on the face of Jack, revealed a sharp, shrewd countenance, covered with freckles, and surmounted with a shock of wiry red. Its expression would have reminded a play-goer of John Sefton, in the part of Jemmy Twitcher.

'Help yourself, captain,' said he; 'do n't be sparing of the wittles. 'Cause vy? — the public pays for all. Do try a little hung beef; and these here ingens are werry nice, for they 've been *strung up*, as I vas vonce — and do vet your v'istle with a drop o' max.'

'Thank ye, I prefer claret,' replied the captain, making a generous libation. 'Well now, Jack, tell me what became of Fanny. I believe she only wanted opportunity to peach.'

'She peach! Oh! captain, there 's vere you done her a hinjury as broke her 'art. She vas true to you as knife to hand, and she vas belied by that 'ere imp of Satan, Molly Peacham, vat meant to blow the gaff on you herself. But she 'ad her desarts, for she vas cast for a *lag*, and is ruralizing now at Botany Bay.'

'And did I wrong her? Poor Fanny! Well, well! I dare say she forgot her griefs in the arms of another.'

'Captain Glen, it vas always my principle, and it ought to be your'n, never to speak ill of the dead.'

'Dead! Fanny Merton dead! It cannot be.'

'I swear it, s' 'elp me Bob!'

'And I broke her heart — I murdered her! Good heavens!'

'Oh, captain,' cried Jack, 'do n't use that awful vord. It makes me feel as tremulous as a pendlehum, and as cold as hice. It puts me in mind of the time ven I vas a hinnercent young youth, and used to go to parish-church on Sunday, and hear the good old parson, in a velsh vig, preach about the saints and the 'postles. That vas afore I vas a horphan, and got corrupted in a vork-'us.'

'Damnation!' muttered the captain, occupied with his own thoughts.

'Vell, that 's 'arty, now,' said Jack ; ' I likes to 'ear you swear. It sounds so nateral. Bless your soul, captain, you do n't know how lonesome I've felt some nights, ven I 've been here, and got out of gin. I did n't like the hidea of being hunder ground : 'cause vy ? it would be so easy for the vicked von to carry me away, and nobody nigh me to 'ear ven I called for 'elp. Vy, I 've voke up in the middle of the night, arter an 'orrible dream, and been so mortal feared, that more 'n vonce I 've crept into the stall vith my 'orse, and laid down on his straw. It seemed a sort of protection, like.'

'And you had nothing to bear you up ?' said the captain.

'Nothing can stand ag'in conscience,' answered the sententious thief. 'There 's only von hact ever gives me satisfaction, and that is, taking care of Fanny's child, and saving her from the fangs of the parish, and bringing her hout 'ere.'

'Fanny's child !' ejaculated the captain : 'was she the companion you spoke of ?'

'Ay, captain, and she 's your child too.'

'Mine ! Ha ! ha !'

'You need n't laugh, captain. She bears a c'tificate of her mother's honesty in her likeness to you. Unfortunate Fanny ! I see her on her death-bed. She could n't speak a vord, but she vas a-veep-in' and a-vailin', and hugging this 'ere little child to 'er 'art. My heyes ! I vas quite ashamed of myself, for I vas crying like a baby ; and as I had n't no vipe to vipe the tears away vith, I helped myself to von out of the potecary's pocket. Poor Fanny ! she could n't speak, but she p'inted werry pitifully to the child, as much as for to say, 'Take care of it,' and I nodded my 'ead, as much as to say, 'I vill.' But it seems that vas n't enough, for ven I nodded my 'ead, she shook her'n, and p'inted up to the ceiling, as much as to say she wanted me for to go for to take an oath of it. So I took her hand in von of mine, and raising the other up in the most solemncolly manner, I ripped out von of the d—dest oaths you ever heerd, and she vas satisfied — and I vas as good as my vord.'

'For which I thank you,' cried the captain, warmly.

'Ven I vas carried to quod,' continued Jack, 'von of my pals took charge of her ; and ven I got away from the medicals, I looked her out, and fetched her to America. But captain, I say, vot makes you look so deadly pale ?'

'My child !' cried Glen, 'my poor child ! I could wish that she should be spared the life of crime which I and her mother led. Does she know that she has a father, and that her father is a villain ?'

'Vy, the leetle creater 's only eight year old ; and she 's had a liberal education for her years ; but she do n't know the meaning of them ugly vords, willain and father. Fact, I believe, she thinks the old cove she lives vith, and old granny Burton, is her father and mother.'

'Well !' said Glen, 'she shall never know to whom she owes her being. I will see her only by stealth, and she, at least, shall be virtuous and happy.'

'You're low-spirited, captain,' observed Jack ; 'take some gin — I axes pardon, claret — and v'ile you're drinking your lush, I'll jest freshen my nip vith a sup o' max, and then I'll give you a song as

was wrote by a famous tobyman vot come to his end at Tyburn tree.  
They called him Rhyming Rob.'

#### JACK DIVER'S SONG.

THAT all the world are robbers, now, I'd have you for to know,  
Only some they are of high degree, and some they are of low.  
Your queens and kings, and sich like things, your knights and ladies gay,  
Your statesmen and your bishops, has the people for their prey.

O, tell me vat's the difference — it's werry hard to see —  
'Twixt von o' them and von of us — a minister and me?  
The minister of state and I alike for booty ax,  
Only I confess its *priggings*, v'ile he calls *his swag a tax*.

Your mistress is a robber, though she robs you with a smile,  
And though she picks your pocket, says she loves you all the v'ile:  
Your patriot robs you with his talk about your institutions,  
V'ile your doctor is a prig vot drains your purse's constitutions.

Your landlord robs you civilly — he does it with a bow;  
Your foreign actress does it best — she knows exactly how:  
Your sharper does your business at billiards with a trick,  
And dancers ease your pockets with a *pirouette* and *kick*.

Then vat's the use of labor, boys? — come, push about the max;  
Do n't be ashamed of pilfering — it's levying a tax:  
Then vot's the difference of rank, v'ile von can dance and sing?  
Your king is but a robber, and your robber is a king.

Jack filled his glass, and said: 'Here's confusion to care, and success to our trade! A bumper, captain!'

'With all my heart,' cried Glen, raising a glass of ruby claret to the light. 'Success to our trade!'

'And now, captain,' said Jack, 'I claim my privilege of knocking you down for a song.'

'I cannot object,' replied the courteous robber, 'and I beg you will listen with attention to my

#### 'LAST REQUEST.'

##### AIR: 'THE LEGACY.'

'WHEN the light of my life is over,  
Guard my body, my ancient pal;  
'Tis not fit that a gallant rover  
Should go to the covies of Surgeon's Hall.  
Take my corse, when no star is shining,  
(This, my pal, is my last request,)  
Bury it deep where the grape-vine, twining,  
Shall shed its drops on my place of rest.

'Thus the clay which was trained to bear it,  
When in the grave it shall 'calm recline,  
Still shall imbibe its long-loved claret,  
And I be moistened with native wine;  
Raise no stone with its graven folly,  
To feed the scorn of my fellow men,  
But plant the evergreen pine and holly  
Above the grave of your Captain Glen.

'Take the steed that I rode in glory,  
When I die, from his secret stall;  
Linked with mine is his humble story,  
But do not let him survive my fall.  
With my pistols, when life is over,  
Set my steed from his thralldom free,  
Breathe one prayer for the fallen rover,  
Then bury my horse and my arms with me.'

'And I'll do so!' cried Jack, upon whom the juice of the jumper had begun to operate, smiting the table till the plates danced, by way of emphasis; 'I'm blowed if I von't, and that's as good as if I swore it. But if I gets scragged before you, captain, (and a knowing gipse y once foretold that I should be scragged twice, and that the last time would prove fatal,) vy, if you can prig my body, and take it to some knowing covey, and if so be as he can't bring me to life, vy, you may sell my corpse, and drink my health vith the profits. And now, since my heyes are vinking, and it's nearly morning, I wotes that we retires.'

The motion was seconded by the captain, and, after extinguishing the fire, the pair retired to their beds, to dream over new exploits; so true it is, that success blinds us to danger, and that men can sleep soundly on the verge of a volcano.

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THE sudden disappearance of Captain Percy caused no little excitement among the host of those who knew him. Miss Sallow mourned in solitude and silence; not so the gallant captain's creditors, who advertised him in the newspapers. It was a long, long time before the bereaved young lady permitted herself to be addressed with words of consolation, and when she did, they were pronounced by the lips of the poor poet; and so potent was their effect, that, strange to say, the young lady, in the fervor of her gratitude, consented to be led to the hymeneal altar by the author of the 'Genius of Washington.' They were married in church, with great pomp and ceremony; but when the happy bridegroom placed the wedding ring upon the finger of the bride, she was observed to start and stare, while a crimson flush suffused her innocent countenance. Some considered this ominous; others called it a ridiculous affectation; but we cannot wonder at it, when we learn that in the mysterious and holy symbol, she recognised the *gage d'amour* that once rewarded the impetuous address of captain Percy. However, she kept the secret to herself.

The happy pair passed the honey-moon in excursions to various parts of the country, and once favored the Morthams with a day of their society. It was drawing toward the small hours of darkness, when they entered their carriage, to return to town. They had been urged to remain all night, but they were obdurate and inflexible, defying the perils of darkness and a drunken coachman. The road was silent and deserted, for in the neighborhood of Boston, the people are proverbial for early hours, and a traveller is rarely encountered on the road, after ten o'clock at night. At first, the carriage rolled along at a moderate rate; but the horses soon increased their speed, and owing to the helplessness of the inebriated driver, soon upset the vehicle down a steep bank, at the side of the road. Epic and his lady were unhurt, but terrified exceedingly. They struggled in vain to extricate themselves from their prison, and were compelled to listen to the mingled curses and cries of the coachman, and the splintering of wood, as the frightened horses frantically endeavored to free themselves from the carriage and harness. What was their relief, when the door of their carriage was opened, by an unknown

hand, and they were freed from their perilous situation, and handed out of the fallen vehicle with punctilious politeness. By the light of one of the carriage-lamps, they saw that they were in the presence of two strangers, whose faces were concealed by caps slouched over them, and whose forms were enveloped in loose wrappers. The horses of these friends in need were hitched to the rails of the fence that bounded the road, and were quietly cropping the grass by the way side. The coachman, who had now recovered his senses, was assisting the shortest stranger to right the carriage, and quiet the horses. The driver re-mounted his box, and demanded the reins, but the stranger who had assisted him, imposed silence, by an imperative gesture, and retained them in his own hands.

Epic grasped the hand of his unknown friend, and thanked him warmly for his timely and courteous assistance, assuring him that if he would favor him with his address, he would do himself the honor to send him a copy of the 'Genius of Washington,' on the ensuing day. The stranger bowed, and had his face been visible, it is more than probable that a smile would have been observed lurking on his lips.

The lady was less cold in her acknowledgments than her husband, for she flung herself into the arms of the stranger *à la Française*, and asked how they could reward him. The stranger gently disengaged the lady's arms, and placed her in those of her husband, before he said, in a cool and firm manner :

'These kind words and this embrace are more than sufficient on your part, madam. They overpay me. But you, Sir, must give up your purse, watch, and whatever trinkets you may have about you.'

'You are joking,' cried the astounded Epic.

'Not in the least,' answered the stranger, in a voice which, though disguised, had something in it that thrilled to the heart of the lady as she listened.

'Not in the least,' he repeated, drawing forth, and cocking a huge horse-pistol. 'I should be grieved to be reduced to the necessity of using force — but time presses, and you see I'm armed.'

Epic groaned.

'Come, come,' said the cavalier; 'it is but fair. I stopped and delivered you, and now you must stand and deliver yourselves.'

Resistance was vain, and the frightened pair gave up their money. The lady was about unclasping her necklace, but the robber gallantly prevented her. 'Nay, madam,' cried he, 'I would not take it for the world. I never permit the ladies to surrender any thing to me — but their hearts. And yet, egad! I must have some *souvenir* to remind me of this *bonne aventure*. This ring, madam, you must permit me to wear — *even though it be a gage d'amour*.'

Again that priceless diamond graced the finger of the robber.

'And now, madam,' continued the cavalier, 'allow me to hand you to your carriage, for these night-dews are unfavorable to beauty.' So saying, with the greatest grace imaginable, as if he were treading the *minuet de la cour*, he touched the gloved hand of the lady, and moved to the carriage.



Strange to say, Mrs. Epic felt, on the whole, rather pleased with her nocturnal adventure. Not so, however, the poet, who, not being so alert in his movements, while ascending the steps of the carriage, as the robber wished, received a quickening application from the muzzle of the pistol, which sent him headlong into the interior of the vehicle. The gallant robber made his adieus to the lady, folded up the steps, and closed the carriage-door. He then approached his companion, and taking the reins from him, handed them up to the coachman, at whose head he presented a cocked pistol, as he gave his parting directions.

'Drive on,' said he, 'as if the devil were behind you, as in truth he is. Spare not for whip or voice, and turn not your head—else it may be the heavier by another ounce of lead.' It is needless to add, that the Jehu did his best. The robber for a moment watched the dark carriage, as its single light, lessening with wonderful celerity, glanced like a marsh meteor along the midnight road. Then, in a cheerful voice, he said to his companion :

'To horse, Jack—to horse, you dog! And though our pockets be the heavier, our nags will carry lighter weight.'

The rascals threw themselves into their saddles, and galloped speedily across the country, the taller of the two humming, as he rode, the fragment of a robber-ditty, which had often been roared over the bottle, with stentorian voice, in the dark haunts of London iniquity.

#### THE ROBBER'S CALL.

'The knight's in his hall, the dead in his pall,  
And the queen in her regal bed;  
Their slumbers are deep, but no curtained sleep  
Must pillow the robber's head.

'The yeoman may snore, when his toil is o'er,  
And the watcher may nod o'er the corse;  
But the robber must rise, under starless skies,  
And saddle his trusty horse.

'His pistols braced to his sturdy waist,  
He springs on his trusty steed—  
Away! away! the world is the prey  
Of the bold in thought and deed!'

THE preceding was one of the few exploits which the gallant captain achieved upon the road. He was soon forced to acknowledge that the glory of the highway had departed for ever. Many of the travellers whom he stopped were penniless, and not a few successfully resisted him. Jack Diver, too, his fidus Achates, became daily more and more addicted to his gin, and during a fatal period of intoxication, betrayed in a bar-room the secret of the tomb. In one hour after, Jack was in the gripe of Justice, and two well-armed officers proceeded to the place of concealment, to apprehend his accomplice in crime. They forced the entrance of the den, but its desperate inmate defended himself like a lion, until a random shot from one of the officers brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. He died in the most frightful agonies.

Jack Diver was hung at Dedham — and effectually, too — for his skeleton adorns the hall of a medical association. He was *ultimus Romanorum* — the last of the highwaymen; for Martin died before, and Walton is hardly a fit representative of the knight-errantry of the road. He met his fate with the most perfect composure, and the last words he uttered were, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm hinnocent! I'm binnocent!'

# MEMORY.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM: BY HACK VON STRETCHER.

HAIL, magic power, that in the human soul  
Hast ever held an undisputed throne!  
Departed ages, as they onward roll,  
Return again, thy potent sway to own:  
And former times, whose death knell's hourly toll,  
Falls on the ear with melancholy tone,  
As thy low voice, earth, air, and ocean stirs,  
Leave, mournfully, their mystic sepulchres.

Thou markest not the present. Time to be,  
The unknown future, fathomless and vast,  
Claims not the tribute of a thought from thee!  
Wrapt in the vision of the shadowy past,  
Thou holdest converse with eternity:  
Beyond the veil o'er perished ages cast,  
From the abyss where Lethe's waters stray,  
The trophies of thy power are borne away.

The fragrant flowers that bloomed in life's young morn,  
The bright-winged birds that sang in every tree,  
The dark woods echoing to the huntsman's horn,  
The mournful murmur of the distant sea,  
Wild notes of music on the zephyr borne,  
And all of Nature's heart-felt melody,  
When dusky twilight brings thy magic hour,  
Steal on the soul with overwhelming power.

As the soft wind of summer faintly moans  
Along the verdure of each leafy limb,  
There breathes, amid the sadness of its tones,  
The solemn music of a funeral hymn;  
And the heart time had almost sear'd, now owns  
Its melting influence, and the eye is dim  
With tears of bitterness, as on that day,  
When some loved dust was laid with kindred clay.

Yet, all these shades of past existence come  
From some far goal, where go departed years:  
Where formless spirits everrestless roam,  
But fled are mortal hopes, and mortal fears;  
And there our spirits, too, may find a home,  
A happy home, where all that now appears  
So dark, shall be revealed, and there shall be  
A place no longer found for Memory!

Wilmington, (Del.,) April, 1837.

## LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

## NUMBER NINE.

SEVERAL days have elapsed since I last wrote, yet Calpurnius is not arrived. I am filled with apprehensions. I fear lest he may have thought too lightly of the difficulties of an escape, and of the strictness with which he is watched; for while he seems to have held it an easy matter to elude the vigilance of his keepers, common opinion at Ecbatana appears to have judged very differently. Yet, after all, I cannot but rely with much confidence upon the discretion and the cunning of Isaac. I must now relate what has happened in the mean time.

It was the morning after Isaac's letter had been received and read, that Milo presented himself, with a countenance and manner indicative of some inward disturbance. 'And what,' I asked, 'may be the matter?' 'Enough is the matter, both for yourself and me,' he replied. 'Here now has been a wretch of an Arab, a fellow of no appearance, a mere camel-driver, desiring to see you. I told him flatly that you were not to be seen by scum such as he. I advised him to be gone, before he might have to complain of a broken head. And what do you suppose was the burden of his errand? Why, truly, to ask of the most noble Piso concerning his wife and child! I begged him to consider whether, supposing you did know aught concerning them, you would deign to communicate with a sun-baked beggar of the desert, like him? Whereupon, he raised a lance longer than a mast, and would have run me through, but for the expertness with which I seized and wrested it from him, and then broke it over his head. 'T was the same scowling knave whose camels choked the street the first day we entered the city, and who sent his curse after us. Hassan is his name. His eye left a mark on me then that's not out yet. A hyena's is nothing to it.'

Thus did he run on. I could have speared him as willingly as Hassan. It was plain that the husband of the woman found in the desert by Isaac, hearing a rumor of intelligence received by me, had been to obtain such information as possibly I might possess of his wife and child. Upon asking my slave where the camel-driver now was, he replied that, 'Truly he did not know; he had been driven from the court-yard with blows, and it was a mercy that his life was left to him. He had been taught how again to curse Romans.'

It was in vain that I assured him once and again that he was no longer in the service of an emperor, and that it was unnecessary to treat me with quite so much deference; his only regret was that the robber had got off so easily. As the only reparation in my power for such stupidity and inhumanity, I ordered Milo instantly to set forth in search of Hassan, in the quarter of the city which the Arabs chiefly frequent, and, finding him, to bring him to the house of Gracchus, for I had news for him. This was little relished by Milo, and I could see, by the change of his countenance, that his cowardly soul

was ill-inclined to an encounter with the insulted Arab, in the remote parts of the city, and unaccompanied by any of the slaves of the palace. Nevertheless, he started upon his mission — but, as I afterward learned, bribed Hannibal to act as a life-guard.

Thinking that I might possibly fall in with him myself, and desirous, moreover, of an occupation that should cause me to forget Calpurnius and my anxieties for a season, I went forth also, taking the paths that first offered themselves. A sort of instinct drew me, as it almost always does, to one of the principal streets of the city, denominated, from the size and beauty of the trees which adorn it, the Street of Palms. This is an avenue which traverses the city in its whole length; and at equal distances from its centre, and also running its whole length, there shoots up a double row of palms, which, far above the roofs of the highest buildings, spread out their broad and massy tufts of leaves, and perfectly protect the throngs below from the rays of the blazing sun. Thus a deep shadow is cast upon the floor of the street, while, at the same time, it is unencumbered by the low branches which on every other kind of tree stretch out in all directions, and obstruct the view, taking away a greater beauty and advantage than they give. This palm is not the date-bearing species, but of another sort, attaining a loftier growth, and adorned with a larger leaf. A pity, truly, it is, that Rome cannot crown itself with this princely diadem; but even though the bitter blasts from the Appennines did not prevent, a want of taste for what is beautiful would. The Roman is a coarse form of humanity, Curtius, compared with either the Greek or the Palmyrene. Romans will best conquer the world, or defend it; but its adorning should be left to others. Their hands are rude, and they but spoil what they touch. Since the days of Cicero, and the death of the Republic, what has Rome done to advance any cause, save that of slavery and licentiousness? A moral Hercules is needed to sweep it clean of corruptions, which it is amazing have not ere this drawn down the thunder of the gods. Julia would say that Christ is that Hercules. May it be so!

Along the street which I had thus entered, I slowly sauntered, observing the people who thronged it, and the shops with their varieties which lined it. I could easily gather, from the conversation which now and then fell upon my ear — sometimes as I mingled with those who were observing a fine piece of sculpture, or a new picture, exposed for sale, or examining the articles which some hawker, with much vociferation, thrust upon the attention of those who were passing along, or waiting at a fountain, while slaves in attendance served round in vessels of glass, water, cooled with snow, and flavored with the juice of fruits peculiar to the East — that the arrival of the ambassadors had caused a great excitement among the people, and had turned all thoughts into one channel. Frequently were they gathered together in groups, around some of the larger trees, or at the corners of the streets, or at the entrance of some conspicuous shop, to listen to the news which one had to tell, or to arguments upon the all-engrossing theme with which another sought to bring over those who would listen to one or another side of the great question. But I must confess, that but in a very few instances, the ques-

tion was no question at all, and had but one side. Those whom I heard, and who were listened to by any numbers, and with any patience, were zealous patriots, inveighing bitterly against the ambition and tyranny of Rome, and prognosticating national degradation, and ruin, and slavery, if once the policy of concession to her demands was adopted. 'Palmyra,' they said, 'with Zenobia and Longinus at her head, the deserts around her, and Persia to back her, might fearlessly stand against Rome and the world. Empire began in the East: it had only wandered for a while to the West—losing its way. The East was its native seat, and there it would return. Why should not Palmyra be what Assyria and Persia once were? What kingdom of the world, and what age, could ever boast a general like Zabdas, a minister like Longinus, a queen like the great Zenobia?' At such flights, the air would resound with the plaudits of the listening crowd, who would then disperse and pursue their affairs, or presently gather around some new declaimer.

I was greatly moved on several of these occasions, to make a few statements in reply to some of the orators, and which might possibly have let a little light upon minds willing to know the truth; but I doubted whether even the proverbially good-natured and courteous Palmyrenes might not take umbrage at it. As I turned from one of these little knots of politicians, I encountered Otho, a nobleman of Palmyra, and one of the queen's council. 'I was just asking myself,' said I, saluting him, 'whether the temper of your people, even and forbearing as it is, would allow a Roman in their own city to harangue them, who should not so much advocate a side, as aim to impart truth.'

'Genuine Palmyrenes,' he answered, 'would listen with patience and civility. But in a crowded street, one can never answer for his audience. You see here not only Palmyrenes, but strangers from all parts of the East—people from our conquered provinces and dependencies, who feel politically with the Palmyrene, but yet have not the manners of the Palmyrene. There is an Armenian, there a Saracen, there an Arab, there a Cappadocian, there a Jew, and there an Egyptian—all politically, perhaps, with us, but otherwise, a part of us not more than the Ethiopian or Scythian. The Senate of Palmyra would hear all you might say—or the queen's council—but not the street, I fear. Nay, one of these idle boys, but whose patriotism is ever boiling over, might, in his zeal and his ignorance, do that which should bring disgrace upon our good city. I should rather pray you to forbear. But if you will extend your walk to the Portico which I have just left, you will there find a more select crowd than jostles us where we stand, and perhaps ears ready to hear you. All that you may say to divert the heart of the nation from this mad enterprise, I shall be most grateful for. But any words which you may speak, or which a present god might utter, would avail no more against the reigning frenzy, than would a palm leaf against a whirlwind of the desert.'

As he uttered these words, with a voicesomewhat elevated, several had gathered about us, listening with eagerness to what the noble and respected Otho had to say. They heard him attentively, shook their heads, and turned away—some saying: 'He is a good

man, but timid.' Others scrupled not to impute to him a 'Roman bearing.' When he had ended, seeing that a number had pressed around, he hastily wished me a happy day, and moved down the street. I bent my way toward the Portico, ruminating the while upon the fates of empire.

I soon reached that magnificent structure, with its endless lines of columns. More than the usual crowds of talkers, idlers, strangers, buyers and sellers, thronged its ample pavements. One portion of it seems to be appropriated, at least abandoned, to those who have aught that is rare and beautiful to dispose of. Around one column stands a Jew with antiquities raked from the ruins of Babylon or Thebes — displaying their coins, their mutilated statuary, or half-legible inscriptions. At another, you see a Greek with some masterpiece of Zeuxis — nobody less — which he swears is genuine, and to his oaths adds a parchment containing its history, with names of men in Athens, Antioch, and Alexandria, who attest it all. At the foot of another, sits a dealer in manuscripts, remarkable either as being the complete works of distinguished authors, or for the perfection of the art of the copyist, or for their great antiquity. Here were Manetho and Sanchoniathon to be had, perfect and complete. Not far from these stood others, who offered statuary, ancient and modern — vases of every beautiful form, from those of Egypt and Etruria, to the freshly-wrought ones of our own Demetrius — and jewelry, of the most rare and costly kind. There is scarce an article of taste, or valuable of any sort whatever, but may be found here, brought from all parts of the world. In Persian, Indian, and Chinese rarities — and which in Rome are rarities indeed — I have dealt largely, and shall return with much to show you.

When, with some toil, I had won a passage through this busy mart, I mingled with a different crowd. I passed from buyers and sellers among those who were, like myself, brought there merely for the purpose of seeing others, of passing the time, and observing the beautiful effects of this interminable Portico, with its moving and changing crowds, robed in a thousand varieties of the richest costume. It was indeed a spectacle of beauty, such as I never had seen before, or elsewhere. I chose out point after point, and stood a silent and rapt observer of the scene. Of the view from one of these points, I have purchased a painting, done with exquisite skill, which I shall send to you, and which will set before you almost the living reality. To this part of the Portico those resort who wish to hear the opinions of the day upon subjects of politics or literature, or philosophy, or to disseminate their own. He who cherishes a darling theory upon any branch of knowledge, and would promulgate it, let him come here, and he will find hearers at least. As I walked along, I was attracted by a voice declaiming with much earnestness to a crowd of hearers, and who seemed, as I drew near to listen with attention, some being seated upon low blocks of marble, arranged among the columns of the Portico for this purpose, others leaning against the columns themselves, and others standing on the outside of the circle. The philosopher — for such I perceived him at once to be — was evidently a Greek. He was arrayed in a fashionable garb, with a robe much like our toga, thrown over his shoulders,

and which he made great use of in his gesticulations. A heavy chain of gold wound around his neck, and then crossing several times his breast, hung down in artificially-arranged festoons. A general air of effeminacy produced in the hearer at once a state of mind not very favorably disposed to receive his opinions. The first words I caught were these: 'In this manner,' said he, 'did that wonderful genius interpret the universe. 'Tis not credible that any but children and slaves should judge differently. Was there once nothing? Then were there nothing now. But there is something now. We see it. The world is. Then it has always been. It is an eternal Being. It is infinite. Ha! can you escape me now? Say, can there be two infinities? Then where are your gods? The fabled creator or creators — be they many or one — of the universe? Vanished, I fancy, at the touch of my intellectual wand, into thin air. Congratulate yourselves upon your freedom. The Egyptians had gods, and you know what they were. The Greeks had gods, and you know what they were. Those nations grovelled and writhed under their partly childish, partly terrific, and partly disgusting superstitions. Happy that the reality of a divine nature can, so easily as I have now done it, be disproved! The superincumbent gloom is dispersed. Light has broken through. And so, too, touching the immortality of the soul. Immortality of the soul! Did any one of you ever see a soul? I should like to have that question answered: — he swung defyingly his robe, and paused — 'did any one ever see a soul? Yes, and that it was immortal, too! You see a body, and you therefore believe in it. You see that it is mortal, and therefore you believe in its mortality. You do not see the soul — therefore you believe in one? Is that your reasoning? How plain the argument is! When the god or gods — suppose their being — shall send down and impart to me the astounding fact that I am not one, as I seem, but two — am not mortal, as I seem, but immortal — do not melt into dust at death, but rise in spirit — then will I believe such things. Not otherwise. Have we knowledge of any other existences — elemental existences — than corporeal atoms? None. These constitute the human being. Death is their separation, and that separation means the end of the being they once did constitute. But it may all be summed up in a word. When you can see and touch your own soul, as you do see and touch your body, believe in it. Deny and reject this principle, and the world will continue to suffer from its belief in gorgons, demons, spectres, gods, and monsters — in Tartarean regions and torments of damned spirits. Adopt it, and life flows undisturbed by visionary fears, and death comes as a long and welcome sleep, upon which no terrors and no dreams intrude.'

Such was the doctrine, and such nearly the language of the follower of Epicurus. You will easily judge how far he misrepresented the opinions of that philosopher. As I turned away from this mischievous dealer in Cimmerian darkness, I inquired of one who stood near me, who this great man might be? 'What,' said he, in reply, 'do you not know Critias, the Epicurean? You must be a stranger in Palmyra. Do you not see, by the quality of his audience, that he leads away with him all the fine spirits of the city? Observe

how the greater number of these who hang upon his lips resemble, in their dress and air, the philosopher.'

'I see it is so. It seems as if all the profligates and young rakes of Palmyra — of the nobler sort — were assembled here to receive some new lessons in the art of self-destruction.'

'Many a philosopher of old would, I believe,' he rejoined, 'have prayed that his system might perish with himself, could he have looked forward into futurity, and known how it would be interpreted and set forth by his followers. The temperate and virtuous Epicurus little thought that his name and doctrine would in after times be the rallying point for the licentious and dissolute. His philosophy was crude enough, and mischievous, I grant, in its principles and tendencies. But it was promulgated, I am sure, with honest intentions, and he himself was not aware of its extreme liability to misapprehension and perversion. How would his ears tingle at what we have now heard!'

'And would, after all, deserve it,' I rejoined. For he, it seems to me, is too ignorant of human nature, to venture upon the office of teacher of mankind, who believes that the reality of a superintending providence can be denied, with safety to the world. A glance at history, and the slightest penetration into human character, would have shown him, that atheism, in any of its forms, is incompatible with the existence of a social state.'

'What you say is very true,' replied the Palmyrene; 'I defend only the intentions and personal character of Epicurus, not his real fitness for his office. This Critias, were it not for the odiousness of any interference with men's opinions, I should like to see driven from our city back to his native Athens. Listen, now, as he lays down the method of a happy life. See how these young idlers drink in the nectarean stream. But enough. I leave them in their own sty. Farewell! Pray invite the philosopher to visit you at Rome. We can spare him.'

Saying this, he turned upon his heel, and went his way. I also passed on. Continuing my walk up the Portico, I perceived at a little distance, another dark mass of persons, apparently listening with profound attention to one who was addressing them. Hoping to hear some one discoursing upon the condition of the country, and its prospects, I joined the circle. But I was disappointed. The orator was a follower of Plato, and a teacher of his philosophy. His aim seemed to be to darken the minds of his hearers by unintelligible refinements, at least such I thought the effect must be. He clothed his thoughts — if thoughts there really were any — in such a many-colored cloud of poetic diction, that the mind, while it was undoubtedly excited, received not a single clear idea, but was left in a pleasing, half-bewildered state, with visions of beautiful divine truth floating before it, which it in vain attempted to arrest, and convert to reality. All was obscure, shadowy, impalpable. Yet was he heard with every testimony of reverence, on the part of his audience. They evidently thought him original and profound, in proportion as he was unintelligible. I could not help calling to mind the remark of the Palmyrene who had just parted from me. It is difficult to believe that Plato himself labored to be obscure, though some affirm



it. I would rather believe that his great mind, always searching after truth at the greatest heights and lowest depths, often but partially seized it, being defeated by its very vastness; yet, ambitious to reveal it to mankind, he hesitated not to exhibit it in the form, and with the completeness, he best could. It was necessary, therefore, that what he but half knew himself, should be imperfectly and darkly stated, and dimly comprehended by others. For this reason, his writings are obscure — obscure, not because of truths for their vastness beyond the reach of our minds, but because they abound in conceptions but half formed — in inconsequential reasonings — in logic overlaid and buried beneath a poetic phraseology. They will always be obscure, in spite of the labors of the commentators; or, a commentary can make them plain, only by substituting the sense of the critic for the nonsense of the original. But Plato did not aim at darkness. And could his spirit have listened to the jargon which I had just heard proclaimed as Platonism, consisting of common-place thoughts, laboriously tortured and involved, till their true semblance was lost, and instead of them a wordy mist — glowing indeed, oftentimes, with rainbow-colors — was presented to the mind of the hearer, for him to feed upon, he would at the moment have as heartily despised, as he had formerly gloried in, the name and office of philosopher.

I waited not to learn the results at which this great master of wisdom would arrive, but quickly turned away, and advanced still farther toward the upper termination of the Portico. The numbers of those who frequented this vast pile diminished sensibly at this part of it. Nevertheless, many were still like myself wandering listlessly around. Quite at the extremity of the building, I observed, however, a larger collection than I had noticed before; and, as it appeared to me, deeply absorbed by what they heard. I cared not to make one of them, having had enough of philosophy for the day. But as I stood not far from them, idly watching the labors of the workmen who were carrying up the column of Aurelian — noting how one laid the stone which another brought, and how another bore along and up the dizzy ladders the mortar which others tempered, and how the larger masses of marble were raised to their places by machines worked by elephants, and how all went on in an exact order — while I stood thus, the voice of the speaker frequently fell upon my ear, and at last, by its peculiarity, and especially by the unwonted earnestness of the tone, drew me away to a position nearer the listening crowd. By the words which I now distinctly caught, I discovered that it was a Christian who was speaking. I joined the outer circle of hearers, but the preacher — for so the Christians term those who declare their doctrines in public — was concealed from me by a column. I could hear him distinctly, and I could see the faces, with their expressions, of those whom he addressed. The greater part manifested the deepest interest and sympathy with him who addressed them, but upon the countenances of some sat scorn and contempt — ridicule, doubt, and disbelief. As the voice fell upon my ear, in this my nearer position, I was startled. ‘Surely,’ I said, ‘I have heard it before, and yet as surely I never before heard a Christian preach.’ The thought of Probus flashed across my mind; and suddenly

changing my place — and by passing round the assembly, coming in front of the preacher — I at once recognised the pale and melancholy features of the afflicted Christian. I was surprised and delighted. He had convinced me, at the few interviews I had had with him, that he was no common man, and I had determined to obtain from him, if I should ever meet him again, all necessary knowledge of the Christian institutions and doctrine. Although I had learned much, in the mean time, from both Julia and the Hermit, still there was much left which I felt I could obtain, probably in a more exact manner, from Probus. I was rejoiced to see him. He was evidently drawing to the close of his address. The words which I first caught, were nearly these: ‘Thus have I declared to you, Palmyrenes, Romans, and whoever are here, how Christianity seeks the happiness of man, by securing his virtue. Its object is your greater well-being through the truths it publishes and enforces. It comes to your understandings, not to darken and confound them, by words without meaning, but to shed light upon them, by a revelation of those few sublime doctrines of which I have now discoursed to you. Has the Greek, the Roman, or the Persian philosophy, furnished your minds with truths like these? Has life a great object, or death an issue of certainty and joy, under either of those systems of faith? Systems of faith! I blush to term them so. I am the son of a priest of the temple of Jupiter, in the capital of the world. Shall I reveal to you the greater and the lesser mysteries of that worship? I see by expressive signs that it cannot be needful. Why, then, if ye yourselves know and despise the popular worship, why will you not consider the claims of Jesus of Nazareth? ‘I despise it not,’ cried a voice from the throng; ‘I honor it.’ ‘In any nation,’ continued the preacher, ‘and among all worshippers, are there those whom God will accept. The sincere offering of the heart will never be refused. Socrates, toiling and dying in the cause of truth — though that truth in the light of the Gospel were error — is beloved of God. But if God has in these latter days announced new truth, if he has sent a special messenger to teach it, or if it be asserted by persons of intelligence, and apparent honesty, that he has, ought not every sincere lover of truth and of God, or the gods, to inquire diligently whether it be so or not? Socrates would have done so. Search, men of Palmyra, into the certainty of these things. These many years has the word of Christ been preached in your streets, yet how few followers can as yet be counted of him who came to bless you? Sleep no longer. Close not not the ear against the parent voice of the Gospel. Fear not that the religion of Jesus comes to reign over aught but your hearts. It asks no dominion over your temporal affairs. It cares not for thrones, or the sword, or princely revenues, or seats of honor. It would serve you, not rule over you. And the ministers of Christ are your servants in spiritual things, seeking not yours, but you. ‘Paul! Paul of Antioch!’ shouted several voices at once. ‘I defend not Paul of Antioch,’ cried Probus, no ways disconcerted. ‘Judge Christianity, I pray you, not by me, or by Paul, but by itself. Because a fool lectures upon the philosophy of Plato, you do not therefore condemn Plato for a fool. Because a disciple of Zeno lives

luxuriously, you do not, for that, take up a judgment against the philosopher himself. Paul of Samosata, not in his doctrine, but in his life, is an alien — a foreigner — an adversary, and no friend or servant of Jesus. Listen, citizens of Palmyra, while I read to you what the founder of Christianity himself says touching this matter ;' and he drew from beneath his robe a small parchment roll, and turning to the page he sought, read in a loud voice words of Jesus such as these : ' He that is greatest among you shall be your servant. Whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself, shall be exalted.' This is the doctrine of Christ. According to Jesus, ' he among his disciples is greatest, who performs for others the most essential service.' He then turned to another part of the book, and read a long, and, as it struck me, beautiful passage, in which the author of Christianity was represented as stooping and washing the feet of his disciples, to enforce, in a more lively way, his doctrine of humility and philanthropy. When he had finished it, a deep silence had fallen upon those who listened. It was broken by the voice of Probus once more saying, in low and sorrowful tones : ' I confess — with grief and shame, I confess — that pride, and arrogance, and the lust of power, are already among the ministers of Jesus. They are sundering themselves from their master, and thrusting a sword into the life of his Gospel. And if this faith of Christ should ever — as a prophetic eye sees it so sure to do — fill the throne of the world, and sit in Cæsar's place — may the God who gave it, appear for it, that it perish not through the encumbering weight of earthly glory. Through tribulation and persecution it has held on its way without swerving. Prosperity begins already to weaken and defile — ' What more Probus would have added, I know not ; but at this point, an unusual disturbance arose in the streets. Trumpets sent forth their long peal, and a troop of out-riders, as accompanying some great personage, rode rapidly along, followed by the crowd of idle lookers-on. And immediately a chariot appeared, with a single individual seated in it, and who seemed to take great pleasure in his own state. No sooner had the pageant arrived over against that part of the Portico where we stood, than one and another of Probus' hearers exclaimed : ' Ha ! Paul ! Paul of Antioch ! Behold a Christian servant !' And the whole throng turned away in confusion, to watch the spectacle.

' An unhappy commentary upon the doctrine,' said a Palmyrene to me, as he turned sneeringly away.

' What say you to this ?' asked another, of Probus himself, as he descended from his rostrum, and stood gazing with the rest, but with a burning cheek and down-cast eye.

' I say,' he replied, ' what I have said before, that yonder bishop, however christianized his head may be, is a misbeliever in his heart. He is a true anti-Christ.'

' I am disposed to trust you,' rejoined the other. ' I have heard you, not without emotion. We have had among us many who have declared the doctrine of Christ, but I have heeded them not. It is different with me now. I am desirous to know what this doctrine of Christ is. I have been impressed by what you recited from the

writings of Jesus. How, Christian, shall I apply myself, and where, to learn more than I know now ?

‘If thou wilt learn of so humble a teacher as I am — who yet know somewhat of what Christianity really is — come and hear me at the place of Christian worship in the street that runs behind the great Persian Inn. There, this evening, when the sun is down, shall I preach again the truth in Christ.’

‘I shall not fail to be there,’ said the other, and moved away.

‘Nor shall I, Probus,’ said I, heartily saluting him.

‘Noble Piso !’ he cried, his countenance suddenly growing bright as the sun, ‘I am glad to meet you at length. And have you, too, heard a Christian preach ? A senator of Rome ?’

‘I have; and shall gladly hear more. I am not, however, a Christian, Probus ; I profess to be but a seeker after truth, if perhaps it may be found in your faith, having failed to discover it among dead or living philosophers. I shall hear you to-night.’

After many mutual inquiries concerning each other’s welfare, we separated.

Upon returning to the house of Gracchus, and finding myself again in the company of Fausta and her father, I said : ‘I go to-night to hear a Christian — the Christian Probus — discourse concerning the Christian doctrine. Will you accompany me, Fausta ?’

‘Not now, Lucius,’ she replied ; ‘my head and heart are too full of the interests and cares of Zenobia, to allow me to think of aught else. No other reason, I assure you, prevents. I have no fears of the opinions of others to hinder me. When our public affairs are once more in a settled state, I shall not be slow to learn more of the religion of which you speak. Julia’s attachment to it, of itself, has almost made a convert of me already, so full of sympathy in all things is a true affection. The heart is a poor logician. It darts to its object, overleaping all reasons, and may as well rest in error as truth. Whatever the purity of Julia and the honesty and vigor of Zenobia accept and worship, I believe I should, without farther investigation, though they were the fooleries and gods of Egypt. Did you succeed in your search of the Arab ?’

No : but perhaps Milo has. To tell the truth, I was soon diverted from that object, first by the excitement I found prevailing among the people on the affairs of the kingdom, and afterward by the spectacles of the Portico, and the preaching of Probus, whom I encountered there.’

In the evening, soon as the sun was set, I wound my way to the Christians’ place of worship.

It was in a part of the city remote and obscure, indicating, very plainly, that whatever Christianity may be destined to accomplish in this city, it has done little as yet. Indeed, I do not as yet perceive what principle of strength or power it possesses, sufficient to force its way through the world, and into the hearts of men. It allows not the use of the sword ; it resorts not to the civil arm ; it is devoid of all that should win upon the senses of the multitude, being, beyond all other forms of faith, remarkable for its simplicity, for its spiritual and intellectual character. Moreover, it is stern and uncompromising in its morality, requiring the strictest purity of life,

and making virtue to consist not in the outward act, but in the secret motive which prompts the act. It is at open and unintermitting war with all the vain and vicious inclinations of the heart. It insists upon a control — an undivided sovereignty — over the whole character and life of the individual. And in return for such surrender, it bestows no other reward than an inward consciousness of right action, and of the approbation of God, with the future hope of immortality. It seems thus to have man's whole nature, and all the institutions of the world, especially of other existing religions, to contend with. If it prevail against such odds, and with such means as it alone employs, it surely will carry along with it its own demonstration of its divinity. But how it shall have power to achieve such conquests, I now cannot see, nor conjecture.'

Arriving at the place designated by Probus, I found a low building of stone, which seemed to have been diverted from former uses of a different kind, to serve its present purpose as a temple of religious worship. Passing through a door, of height scarce sufficient to admit a person of ordinary stature, I reached a vestibule, from which, by a descent of a few steps, I entered a large circular apartment, low but not inelegant, with a vaulted ceiling, supported by chaste Ionic columns. The assembly was already seated, but the worship not begun. The service consisted of prayers to God, offered in the name of Christ — of reading a portion of the sacred books of the Christians, of preaching, of music sung to religious words, and voluntary offerings of money, or other gifts, for the poor. I cannot doubt that you are repelled, my Curtius, by this account of a worship of such simplicity as to amount almost to poverty. But I must tell you that never have I been so overwhelmed by emotions of the noblest kind, as when sitting in the midst of these despised Nazarenes, and joining in their devotions; for to sit neuter in such a scene, was not in my nature to do, nor would it have been in yours, much as you affect to despise this superstitious race. This was indeed worship. It was a true communion of the creature with the Creator. Never before had I heard a prayer. How different from the loud and declamatory harangues of our priests! The full and rich tones of the voice of Probus, expressive of deepest reverence of the Being he addressed, and of profoundest humility on the part of the worshipper, seeming, too, as if uttered in no part by the usual organs of speech, but as if pronounced by the very heart itself, fell upon the charmed ear like notes from another world. There was a new and strange union, both in the manner of the Christian, and in the sentiments he expressed, of an awe such as I never before witnessed in man toward the gods, and a familiarity and child-like confidence, that made me feel as if the God to whom he prayed was a father and a friend, in a much higher sense than we are accustomed to regard the Creator of the universe. It was a child soliciting mercies from a kind and considerate parent — conscious of much frailty and ill desert, but relying, too, with a perfect trust, both upon the equity and benignity of the God of his faith. I received an impression, too, from the quiet and breathless silence of the apartment, from the low and but just audible voice of the preacher, of the near neighborhood of gods and men — of the universal presence of the

infinite spirit of the Deity — which certainly I had never received before. I could hardly divest myself of the feeling that the God addressed, was, in truth, in the midst of the temple ; and I found my eye turning to the ceiling, as if there must be some visible manifestation of his presence. I wish you could have been there. I am sure that after witnessing such devotions, contempt or ridicule would be the last emotions you would ever experience toward this people. Neither could you any longer apply to them the terms fanatic, enthusiast, or superstitious. You would have seen a calmness, a sobriety, a decency ; you would have heard sentiments, so rational, so instructive, so exalted, that you would have felt your prejudices breaking away, and disappearing without any volition or act of your own. Nay, against your will, they would have fallen. And nothing would have been left but the naked question — not is this faith beautiful and worthy ? but is this religion true or false ?

When the worship had been begun by prayer to God, in the name of Christ, then one of the officiating priests opened the book of the Christians, and read in the Greek in which they are written — changing it into the Palmyrene dialect, as he read — diverse passages, some relating to the life of Jesus, and others being extracts of letters written by apostles of his to individuals or churches, to which I listened with attention and pleasure. When this was over, Probus rose, standing upon a low platform, like the rostrums from which our lawyers plead, and first reading a sentence from the sayings of Paul, an apostle of Jesus, of which this was the substance : ‘ Jesus came into the world, bringing life and immortality to light.’ He delivered, with a most winning and persuasive beauty, a discourse, or oration, the purpose of which was to show, that Jesus was sent into the world to bring to light or make plain the true character and end of the life on earth, and also the reality and true nature of a future existence. In doing this, he exposed — but in a manner so full of the most earnest humanity, that no one could be offended — the errors of many of the philosophers concerning a happy life, and compared, with the greatest force, their requisitions with those of the gospel, as he termed his religion ; showing what unworthy and inadequate conceptions had prevailed, as to what constitutes a man truly great, and good, and happy. Then he went on to show, that it was such a life only as he had described, that could make a being like man worthy of immortality — that although Jesus had proved the reality of a future and immortal existence, yet he had, with even more importunity, and earnestness, and frequency, laid down his precepts touching a virtuous life on earth. He finally went into the Christian argument in proof of a future existence, and exhorted those who heard him, and who desired to inhabit the Christian’s heaven, to live the life which Christ had brought to light, and himself had exemplified, on earth, laboring to impress their minds with the fact, that it was a superior goodness which made Jesus what he was, and that it must be by a similar goodness that his followers could fit themselves for the immortality he had revealed. All this was with frequent reference to existing opinions, and practices, and with large illustrations drawn from ancient and modern religious history.

What struck me most, after having listened to the discourse of

Probus to the end, was the practical aim and character of the religion he preached. It was no fanciful speculation or airy dream. It was not a play-thing of the imagination he had been holding up to our contemplation, but a series of truths and doctrines bearing with eminent directness, and with a perfect adaptation, upon human life, the effect and issue of which, widely and cordially received, must be to give birth to a condition of humanity not now any where to be found on the earth. I was startled by no confounding and overwhelming mysteries; neither my faith nor my reason was burdened or offended; but I was shown, as by a light from heaven, how truly the path which leads to the possession and enjoyment of a future existence, coincides with that which conducts to the best happiness of earth. It was a religion addressed to the reason and the affections; and evidence enough was afforded in the representations given of its more important truths, that it was furnished with ample power to convince and exalt the reason, to satisfy and fill the affections. No sooner shall I have returned to the leisure of my home, to my study and my books, than I shall seriously undertake an examination of the Christian argument. It surely becomes those who fill the place in the social state which I do, to make up an intelligent judgment upon questions like this, so that I may stand prepared to defend it, and urge it upon my countrymen, if I am convinced of its truth, and advantage to my country, or assail and oppose it, if I shall determine it to be what it is so generally termed, a pernicious and hateful superstition.

When the discourse was ended, of the power and various beauty of which I cannot pretend properly to acquaint you, another prayer, longer and more general, was offered, to parts of which there were responses by the hearers. Then, as a regular part of the service, voluntary offerings and gifts were made by those present for the poor. More than once, as a part of the worship, hymns were sung to some plain and simple air, in which all the assembly joined. Sometimes, to the services which I witnessed, Probus informed me there is added a further ceremony, called the 'Lord's Supper,' being a social service, during which bread and wine are partaken of, in memory of Jesus Christ. This was the occasion, in former times, of heavy charges against the Christians, of rioting and intemperance, and even of more serious crimes. But Probus assures me that they were even then utterly groundless, and that now nothing can be more blameless than this simple spiritual repast.

The worship being ended, and Probus having descended from his seat, I accosted him, giving him what I am certain were very sincere thanks, for the information I had obtained from his oration, concerning the primary articles of the Christian faith.

'It has been,' said he, in reply, 'with utmost satisfaction, that I beheld a person of your rank and intelligence among my hearers. The change of the popular belief throughout the Roman empire, which must come, will be a less tumultuous one, in proportion as we can obtain even so much as a hearing, from those who sit at the head of society, as to rank and intelligence. Let me make a sincere convert of a Roman emperor, and in a few years the temples of Paganism would lie even with the ground. Believe me, Christianity has

penetrated deeper and farther than you in the seats of power dream of. While you are satisfied with things as they are, and are content to live on and enjoy the leisure and honors the gods crown you with, the classes below you, less absorbed by the things of the world — because perhaps having fewer of them — give their thoughts to religion, and the prospects which it holds out of a happier existence after the present. Having little here, they are less tied to the world than others, and more solicitous concerning the more, and the better, of which Christianity speaks.'

'I am not insensible,' I replied, 'to the truth of what you say. The cruelties, moreover, exercised by the emperors toward the Christians, the countless examples of those who have died in torments for the truth of this religion, have drawn largely and deeply upon the sympathy of the general heart, and disposed it favorably toward belief. In Rome, surrounded by ancient associations, embosomed in the midst of a family remarkable for its attachment to the ancient order of things — friends of power, of letters, and philosophy, I hardly was conscious of the existence of such a thing as Christianity. The name was never heard where I moved. Portia, my noble mother, with a heart beating warm for every thing human, instinctively religious beyond any whom I have ever seen or known, of the Christian or any other faith, living but to increase the happiness of all around her, was yet — shall I say it? — a bigot to the institutions of her country. The government and the religion under which all the Pisos had lived, and flourished, which had protected the rights and nursed the virtues of her great husband and his family, were good enough for her, for her children, and for all. Her ear was closed against the sound of Christianity, as naturally as an adder's against all sound. She could not, and never did hear it. From her I received my principles and first impressions. Not even the history, nor so much as a word of the sufferings of the Christians, ever fell on my ear. I grew up in all things a Piso — the true child of my mother — in all save her divine virtues. And it was not till I, a few years since, broke loose from domestic and Roman life, and travelled to Greece and Egypt, and now to the East, that I became practically aware of the existence of such a people as the Christians — and my own is, I suppose, but a specimen of the history of my order. I now perceive, that while we have slept, truth has been advancing its posts, till the very citadel of the world is about to be scaled. The heaven of Christianity is cast into the lump, and will work its necessary end. It now, I apprehend, will matter but little what part the noble and the learned shall take, or even the men in power. The people have taken theirs, and the rest must follow, at least submit. Do I over-estimate the inroads of the religion upon the mind and heart of the world?'

'I am persuaded you do not,' replied the Christian. 'Give me, as I said before, one Roman Emperor for a convert, and I will insure the immediate and final triumph of Christianity. But in the mean time, another Nero, another Domitian, another Decius, may arise, and the bloody acts of other persecutions stain the annals of our guilty empire.'

'The gods forbid!' said I; 'yet who shall say it may not be!'



Much as I honor Aurelian for his many virtues, I feel not sure that in the right hands he might not be roused to as dark deeds as any before him — darker they would be — inasmuch as his nation for sternness and severity has not, I think, been equalled. If the mild and just Valerian could be so wrought upon by the malignant Macrianus, what security have we in the case of Aurelian? He is naturally superstitious.'

'O that in Aurelian,' said the Christian, 'were lodged the woman's heart of Zenobia! — we then could trust the morrow as well as enjoy to-day. Here no laws seal the lips of the Christian: he may tell his tale to as many as choose to hear. I learn, since my arrival, that the Princess Julia is favorably inclined toward the Christian cause. Dost thou know what the truth may be?'

'It is certain that she admires greatly the character and the doctrine of Christ, and I should think, believes — but she does not as yet openly confess herself a follower of the Nazarene. She is perhaps as much a Christian as Zenobia is a Jewess.'

'I may well rejoice in that,' replied the Christian — 'yes, and do.'

The lights of the apartment were now extinguished, and we parted.

If ever again in Rome, my Curtius, it shall be my care to bring to your acquaintance and Lucilia's, the Christian Probus. Farewell!

#### MY LIBRARY.

ADDRESSED, IN A LETTER, TO SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My days among the dead are passed;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old:  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse, day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in wo;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been bedewed  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead: with them  
 I live in long past years;  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn —  
 Partake their hopes and fears;  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction, with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead: anon,  
 My place with them will be,  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all futurity;  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

## M A Y .

## I.

LACONING Spring her court is keeping —  
 See, with garlands green and gay,  
 Nature from her torpor leaping,  
 Wreathes the brow of 'merry May.'  
 May, sweet May! the violets love her —  
 At her summons forth they start;  
 Bursting buds the branches cover —  
 Life hath stirred the blossom's heart.

## II.

Dreamy haze floats round and o'er us —  
 Earth's rich incense to the sun;  
 And the streams that, frozen, bore us,  
 Bubble laughter as they run:  
 Forest birds are improvising  
 Love songs in the greenwood shade;  
 Wings are darting, fluttering, rising,  
 Through the copse, and o'er the glade.

## III.

Forms like shafts of light are sweeping  
 Through the lake, in circles wide,  
 And the glistening snake is sleeping  
 On the mountain's sunny side.  
 Life through insect tribes is thrilling,  
 Senseless late in winter's trance,  
 And the germs of flowers are filling,  
 O'er whose leaves their wings shall glance.

## IV.

Glorious Spring! that doth re-capture  
 From stern Winter's tomb its prey,  
 Spreads abroad the wing of rapture,  
 Hangs the leaflet on the spray;  
 Once again my heart rejoices,  
 As I thread the greenwood free,  
 And my spirit from its voices  
 Drinks in wordless pösey!

## A DAY AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CRAWFORD'S INN, AUGUST 5th, 1835. Our first feelings, on awakening this morning, were those of disappointment; for we had proposed, after an early breakfast, to commence the ascent of Mount Washington; but instead of the clear atmosphere and joyous sunshine which we had anticipated, the sky was dark and lowering, a drizzly rain was falling, and a light silvery mist veiled the summits of the White Hills. Amusement within doors there was none, for the 'Register' composed the library of our host; and its varied columns we had already conned from first to last. In its pages we met with many a well-known name. Far distant friends it brought before us; and as we looked upon the familiar characters, read the course of their wanderings, and perhaps a passing remark, memory revived the past, imagination blended it with the present, and amid the solitude of the mountains and the discomforts of an inn, fancy surrounded us with a group of friends. Pleasant, very pleasant, is it, to think that those we love have tarried in the same spot, and inscribed their names for a similar purpose in the self-same pages.

Breakfast concluded, we determined, in defiance of the weather, and the prediction of our host that the rain would continue till the morrow, to visit the Notch, some six miles distant. We were soon seated, four in number, in a small antique carriage, which, to judge by its appearance, might have belonged to the pilgrim-fathers. The rain had rendered the sandy road more firm, and drawn by four fleet horses, we sped on merrily over hill and valley, through field and forest, beneath towering trees and past smoking stumps, and in a short time alighted a few rods from the Notch.

The entrance to this wondrous Gap is guarded by two immense rocks, standing like sentinels on either hand, rising to a height of thirty feet, and formed with a regularity which might betoken the hand of art, did not the bending trees waving on their summits, and

the wild shrubs shooting from their crevices, all prove them to be nature's workmanship. The distance between these piles, at the entrance about thirty feet, gradually diminishes to twenty; and for full forty yards, this double wall rises perpendicularly, as though an opening through the solid rock had been cut by the chisel of some giant hand. After emerging from this picturesque passage, which one might readily imagine the entrance to some fortress, a few steps brought us in view of the far-famed Gap. The Notch is a breach in the range of the mountains, nearly three miles in length, affording to travellers a convenient and easy passage; whereas had not Nature, by some great convulsion, with the effects only of which we are acquainted, thus torn the hills asunder, access from the one border to the other could have been obtained only by climbing the rugged steep. The walls of this mighty cleft are some six hundred feet in height, and the light-colored granite of which they are composed has been worn bare by numerous and frequent slides. At the moment our eyes rested on the scene, the sun, breaking through the clouds, shed its bright beams upon the southern ridge, forming a beautiful contrast with the deep shadows of the opposite precipice. There is a continued descent, in some places steep and difficult, from the western to the eastern extremity of the Notch. The space at the bottom is frequently so narrow, as barely to afford room for the road, which is constructed upon heaps of rock and rubbish, deposited by repeated storms, and for a little stream called the *Saco*, which takes its rise in Mount Washington, and for the last mile or two had been flowing gently through a level meadow, but here it dashed furiously along, with ripple and foam, sometimes beside our steps, and often beneath our feet. As we descended the winding path — for the Gap is far from being regular — the scene increased in sublimity and beauty. The precipitous rocks became higher and higher, and stood forth in bold relief against the sky, where the clouds were now fast giving way to an azure hue. The outline of the upper ledge was clearly defined, and its white lime-stone contrasted beautifully with the blue heavens. Here a mass of rock was seen, half detached, and ready to fall; and near it, a stunted tree sent forth its crooked top. Several flumes, or mountain torrents, having their origin in springs at the summit, came tumbling down the sides, forming a striking feature in the picture. You may see the stream rushing from the topmost cliff, and falling some fifty feet, when, striking again the rocks, it re-bounds with jet and spray, and then dances gaily from cleft to crag, until its waters mingle with those of the *Saco*. Scattered trees and bushes lend their foliage to variegate the barrenness of the hill-sides, which bear marks of violent and recent convulsions.

A melancholy tale is connected with the fall of an *avalanche de terre* in the year 1826, a brief statement of which we had read in our 'Tourist,' but we now heard it from the lips of our guide, who had himself known the parties; and it was related with much fidelity and feeling, while we were standing almost on the very spot where the catastrophe occurred.

A few years since, the Notch exhibited a far different appearance from that which now meets the eye of the wondering traveller. The

mountainous steeps as at this moment reared high their tops toward heaven, and the sparkling Saco rippled in the vale between. But no fearful convulsion had then disturbed the symmetry of the scene. Frequently in some wider opening, tall trees, rooted near the stream, waved their green foliage over its waters; and in one spot, nearly a mile from the rocky portals, where the precipitous bank gives place to a gentle slope, a stately grove of cedars, formed an oasis of eternal verdure, in this place of flint and barrenness. At the eastern extremity of the Notch, where the Gap is more than half a mile in breadth, the level plain, lying in the midst, now presents the appearance of a desert. Broken rocks and shattered trees are seen every where protruding from the mass of sand and stones which covers the entire spot, and extends for many feet below the surface. Formerly that plain was a verdant meadow, and those trees sheltered the cattle which browsed upon its herbage.

A little to the right, situated beneath a frowning cliff, stands a small house, tenantless and neglected. The wind sighs unheeded through its open door and sashless windows, and its walls are defaced with the rudely-cut names of numerous visitants, and in some places slashed and marred by the careless touch of a wanton hand. The merry laugh which once rung through those deserted chambers, is hushed forever — the lips whose smile cheered and enlivened them, may part no more.

It was in the year 18 — , that a new settler made his appearance among the few and scattered inhabitants of the White Hills. CALVIN WILLEY was a young man, a native of New-England, and possessed of the honorable sentiments and steady habits claimed as characteristics of her sons. He came not alone. A youthful partner, by education fitted to adorn a higher sphere, resigned the attractions which elsewhere courted her, to accompany her husband to this inhospitable region. Whether the beauty of the Notch valley enchanted his eye, or some older settler recommended its fertility, a few months found them comfortably settled in the small tenement we have described, and it was generally supposed that a more eligible site could not have been chosen. The fruits of happy industry were ere long visible around them. Time rolled on — the verdant meadow grew daily more flourishing and productive — and a smiling group of children, ready to

—— ‘lip their sire’s return,  
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share,’

made merry the vacant evenings. The inclemency of the season, and the many difficulties attendant on travelling, induced the Willeys to open their house for the accommodation of travellers, and there are probably some now living, who may remember the social circle around the winter hearth, and be able to recount many a story which has made the hills echo to the joyous laugh. Oft has the crackling fire in that now vacant chimney rejoiced the soul of the weary wayfarer.

As yet, the violence of no storm had been able to destroy the symmetry of the Notch. The tall cliffs beheld the elements waste their fury around them, and stood unshaken and unchanged; but the time was coming when the proud oak was to snap, and the pillars of the earth tremble; when that blooming valley was to be buried from the

view, and that happy family swept into eternity. In the month of August, 1826, a few days before the well-known tempest, a storm loosened some high rocks near their dwelling, and caused a small slide, which, though harmless in its effects, justly excited fears for the occurrence of similar accidents in future. We have already mentioned, that the house stands immediately at the foot of the mountain, in an exposed situation, yet one not to be compared in point of danger with others near it, for the hill-side, though steep, was covered with verdant turf, and shaded by many noble trees. A few rods from the dwelling, our guide pointed out to us the spot where Willey had erected a rude tent, to which he and his family might fly for safety, should the cliffs again threaten them. Thus prepared against the worst, we may suppose they slept in peace, with no thought of danger to disturb their slumbers.

On the night of the twenty-eighth of August, there arose a tempest, 'the like of which,' said our narrator, 'was never known.' The gathering clouds met, like opposing armies, and terrible was the conflict. The blackness of night was rendered more gloomy by the darker shadowing of the storm :

'It burst from earth to heaven,  
It rolled from crag to cloud :

and loud peals and frequent flashes attended the descent of unbroken floods. Fragments, torn from the toppling cliffs, and sweeping before them the loftiest trees, and most firmly based rocks, were hurled into the vale below. Anon a vivid gleam lighted up the scene of desolation, and the groans of the fractured mountains mingled with the howlings of the storm. Slowly and fearfully passed the night to the trembling inhabitants of the White Hills. Morning broke at last, and the sun's early rays again lighted up this amphitheatre of mountains. The genius of the storm, as if satisfied with his work, was heard no longer. The dark clouds had rolled away, and the deep swelling gusts had ceased to roar amid the forest ; but the face of nature was changed. Each bubbling brook was now a rapid stream, and each stream an overflowing river. The destructive effects of the tempest were visible on every side. The mountains were marked with the paths of slides a fourth of a mile in breadth, and from one to five miles in length. The Notch, especially, presented a scene of wild disorder. Fragments of the disjointed cliffs, broken rocks, shattered trees, and huge heaps of earth and stones, occupied the narrow passage. The Saco, now a raging torrent, had left its wonted bed, and dashed violently along, where the day previous the road had passed. While no vestige remained of the tent erected for a secure shelter, the Willey house stood alone amid the ruined waste, and beneath the shelter of the wall, cowered a flock of trembling sheep. The open door seemed to invite an entrance, but no inmate appeared, to offer the welcome of hospitality. A solemn stillness reigned within the apartments, which were soon discovered to be vacant. The clothes of the ill-fated inmates were found by their bed-sides, as though they had fled in a moment of terror. A large slide from the hill above, the fear of which probably induced their sudden flight, stopped, as if by a miracle, scarcely three feet from the dwelling,

and it is supposed that they were swept away by the flood almost upon leaving their own door. The arrival of several strangers the day before, had increased the number of the family, and eleven persons thus met an untimely end. The bodies of some were never found; the mangled remains of others were discovered near the bank of the Saco.

'And such is human life: thus gliding on,  
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

Is the reflection which forces itself upon the mind of the traveller, as he treads the deserted chambers of that lonely house. He has gazed with delight upon the majesty of nature, and his imagination has revelled in contemplating her beauty. He has stood in mute astonishment at the wreck of mountains, and his mind has acknowledged the omnipotence of HIM 'who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.' But that lowly tenement has a melancholy interest, a speaking silence, to touch the soul. As

— 'there is given  
Unto the things of earth, which time has bent,  
A spirit's feeling,'

so by its sad associations it moves the sympathies and warms the heart of the coldest and most indifferent, and he turns aside to brush away a tear to the memory of the WILLEY FAMILY.

Nemo.

#### A THOUGHT IN SOLITUDE.

'Reddas incolumem, precor;  
Et servas animæ dimidium mee.'

HOR. CAR. LIB. I., 3.

WHERE is the queenly ship,  
That in her beauty flew  
Over the harbor's emerald waves,  
To her home, the deep and blue?  
Like a bride she bounded forth,  
With music and with glee;  
Proud were the men who guided her  
To combat with the sea!

Can her high pride be tamed?  
Where are her streamers gone?  
Doth she lie where the south-breeze cannot reach,  
Nor the storm-wind's awful tone?  
Where is the queenly ship,  
With her crew of gallant men?  
Are they in silence laid to sleep,  
But once to rise again?

Or is she bounding on  
As on that parting day;  
Doth the noble bark, like one of life,  
The skill of man obey?  
O! there were hearts within her  
That warmly beat for me —  
But their God and mine 'holds in his palm'  
Their enemy, the sea!

## S T A N Z A S .

Joy next took up the strain. How sweet the song !  
 'Twas like a trancing harmony on ears  
 Tortur'd by Discord's tale of crime and wrong.  
 His was no history of frowns and fears —  
 His presence fill'd the spirit of a child,  
 Lighting to lovelier lustre as he grew !  
 His days swept on all musically wild,  
 Scatt'ring around new beauties as they flew —  
 Delight leapt ever round his path, and flung  
 Fresh flowers about the way where Wit and Laughter rang.

He made his home with cheerfulness. His hearth,  
 When Winter clos'd the door, and heap'd the fire,  
 Sounded till midnight with the note of mirth,  
 Touch'd by the son, and echoed by the sire,  
 And when green summer with its bloom was out,  
 He trod with music mid the bending corn,  
 Greeting brown exercise with song and shout,  
 And panting up the hills with light of morn ;  
 Far from the city, with its sickly shade,  
 Link'd hand in hand with Health, that bright enchanting maid !

His days pass'd goldenly. Above, around,  
 That voice of song in ceaseless tone was heard,  
 In one unrivall'd melody of sound,  
 And gushing as the note of some wild bird ;  
 With buoyant step from cottage to the hall,  
 To greet bright brows he went, and beaming eyes,  
 Casting the magic of his mien on all,  
 Banding all life's delights, and scattering sighs —  
 Still pointing through time's trials on to Heaven,  
 Where the heart yet should land, that earth had wrung and riven.

New-York, April, 1837.

GRENVILLE MELLER.

## THE HISTORY \*

LATELY DISCOVERED, OF TWO NOBLE LOVERS, WITH THEIR PITEOUS DEATH, WHICH HAPPENED  
 IN THE CITY OF VERONA, IN THE TIME OF THE SIG. BARTOLOMMEO DE LA SCALA.\*

As you yourself saw, when heaven had not turned against me in all its ire, I dedicated myself, in the bright dawning of my youth, to the practice of arms ; and, following in this many great and valorous gentlemen, I exercised myself sometime in your delightful country of Friuli, through which, according to circumstances — sometimes here and now there — I was obliged to go. It was my constant custom to have with me when riding, an archer of mine, a man of perhaps fifty years, experienced in the practice, and very pleasant, and, as almost all those of Verona are, a great talker — named Peregrino. He, beside being a courageous and expert soldier, was graceful, and, perhaps more than was suitable for his years, continually falling in love ; which to his value added double value : wherefore he delighted to recount, in a most comely manner and grace, the most beautiful stories, and especially those which spake of love, no other than which I ever heard. For which reason, on my setting out from Gradisca, where I lodged, with this one and two of my

\* SOME account of this 'ryghte quainte and most piteous' tale — written four or five centuries since, and the undoubted original of Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' — may be found in the Editors' Table.

friends, perhaps fired with love, coming opposite Udine, which road was unfrequented, and entirely ruined and destroyed by the war: both much oppressed by the thought, and apart from the rest, coming to me, the said Peregrino having addressed me, like one who guessed my thoughts, thus said to me:

‘Do you wish always to live sadly, because a cruel beauty, pretending differently, loves you little? And, although I speak against myself, yet, because they give better, who do not keep their own counsel, I will tell you, master mine, that beside the exercise in which you are, the being much in the prison of Love is unbecoming; so sad are almost all the ends to which it conducts, that there is danger in following it. And in testimony of this, I shall be able to recount to you, whenever you please, a tale, which happened in my city, which will make the road less solitary and tiresome; and in which you will perceive how two noble lovers were guided to a miserable and pitiful death.’ And when I had now made a sign of willingly hearing him, he thus began.

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In the time that Bartholomew de la Scala, a courteous and humane gentleman, at his pleasure both tightened and relaxed the rein to my beautiful country, there were in it, as my father said he had heard, two most noble families, through contrary faction or private odium enemies, the one called the Capulets, the other the Montagues. Of one of which this is reckoned for certain, that they dwelt in Udine; that is, Mr. Niccolo and Giovanni, now called Monticoli of Verona, by a strange chance came here to dwell; although little else of the possessions of their ancestors had they brought with them to this place, except their kind courtesy; and although I, reading some old chronicles, had found that these two families, united, sustained the same party; nevertheless as I heard it, without alteration, I will unfold it to you.

There were then, as I said, in Verona, under the gentleman already mentioned, the aforesaid most noble families, equally endowed by heaven, nature, and fortune, with valiant men and riches. Between which, as is commonly seen in great houses, whatever the occasion might have been, there reigned a most bitter enmity; by which many men had fallen on both sides; so that through fatigue, as frequently happens in such cases, and also from the threats of the ruler, who with very great displeasure saw them opposed, they had drawn off from injuring one another, and without other peace, in time were so familiarized, that a great part of their men spake together. These being thus pacified, it happened, one carnival, that in the house of Sir Antonio Capulet—a cheerful and very jocund man, who was the first of the family—many parties were made, by day and night, to which almost the whole city resorted. To one of these, one night, (as is the custom of lovers, who follow their ladies as with the heart, so also with the body, if they can, wherever they go,) a youth of the Montagues, following his lady, entered.

He was very young, beautiful, tall in person, graceful, and very virtuous: for, having taken off his mask, as every other one did, and being in the habit of a nymph, there was not an eye which did not



turn to look upon him, as well for his beauty, which surpassed that of every body there, as for wonder that he should come into that house, particularly by night. But with more efficacy than by any one else was he looked upon by a daughter of Sir Antonio, already mentioned, who was his only one, and of supernatural beauty, great courage, and grace. She, seeing the youth, with so much force received his beauty in her mind, that at the first encounter of their eyes, she no longer appeared to her to be herself. He stood during a part of the entertainment alone, with little courage, and seldom mingled in the dance, or in any conversation. He stood with much anxiety, like one who had been conducted there by love, which much afflicted the maiden; for she heard he was very pleasant and jocose. And the middle of the night passing, and the end of the revelry approaching, the dance of the *torch and hat*, as we commonly call it, and which we still see used at the end of parties, began; in which, standing in a circle, the gentleman takes the lady, and the lady the gentleman, changing at their pleasure. In this dance, the youth was taken out by a lady, and by chance placed next the already enamored maiden. On the other side of her, was a noble youth, named Mercutio Guertio; who by nature, as well in July as in January, had very cold hands. Wherefore, Romeo Montague, (for thus was the youth called,) being placed on the left of the lady, and having taken her beautiful hand in his hand, as was the custom in this dance, the maiden almost immediately said to him—perhaps desirous of hearing him speak—‘Blessed be your coming next me, Sir Romeo!’ To whom the youth, who had already perceived her admiration, astonished at her language, said: ‘How! blessed be my coming!’ And she replied: ‘Yes, blessed is your coming here next me; for you, at least, will keep warm this my left hand, while Mercutio freezes my right.’ He, taken somewhat with courage, continued: ‘If I warm your hand with mine, you with your beautiful eyes inflame my heart.’ The lady, after a slight smile, avoiding being seen with him, or heard speak, then said to him: ‘I swear to you, Romeo, by my faith, that there is no lady here who seems so beautiful in my eyes, as you are.’ To whom the youth, now quite inflamed by her, answered: ‘Whatever I may be to myself, I will be to your beauty (if it is not displeasing) a faithful slave.’

The revelry having soon after ceased, and Romeo returned to his house, having considered the cruelty of his former lady, determined, when she should choose, to give himself entirely to the former, although she was of his enemies. On the other hand, the maiden, thinking of little else than him alone, after many sighs, thought within herself, that she should be happy, if she could have him for a husband: but, on account of the enmity between their families, with much fear she had little hope of arriving at so happy an issue. Whence, living continually in two thoughts, she often said to herself: ‘Ah, foolish me! for what desire do I allow myself to be guided into so strange a labyrinth?—where, remaining without guide, I shall not be able to come out at my pleasure, even if Romeo Montague does not love me; because, through the enmity he has for mine, he can seek nothing but my shame: and even if he should wish me for wife, my father would never consent to give me to him.’ Afterward,

coming to the other thought, she said : ' Who knows but that, the better to reconcile these houses together, which are now weary and satiated with contention, I shall yet be able to possess him in that guise in which I desire him ? ' And determined in this, some kind looks began to pass between them. The two lovers, then inflamed with equal fire, carrying engraven on their breasts the beautiful name and image of one another, began to look upon each other, sometimes in church, sometimes at a window ; insomuch that neither had any pleasure but in contemplating the other. And he, in particular, was so inflamed with her elegant manners, that almost the whole night, with great danger to his life, he stood alone before the house of his mistress ; and now, having drawn himself by force to the window of her chamber, there, without her knowledge, or that of any one else, he seated himself to hear her delightful conversation ; and now he lay in the street.

It happened one night, as Love wished, the moon shining brighter than usual, that while Romeo was ascending to the balcony before mentioned, either by chance or because she had heard him on the other evenings, she came and opened the window, and stepping out, saw him ; who, thinking that not she but some other person opened the window, endeavored to escape into the shadow of the wall. Wherefore, having recognised and called to him, she said : ' What do you here thus alone at this hour ? ' And he, now knowing her, answered : ' What love wills.' ' And if you are taken here,' said the lady, ' will you not quickly perish ? ' ' My lady,' replied Romeo, ' it is true that I may quickly perish here ; and I shall certainly, some night, if you do not aid me. But because I am as near death in any other place as here, I endeavor to die as near your person as I can ; with which I shall ever rejoice to live, as soon as it pleases heaven and you.' To which words the maiden replied : ' By me, you shall never be deterred from living honorably with me, did it not remain rather with you, and the hatred I see between our families.' To whom the youth answered : ' You may believe that nothing can be more desired, than I continually desire you ; and therefore, whenever you alone shall choose to be as much mine as I desire to be yours, I will willingly do it. Nor do I fear that any one will ever remove me from you.' And this said, having made arrangements to converse another night with more security, they left their respective situations.

The youth, having gone afterward, many times, to speak to her, one evening, when much snow fell, met her at the accustomed place, and said to her : ' Ah ! why do you make me thus languish ? Do you not pity me, who, in these rude times, wait for you whole nights in this place ? ' To whom the lady answered : ' Certainly I do pity you ; but what would you have me do, except to pray that you would go ? ' Thus the youth answered her : ' That you would allow me to enter your chamber, where we shall be able to converse more conveniently.' Then the beautiful maiden, as if in scorn, said : ' Romeo, I love you as much as any person can lawfully love, and grant you more than is proper for my honor ; and I do it, overcome by the love of your value. But if you think, either by long admiration, or by other means, to enjoy my affection, other than as a lover, lay this thought

aside, for in the end you will find it useless. And, not to keep you any longer in the dangers in which I see your life is, coming every night through these by-ways, I tell you, that whenever you please to accept me for your lady, I am ready to give myself entirely to you, and to go with you unto any place you choose, without a reason.' 'This only do I desire,' said the youth; 'let it be done *now*.' 'Be it so,' replied the lady; 'but let it afterward be renewed in the presence of Friar Lawrence, of the order of St. Francis, my confessor, if you wish that I should give myself to you in every thing, and contented.' 'Oh!' said Romeo to her, 'then Friar Lawrence of Reggio is he who knows every secret of your heart?' 'Yes,' said she, 'and it would serve for my satisfaction to do all our business before him.' And here, having put discreet bounds to all their matters, the two separated.

This friar was minor of observation of the order, a great philosopher, and skilled in many things, both natural and magic; and he was in such close friendship with Romeo, that one more close between two would not have been found in many places in those times. Wherefore, the friar, wishing at once both to remain in the good opinion of his people, and to enjoy somewhat his pleasure, was necessarily obliged to confide in some gentlemen of the city; among whom he had selected this Romeo, a youth feared, courageous, and prudent; and had laid bare to him his heart, which by pretence he concealed from the rest. Therefore, found by Romeo, it was quickly told him, how he desired to have the beloved maiden to wife, and how they had agreed together, that he alone should be the secret witness of their marriage, and afterward the mediator to cause her father to consent to the union. The friar was contented with this, both because he could not deny Romeo any thing, without injury to himself, and also because he thought that through his mediation this thing would succeed well; which would gain him honor from the Ruler, and every other, who had desired to see these two houses at peace. And it being Lent, the maiden, pretending one day a wish to confess, went to the monastery of St. Francis, and having entered one of the confessionals these friars use, caused Friar Lawrence to be called. Who, perceiving her there, from within the convent, having entered the same confessional with Romeo, and shut the door, a plate of iron filled with holes, which was between the maiden and them being taken away, said to her: 'I am always accustomed to see you willingly; but now are you dearer than ever to me, if it is thus, that you wish my lord Romeo for your husband.' To whom she answered: 'Nothing do I more desire, than to be lawfully his: and for this reason have I come here to your presence, in whom I much trust, that you together with God may be witness of that which, compelled by love, I am to do.' Then, in presence of the friar, who performed all the rights in the confessional, by words Romeo quickly married the beautiful girl; and having agreed to meet on the following night, they kissed but once, and separated from the friar: who, having replaced in the wall his grate, remained to confess other ladies.

The two lovers having become, as you have heard, secretly husband and wife, many nights of their love they happily enjoyed,

expecting in time to find means by which the father of the lady, whom they knew to be contrary to their wishes, might be appeased. And matters being thus, it happened that fortune, enemy of every earthly joy, scattering I know not what bad seed, caused to be revived between their families the now almost expired enmity, in such a manner that, turning things upside down, neither the Montagues yielding to the Capulets, nor the Capulets to the Montagues, they once encountered in the public street, where Romeo, combatting, and having regard to his lady, avoided striking any one of her family; yet many of his men being now wounded, and almost all driven from the street, overcome with anger, he ran upon Tybalt Capulet, who appeared the fiercest of his enemies, and at a single blow stretched him dead on the earth, and put the others to route, who were already terrified by his death. Romeo had been seen to strike Tybalt, so that the homicide could not be concealed: whence, the quarrel being brought before the Ruler, each of the Capulets cried out against Romeo alone; wherefore, by the court, he was banished forever from Verona.

Now of what heart, seeing these things, the miserable girl became, every maiden, who truly loves, can easily find out, by putting herself in her place. She wept so incessantly, that no one could console her; and her affliction was so much the more severe, as she dared not discover to any one her misfortune. On the other hand, to abandon her and to quit his country, sorely afflicted the young man; neither wishing on any account to depart without taking a tearful leave of her, and not being able to go to her house, he had recourse to the friar. By a servant of her father, very faithful to Romeo, she was informed that she must go to him, and she went. And both having entered the confessional, for a long time they there bewailed their afflictions. Yet at last, said she to him: 'What shall I do without you? I have not the heart to live longer; it would be better that I should go with you, wherever you go. I will cut off this hair, and will go behind you like a servant, and you cannot be better, or more faithfully served by others, than by me.' 'It would not please God, my dear soul, that when you go with me it should be in any other guise than as my wife,' said Romeo to her. 'But, because I am certain that matters cannot long remain as they are, and that peace must soon ensue between our friends, when I shall easily obtain pardon of the Ruler, I intend that you shall remain here some days, without my body, for my soul is ever with you. And even if things do not turn out as I plan, we will take some other means to live.' And this being arranged between them, having embraced a thousand times, they separated in tears; the lady praying him to remain as near her as possible, and not to go to Rome, or Florence, as he had said. A few days after, Romeo, who till then had been concealed in the monastery of Friar Lawrence, set out, and fled to Mantua, like one dead; having first told the servant of the lady immediately to inform the friar of whatsoever he should hear of him that concerned him at the house; and to faithfully perform every thing the girl commanded him, if he desired the remainder of the promised gift.

Romeo, having now set out many days, and the girl always appear-

ing tearful, which caused her great beauty to fail, was asked many times by her mother, who tenderly loved her, with flattering words, whence originated her tears — saying: ‘Oh my daughter, equally beloved by me with my life, what sorrow has for a short time afflicted you? Whence is it that you are not for a period without weeping? If perhaps you desire any thing, let it but be known to me, for in every thing lawful I will console you.’ Nevertheless, weak reasons were always rendered by the girl for such lamentations. Whence the mother thought that she desired a husband, which, concealed through fear or shame, produced her affliction. One day, thinking she sought the health of her child, and to avoid her death, she said to her husband: ‘My lord Antonio, I now see our girl weeping for many days, so that she is not, as you yourself may see, what she was. And although I have much inquired of her the occasion of her lamentation, I cannot draw from her whence it arises; neither can I myself say whence it proceeds, if not from a desire of being married, which, like a prudent girl, she would not dare make public. Wherefore, before she is more consumed, I should say, it would be well to give her a husband; as the ladies, when they advance beyond this, lose rather than increase their beauty. Beside, they are not merchandise, to be kept long in the house; although, in truth, I never knew Juliet in any act other than most virtuous. The dowry, I know, you prepared some days ago; let us take care, then, to provide a suitable husband.’ Sir Antonio answered, that it would be well to marry her; and commended much his daughter, who, having this desire, preferred rather to afflict herself, than to confide in him or her mother; and within a few days he began to negotiate the marriage with one of the counts of Lodrone.

And now, being near the conclusion, the mother, thinking to do very great pleasure to the girl, said to her: ‘Cheer up now, my daughter, for in a few days you shall be suitably married to a great gentleman, and the occasion of your lamentation will cease; the which, although you did not wish to tell me, yet by the grace of God I understood; and have so labored with your father, that you shall be gratified.’ At these words, the beautiful girl could not restrain her tears. Wherefore the mother said to her: ‘Do you suppose that I would tell you lies? Eight days will not pass, before you shall be the wife of a handsome knight, of the house of Lodrone.’ The girl at these words re-doubled her lamentation. Therefore the mother, flattering, said to her: ‘My daughter, are you not then contented?’ To whom she replied: ‘No, mother, I shall never be contented.’ At this the mother subjoined: ‘What, then, do you wish? Tell it me, for I am disposed to do any thing for you.’ Then said the girl: ‘I should wish to die, and nothing else.’

Upon this, madam Giovanna, (for thus was the mother named,) who was a wise woman, understood that her daughter was inflamed with love: and having answered her, I know not what, she left her. And in the evening, her husband having come, she related to him what the girl, weeping, had told her, which much displeased him; and he thought it would be well, before the engagement proceeded farther, to prevent falling into any shame, to learn her opinion in the matter. And having caused her, one day, to come before him, he

said to her : ' Juliet, (for this was the name of the young girl,) ' I am about to marry you nobly ; will you not be satisfied with it, daughter ? ' To whom the girl, having kept silence sometime, answered : ' My father, no ! — I shall not be contented. ' ' How ! do you wish, then, to enter the nunnery ? ' said the father. And she : ' My lord, I know not ; ' and tears accompanied her words. The father replied : ' This, I know, you do not wish. Give yourself, then, peace, for I intend to have you married to one of the counts of Lodrone. ' To this, the sorrowing girl, weeping much, answered : ' This may never be. ' Then Sir Antonio, much disturbed, threatened her very severely, if she dared to contradict his wishes ; and, moreover if she did not declare the occasion of her tears. And not being able to draw any thing from her but tears, discontented beyond measure, he left her with her mother Giovanna ; nor could he discover on whom her affections were fixed.

The girl had repeated to the servant of her father, who was acquainted with her love, and whose name was Peter, that which her mother had said to her, and sworn in his presence, that she would sooner take poison, than ever receive, although she could, any other than Romeo for her husband. Of which Peter had particularly informed Romeo, through the friar ; and he wrote to Juliet that on no account would he consent to her marriage, and to make their love less open : for, without any doubt, in eight or ten days he would find means to remove her from the house of her father. But my lord Antonio and madam Giovanna, not being able together to understand from their daughter, neither by flattery, nor by threats, the reason why she did not wish to marry ; neither by other means finding of whom she was enamored ; and madam Giovanna, having often said to her : ' See, my dearest daughter weep no more ; for a husband to your pleasure shall be given, even if you wished one of the Montagues, which I am certain you would not wish ; ' and Juliet never answering, but with sighs and tears, having become more anxious, they resolved to conclude as soon as possible the nuptials commenced between her and the count Lodrone. The girl, having heard this, became beyond measure afflicted ; and, not knowing what to do, desired death a thousand times a day. Yet she determined to make Friar Lawrence acquainted with her affliction, as a person in whom, next to Romeo, she trusted more than in any other, and whom she had heard from her lover could do great things. Wherefore, she said one day to madam Giovanna : ' My mother, I do not wish that you should wonder, if I do not tell you the occasion of my tears ; for I myself do not know it : but only, that I continually feel within myself so deep a melancholy, that not merely other things, but life itself seems grievous to me ; neither can I think whence it arises, to tell it to you or to my father ; if it does not come from some sin committed, of which I do not remember. And because the past confession pleased me much, I could wish, if you please, to re-confess me ; in order that at this passover in May, which is near, I may receive, in remedy for my griefs, the sweet medicine of the sacred body of our Lord. ' To whom madam Giovanna replied, that she was content. And two days after, having conducted her to St. Francis, she placed her before Friar Lawrence whom she had first much besought to en-

deavor to find out the occasion of her tears in the confessional. The girl, when she sees her mother departed from her, immediately, in a sad voice, recounted to the friar all her affliction; and, by the love and strict amity there was, as she knew, between him and Romeo, she prayed him freely to aid her in this her greatest need. To whom the friar said: 'What can I do in this case, my daughter? — there being so great enmity between your family and that of your husband?' The sad girl said to him: 'Father, I know that you are acquainted with many rare things, and can aid me in a thousand ways, if you will; but if you will not do me any other pleasure, grant me at least this; I understand my nuptials are preparing at a palace of my father, which is two miles from this place, toward Mantua, where they will lead me, that I may have less boldness to refuse my new husband; and no sooner shall I be there, but he will arrive who is to espouse me: give me so much poison, that in a moment I may free myself from such affliction, and Romeo from so much shame; if not with greater outrage to myself and pain to him, I will crimson this knife in my own blood.'

Friar Lawrence, hearing her design to be thus, and thinking how much he yet was in the power of Romeo, who without doubt would become his enemy, if he did not provide for the case, thus said: 'See, Juliet, I confess, as you know, the half of this land, and am in good repute with each one; no will, nor pacification is made, at which I am not present; for which reason, I would not desire to run into any scandal, or that it should be known, that I have ever meddled with this business, for all the gold in the world. Yet, because I love Romeo and you, I will prepare to do a thing I never did for any other; so truly, when you promise ever to keep me concealed.' To whom the girl answered: 'Father, give me safely this poison, for never shall any one but I know it.' And he answered her: 'I will not give you poison, my daughter; for it would be too great a sin that you should die, so young and beautiful; but when you have the courage to do one thing that I shall tell you, I boast to conduct you in safety to your Romeo. You know that the tomb of your Capulets is situated without this church, in our cemetery. I will give you a powder, which, having drunk, for forty-eight hours more or less, you will sleep so soundly that no man, however great a physician he may be, will judge you otherwise than dead. You will be, without any doubt as if dead, buried in the said tomb; and when it is time, I will come and bring you out, and will put you in my cell, until I go to the chapter we are building at Mantua, which will be soon, whether I will conduct you, dressed in the habit of our order, to your husband. But, tell me, would you not fear the body of your cousin Tybalt, who was buried there but a short time since?' The girl, now quite cheerful, said to him: 'Father, if by such means I might arrive at Romeo, without fear I could desire to pass through hell.' 'Well then,' said he, 'since you are thus disposed, I am content to aid you; but before any thing is done, it would seem to me, that Romeo should receive from your hand the entire matter; in order that he may not run into any strange misfortune, through desperation, believing you dead; for I know that he loves you beyond bounds. I have conti-

nually friars who go to Mantua, where, as you know, he is. Allow me to have the letter, which I will send to him by trusty means. And having said this, the good friar, (without whose mediation we do not see any great thing conducted to a perfect end,) having left the girl in the confessional, went to his cell, and quickly returned to her with a little box of powder, and said : ' Take this powder, and whenever you think fit, drink it at the third or fourth hour of the night, without fear, with some cold water ; for about six, it will begin to operate, and without fail our design will succeed. But do not forget, however, to send me the letter, for it is of much importance.' Juliet, having received the powder, returned smiling to her mother, and said to her : ' Truly, my lady, friar Lawrence is the best confessor in the world. He has so comforted me, that I no longer remember my past sadness.' Madam Giovanna, through the cheerfulness of the girl, became less sad, and said to her : ' In good time, my daughter, I will cause him to be consoled by our alms ; for they are poor friars.' And thus speaking, they came to their house.

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S P R I N G .

## I.

Oh, thou bright and beautiful day,  
First bright day of the infant spring —  
Bringing the slumbering life into play,  
Giving the leaping bird his wing.

## II.

Thou art around me now in all thy hues,  
Thy robe of green and thy scented sweets ;  
In thy bursting buds, in thy blessing dews,  
In every form that my footstep meets.

## III.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,  
In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour,  
In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,  
In the breathing bud, and the opening flow'r.

## IV.

I see thy forms o'er the parting earth,  
In the tender shoots of the grassy blade,  
In the thousand plants that spring to birth,  
On the valley's side in the home of shade.

## V.

I feel thy promise in all my veins —  
They bound with a feeling long suppress'd ;  
And, like a captive who bursts his chains,  
Leap the glad hopes in my heaving breast.

## VI.

There are life and joy in thy coming, Spring !  
Thou hast no tidings of gloom and death,  
But buds thou shakest from every wing,  
And sweets thou breathest with every breath.



## THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the present age, is the highly excitable state of the public mind. From the North-eastern boundary line to the Mexican gulf, from the Atlantic to the 'Far West,' there comes rumor after rumor of riot, insurrection, and tumult. A species of moral cholera seems every where prevailing; and no portion of our country is exempt from its visitation. The cold and calculating sons of New-England are now as readily lighted up into these out-breakings against order, as the hasty and inflammable spirits of the south. The passions of the populace are ever ready for explosion, and it matters not what is applied to the train — abolition, Grahamism, high prices of food, bank frauds, or gambling, any thing, in fact, is made use of by the people as an opportunity for taking the law into their own hands. They would be at once jurymen and executioners, legislators and judges, when laboring under a maddened excitement, that renders them wholly unfit for their assumed powers.

Though there have been riots among mankind, since they were first gathered into organized societies, and became nations, yet we do not recollect a period recorded in history when these 'uproars among the people' bore a similitude to the riots of the present day, either in their frequent recurrence, or in the peculiar character of their motive power. They were generally, both in ancient and modern times, the reaction of those natural rights of man, which had been forcibly kept down by tyranny and oppression; and these insurrections were either immediately checked by the strong arm of enthroned authority, or else became the glorious means of restoring the people to their rightful privileges. But among us, it is different. Our government acknowledges that 'all men are born free and equal,' and the people have neither the disposition nor the excuse to rise in rebellion against it, since they both feel and know the blessings it secures them. Our mobs are not *political*, though they are sometimes made use of by designing politicians; for we never see, even in the greatest excitement of party against party, one portion of the populace rising against those who differ from them in their opinions of public men and measures. In a philosophical sense, they may be termed *moral* ones, for the exciting cause is generally found to be some imaginary or real outrage upon the moral sense, or upon the honest but ignorant prejudices of the community. There is much truth in the remark of Bishop Porteus, that 'the mob may sometimes *think* right, but they always *act* wrong.' Either the supposed inefficiency of the laws, or an impatient unwillingness to await their slow decision, rouses the multitude into a determination to punish the offenders at once, and upon this rash resolve, they madly wreak their vengeance upon the original criminal, or upon any one whom they fancy to be in the least degree connected with him. Infuriated by their passions, they rush onward in the work of destruction, regardless alike of law, of justice, of reason, and of humanity. As in the first taste of blood, by the lion's cub, every drop that it takes makes it thirst for more, so it is with the mob's insatiate wrath, if

left to itself, it never can be glutted — it never says 'it is enough,' until every thing has become a prey to its vindictive spirit.

The rapidity with which this tendency to riots has spread throughout our country, and their frequent recurrence here, there, and every where in our land, is owing, in a great degree, to the encouragement given to them by the press, and by public opinion. The light and often commendatory notice given of Judge Lynch's proceedings, when his sapient Judgeship happened to punish rightly, according to the opinion of the writer or speaker, has produced incalculable mischief through our wide-spread community. With these short-sighted individuals, the end justifies the means, and they thoughtlessly cast these fire-brand opinions about, saying, 'Are we not in sport?' But let such beware of this dangerous trifling, or they may enkindle a conflagration, which will bid defiance to the power of man to arrest, and whose flames may go fiercely onward, until it has involved our prosperity, our liberty, and our government, in one vast smouldering ruin.

However different may have been the exciting causes of these tumults among the people, yet the characteristics of a mob, when once roused into action, will ever be found similar. Take those of any age, and of any country, and we trace in their proceedings the same distinctive features. The history of one is in this respect the history of all, for its subject is human nature. It is the wild misrule of the fiercest passions of the multitude, gathered into fearful combination, and infuriated to insanity. They are for the time as incapable of exercising reason or judgment, as a band of maniacs; and it is this mental and moral derangement that invests them with a power so appalling. And it is also owing to this, that sound-judging legislators and humane magistrates have been forced to acknowledge, that nothing but the strong arm of power will be of any avail at such a crisis, and that in extreme cases, the severest measures are often the most merciful. Like drunkards when raging in 'delirium tremens,' they are not in a fit state to be counselled or reasoned with, and their acts of outrage have to be checked by force. Although public safety, and the necessity of preserving order, render strict procedures needful, yet there is not a patriot or philanthropist, whose heart does not bleed for the poor misguided populace, when thus excited to deeds of violence. The general good requires the punishment of the actors, but the responsibility of their crime hangs heavily upon their instigators. Sacred as well as profane history points to these leaders as the greatest criminals. The desire for the crucifixion of the Saviour sprung not spontaneously from the multitude, for they 'esteemed Him a prophet,' and would have taken Him 'by force to make him a king.' It was the wily 'chief priests and the scribes' who 'persuaded the people,' and 'moved them' to cry out 'Crucify Him, crucify Him!' It was these who stimulated the ignorant and thoughtless mob, until they thirsted for the blood of Him who had healed their sicknesses, borne their infirmities, and compassionated their sufferings.

While the mass of the people continue unenlightened, they will ever be passive instruments in the hands of those who study how to move them. In reason, they are children, but in their passions

they are men ; and it is through this dangerous medium that they are led on by their self-appointed rulers. We fear that the true friends of the people are comparatively but a small band. It seems the interest of all classes, and all parties, to keep them in ignorance, that they may be more easily swayed to suit their own purposes. It is as much the desire of the partisan politician to keep the crowd from judging for themselves, as it is that of the most despotic tyrant. The result, in making them do what they will, is the same in both cases, though the means which effect this are different ; for the one is gained by flattery, and the other by force. We have said that the friends of the people are few, and even these few stand aloof in shameful inaction, and leave them a helpless prey to crafty disorganizers, erroneous prejudices, and rabid infidelity. There is an alarming degree of power left in the hands of those who are both secretly and openly striving to corrupt the populace, by removing the only two restraining principles that can be felt in their unenlightened condition — the fear and regard for law — the belief in a God, and a future state. Should these be taken away, we may well tremble for our country, for the turbid and polluted waters of anarchy and vice will overwhelm it like a deluge.

To a calm and reflecting mind, an excited mob is an object of compassion, and the pious man will ever pray for the infuriated multitude as his Saviour did : ‘ Father forgive them, for they know not what they do ! ’ The first stirrings of tumult generally arise from some cause that to their minds appears a just one. They possess an intuitive sense of right and wrong, which having never been guided or enlightened by religion or by reason, can be easily misled by those who dazzle them by false lights, and bewilder them by sophistry. They have not judgment to sift the specious from the true ; they are prone to mistake appearances for reality, and thus to them the worse can be made to seem the better reason. They both see and feel instances of hardship and apparent injustice, and they are mischievously told that the power of redress is in their own hands, if they have but the courage to exert it. While writhing under the loss of their hard-earned savings, they see the men whom they think were instrumental in ruining them, still living in ease and opulence, and some evil designer whispers, ‘ Revenge ! ’ In the midst of their keen sufferings from want of employment, poverty, and scarcity of provisions, they are told that the exorbitant prices demanded for shelter, food, and fuel, are owing to ‘ combinations ’ and ‘ monopoly ’ among speculators, who are fattening upon the miseries of their fellows. They stop not to examine the *truth* of this statement, but give it full credence, and take summary vengeance upon the supposed offenders. They are thus lashed into fury, and imagine they can set all things right by violence and tumult. This course appears to them a ‘ justifiable expression of their feelings,’ for so mobs have been spoken of, again and again. They have never been taught, that all out-breakings against law and order are deserving of censure and punishment. No one has attempted to convince them, while they were in a fit state to be reasoned with, that they are enemies of their country, by thus draining off the force of the laws, and that by their throwing clogs upon the inferior machinery of government, they may stop

the mighty engine itself, and shatter it into dissolution. The people have teachers, it is true, but what are the lessons that are given them? Their subtle tutors wheedle them by flattery, and secure their confidence by avowing themselves the friends of liberty and of virtue. This gained, they assemble them in their 'halls of science,' and try to undermine their faith in God and revelation, and their respect for all laws, whether human or divine. In addition to this oral instruction, they have the mighty aid of the press, and pour out their publications daily, weekly, and monthly. These false teachers, these pretended friends of the people, have been unceasingly active in their unholy work. But what has been done by patriots or philanthropists to counteract their efforts? Has there been any thing like a strenuous, concerted action among these, to enlighten the public mind as to its true interests, and to bring it to a healthful state of feeling and action? Have they endeavored to prove to the people the sophistry and falsehood of those who are leading them into the bottomless pit of atheism, there to leave them groping in its chaotic darkness? If nothing has yet been done, then it is time for the true friends of the people to be up and be doing, for there is a great work before them. There has much been effected toward the moral reformation of the world, by exertions in the cause of Christianity and of education. But the work of which we speak is preparatory to both. One reason, perhaps, why missionaries among the heathen are more successful than those who labor among our own miserable and vicious poor, is, that the savage has never heard revealed religion derided as a fable, and its professors ridiculed as dotards, or censured as hypocrites. His ignorance and his natural sinfulness are the only obstacles to be overcome; but in our *civilized* community, there is a host of bitter prejudices, and gross errors, to be driven from the way, before the truths of Christianity can even gain a hearing. If it was thought needful, before the appearance of the Saviour, that 'Elias should first come,' 'to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord,' then may there not still be something that is requisite to open the way for the reception and diffusion of the truths of Revelation? This preparatory work is the enlightening of the public mind on the various obligations flowing from moral, social, and political relations. It is to exhibit in strong relief the misery and wretchedness that will necessarily flow from the misconduct of the people, as husbands, fathers, and citizens, and to show them that prosperity and happiness can only be expected in the faithful discharge of their duties in these several stations. It is to remove the existing prejudices against the religious portion of the community; to convince them that the hypocrisy of some professors, and the sinful acts of others, are no arguments against Christianity, and to bring before them simple yet striking evidences of the truth of the Holy Scriptures, in familiar and apt illustrations. The proper education of public opinion is yet to be accomplished.

The charge left by our venerated Washington, in his Farewell Address, needs still to be repeated, although forty years have passed since it was given. After having shown that 'religion and morality are indispensable supports to political prosperity,' and that it is to

religion alone that we can look for true morality, he then recommends the general diffusion of knowledge among *all* classes of the people, and afterward says: 'In proportion as the structure of government gives force to *public opinion*, it is essential that *public opinion should be enlightened*.'

By the enlightening of public opinion, the Father of his Country surely did not mean the education of children in the rudiments of learning. It was to the *education of men*, in their duties as members of the body politic. It was to teach them to think, and judge, and act, for themselves, that they might rightly use their privileges as freemen, and not ignorantly or heedlessly abuse those blessings which were bought by the blood of revolutionary patriots. The learning taught in the schools, and the education of books, are beneficial in their place; yet these are not indispensable to a man's enlightened discharge of his duties as a citizen. A strong-minded, sound-judging man, educated by observation and thought, and deeply interested in his country's welfare, though he may be so unskilled in school-boy acquirements as to be unable to write his own name, or even read that of his chosen candidate, is yet far more capable of rightly using his privilege of voting, than the graduate of a college, who has circumnavigated the whole circle of the sciences, and is familiar with every written language, but who has never spent a thought upon the government of his country, or upon the requisite qualifications of its officers. The education of children is now becoming a subject of great and engrossing interest, and it is a noble cause for exertion. This is planting for the good of the coming generation; but cannot something also be done for the present? Is not the moral improvement of those who are now men and women, fathers and mothers, as binding on the lover of his country, and his kind, as that of children who are to become these in future? Surely it must be. Even the cause of education would prosper more successfully, if the duty of enlightening the opinions of the parents received its due share of attention. Parental example and authority are powerful instruments in elevating or debasing the character of a child. And all efforts to benefit mankind should begin in the family circle, for *here* is the fountain-head of good and of evil. Contrast the influence of a teacher, however competent by his knowledge and wisdom, or venerated for his piety and benevolence, with that of the parent, the brothers and sisters. The few precepts given, and the few hours spent in a school, are but feeble restraints in checking the vicious tendencies wrought by the example of home, and fostered by its powerful and pervading influences.

Let the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, think of these things. Let them follow the example of those whom they must unite to oppose, in their perseverance, their activity, and their untiring effort. Let them enlist the press in their cause, and give the people line upon line, and precept upon precept—leading them gradually and pleasantly onward in the knowledge of their various duties. And surely the advantage of oral instruction and public addresses should not be left wholly in the possession of their opponents. Then let those who have studied human nature, and who are friendly to the true interests of their fellow creatures, search out and reflect upon

the best plans for enlightening public opinion, and diligently pursue those most suitable for promoting the desired end. To such, we take the liberty of suggesting a plan which was found eminently useful in a period strikingly similar, in many respects, to our own. Then as now, there were disaffection and rebellion against the laws, and murmurings and threatenings, riots and tumults, among the people, from the scarcity and high prices of provisions. There was also an active dissemination of infidel and disorganizing doctrines, written in a style to attract the poor, sold at low prices, and disseminated with incredible industry. This plan was, to 'fight these venders of anarchy and atheism with their own weapons,' and to establish by subscription, a kind of periodical issue of tracts, called 'The Cheap Repository,' in which three separate publications were produced every month, 'consisting of stories, ballads, and Sunday readings, written in a lively and popular manner, by way of counteraction to the poison continually flowing through the channel of vulgar, licentious, and seditious publications.'

The design succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of its projector and principal writer.\* Two millions of these publications were sold in the first year; and the good effects said to have proceeded from these tracts, would be almost beyond belief, were they not recorded in the letters of Bishop Porteus, and other equally celebrated characters of the time. Of one ballad called 'The Riot,' it is stated that it prevented a mob among the colliers near Bath, in which the mills were to be attacked, and the flour seized. And it is related of the 'Village Politics,' 'that it flew, with a rapidity which may appear incredible to those whose memories do not reach back to that period, into every part of the kingdom. Many thousands were sent by government to Scotland and Ireland. Numerous patriotic persons printed large editions, at their own expense, and in London alone many hundred thousands were soon circulated.' And this little publication is said to have 'wielded at will' the fierce democracy of England, and to 'have tamed the tide of misguided opinion. And many persons of the soundest judgment went so far as to affirm, that it had essentially contributed, under Providence, to prevent a revolution.'

Although we are not so sanguine as to expect that any single publication would have the effect in 'wielding at will' an American populace, yet we are confident that much good might be wrought upon the public mind, by the circulation of tracts written to suit the times and the people, and illustrating, in a popular and attractive manner, the dangerous tendency of these frequent risings against law and good order, pointing out the mischiefs of disorganizing and infidel doctrines, and exciting a desire to be faithful as Christians, husbands, fathers, and patriots. To bring forward any effectual result, there must be combined, constant, and long-continued effort; there must be unwearied perseverance, and untiring activity. We have made the suggestion, and leave it in the hands of those who love their country and their countrymen, and are willing to labor in the good cause of *enlightening public opinion*.

## THE SUN: AN EXTRACT.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Thou lookest on the Earth, and lo! it smiles;  
 Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;  
 Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,  
 When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;  
 Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are shorn  
 Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;  
 All, that was once so beautiful, is torn  
 By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,  
 And in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;  
 Life lingers, and would die, but thy return  
 Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow  
 Of all the power that brooded in the urn  
 Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn  
 All bands that would confine, and give to air  
 Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,  
 When on a dewy morn thou dar'st there  
 Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine: and when the touch of Spring  
 Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light  
 They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing  
 Dashes the water, in his winding flight,  
 And leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright,  
 And widens outward to the pebbled shore:  
 The vales are thine, and when they wake from night,  
 The dews, that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er  
 Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine: they catch the newest beam,  
 And gladden in thy parting, where the wood  
 Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream  
 That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood  
 Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food  
 Of nations in its waters — so thy rays  
 Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud,  
 When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze  
 Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift  
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky  
 Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift  
 In darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by,  
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,  
 Dazzling but cold; thy farewell glance looks there;  
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,  
 Girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear  
 Into the high dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues  
 Are pencilled by thee: when thou bende'st low,  
 Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues  
 Their waving folds with such a perfect glow  
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw  
 Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain  
 Hung round the verge of Heaven, that as a bow  
 Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain,  
 All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train.

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thine arch,  
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,  
 Where the spent storm is hasting on its march;  
 And there the glories of thy light combine,  
 And form with perfect curve a lifted line,  
 Striding the earth and air: man looks and tells  
 How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,  
 And how the heavenly messenger impels  
 Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

### THE POETRY OF MOTION.

It is certainly not amiss, that Gray places the dance among the earliest offspring of harmony and beauty. The Talmudists, indeed, will have it, that Adam, in the transport which the first sight of Eve gave him, fell into a jig or rigadoon. So, at least, we have somewhere read — though certainly not in the Talmud itself, we confess. But the story smells strongly of that system of legends, which makes our great progenitor to have been, intuitively, acquainted with all the sciences, and the inventor of all the arts. In the same manner, he has been averred to have formed the alphabetic signs — first, *A* (broad) out of the exclamation of delight which escaped him, when he awoke from his dream, and found Eve at his side — then the thinner vowel, *E*, from her interjection, when he clasped her in his arms — then the still slenderer *I*, from the first squall with which Cain (his eldest-born) saluted the light — then the melancholy *O*, when Abel perished, all for the want of having a head as cudgel-proof as an Irishman's; and so on, of the rest. But, as to the dance, this Rabbinical history is suspicious. For though the earliest step of many young quadrupeds — as the lambkin, the fawn, the pig and the calf\* — seems to be a sort of native and voluntary *tripudium*, or *saltation*, yet dancing comes, with them, in this order, because they are incapable of music, the true source of that art, in its human guises. It is perhaps Prior's system, which best explains the origin of the dance. According to it, the soul, entering its future machine at the toes, displays its first movements in the kicking which agitates those parts. Afterward, it mounts into the legs and arms; between which, during the whole sojourn that it makes in them, there is so close and active a sympathy, that the latter cannot touch a tabor or a fiddle, but the former begin to leap and frisk.

Indeed, of dancing, in those grave old days, when men lived a thousand years, and life was a matter as much more serious as it was longer than now, we hear nothing. It is not set down among the inventions of that cunning artisan, the antediluvian blacksmith, Tubal-Cain. There is, to be sure, difficulty in supposing that any fresh species of wickedness is now permitted, which was unpractised at the time when heaven found it necessary to re-purify all mundane things, by a somewhat profound baptism. At any rate, we hear nothing of dancing-masters before the Flood: and from the fact, that Noah is

\* GRAY illustrates this:

'New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
 Frisking ply their feeble feet.'



not said to have danced, even when he was tipsy, we are in a manner forced to conclude that this was not among the patriarch's accomplishments. Nevertheless, it is true again, that, as Learning is equally serviceable at explaining every thing, and straightway confounding whatever it explains, we must add that the invention of Wine has been held (*see* Bryant and others) to establish the identity of Noah with Bacchus; of whose worship dancing and theatric entertainments of all sorts were every where a main part.

Having thus, as to all higher authorities, tied the matter up into a very knotty doubt, we may now properly go on to say, that Lucian is of opinion that dancing goes back to the very birth-day of the creation. It was born, he thinks, with love itself; and the measured movement of the stars, their harmonious and balanced progression, their complex yet regular advance and retreat to that mighty tune which the spheres struck up, when the planets were first set in their orbs, was the beginning of the Ballet. Upon the same idea, Andreini, by a still bolder metaphor, in that poem on the Creation, which some have imagined to be the origin of *Paradise Lost*, makes the rainbow the great original fiddle-stick, that, with a flourish across the vast instrument of the constellations, sent the whole host of the skies a-reeling off, in that waltz which they have danced ever since. Certain it is, that astronomy and dancing were originally the same art. The Chaldean shepherds, who first observed the stars, are known to have imitated their movements in a solemn dance; by which, as with a sort of living orrery, they taught their pupils the celestial motions. From them, the science was transmitted, by the same means, to the Egyptians; who retained the astronomic quadrille, till, in the decline of their learning, both dancing and mathematics were extinguished together. Since then, broken from that early connexion in which art reflects such light upon art, the two sciences have, unhappily, been so far divorced as to become, in vulgar apprehension, the very antipodes of each other; and both have so declined, that philosophers now rarely excel in the dance, and dancing-masters are but seldom adepts in astronomy.\*

In Grecian fable, a like reverence for the dance attributed to it the same celestial origin. That respectable lady, Cybele, the common grandmother of the gods, is supposed to have been its foundress, upon occasion of the birth of Jupiter; whose infant cries were kept from reaching the ears of his child-devouring sire, the good Saturn, by means of the noisy dances of the Corybantes, the attendants and priests of the Bona Dea. The dance itself was a warlike one, of the Pyrrhic sort; and was trod to the sound of pipes, drums and fifes; the performers brandishing swords and javelins; with which, in the evolutions of the measure, they smote, in cadence, upon each others' bucklers; imitating the whole disorder, fury, and clangour of a battle.

Saved by this feminine device, the king of gods could scarcely fail, when he grew up to man's estate, to hold dancing in high esteem, and assiduously to practice it. He is accordingly spoken of, by more than one of the poets, as performing, featly enough, in the assemblies

\* It is singular that Mrs. SOMERVILLE, in her '*Connexion of the Physical Sciences*,' has totally overlooked this remarkable relationship.

of the skies. If King Jupiter thus footed it, we may be sure that the younger deities were little likely to disdain the gay and graceful science. We find, therefore, that Phœbus Apollo — that fiddler of the heathen heavens — was a main proficient in the 'mute poetry' of the limbs: that Mercury — that god of the feathery heels — was chief posture-maker of Olympus; in which character, indeed, Shakspeare means to describe him, when he speaks of

'A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:'

that the fierce divinity of Thrace, too, confessed, at times, the power of harmony,\* is certain, from what poets have said; and that, so confessing it, he danced, is equally certain. Nay, his earliest education appears, from Bythinian legends, to have been in the dance; for Juno placed him out, as soon as he could go alone, with her cousin Priapus, that he might, under the lessons of that shapely god, learn how a polite bow was to be made, or a ball-room to be entered with elegance. Thus it was, that it presently came to pass that the art of war sprang up; born, like astronomy, of dancing: for it was by the aid of music, and of steps and evolutions, measured into regular and martial dances, that discipline was introduced into the wild disorder of ancient battle. Minerva, indeed, is by some said to have invented the Pyrrhic — the oldest of the Greek dances — upon occasion and in celebration of the overthrow of the Titans. Such is the mythological tale, through the dim outline of which, we can still pierce to the better truth it covers; which is no less than this — that the invention of the dance, not after, but before the battle, gave victory to the gods, by lending their forces those well-ordered and firmly-compacted movements, which met and foiled the rude strength of their huge adversaries.

If the goddess of wisdom was not too solemn and high for the dance, we may be sure that she of chastity was not too pure. Virgil accordingly paints her as consummate in the dance:

'Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
Exercet Diana choros:'

Which Dryden has beautifully rendered:

'Such, on Eurotas' banks or Cynthus' height,  
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,  
When, in the dance, the graceful goddess leads  
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.'

We might pursue much farther the catalogue of these Olympian patrons of the dance; and show that all the more cheerful and elegant deities — as Pan, Bacchus, the Muses, the Graces, the Hours, the Nymphs, the Naiades, the Fawns, the Dryades — all, in short, but the older and moroser personages of the sky — Saturn, Neptune, Fate, and the like, or Pluto and his sad companions of Hades, affected the dance. We have first, however, to do a little farther with

\* 'On Thracia's hills, the god of war  
Has checked the fury of his rapid car,  
And dropped his thirsty lance, at thy command.'

Mars. Of the warlike institutions of the Greeks and Romans, dancing evidently formed, in all the earlier times, an essential part. The Cretans — among whom, of the general Hellenic race, the earliest rise of the arts, of laws, and of arms, seems to have been — cultivated the dance, not only in the religious use to which we have already alluded, as connected with the worship of their first law-giver, Jove, but encouraged it, with a view to military purposes. Hence is it that, in the *Iliad*, we find Merion celebrated for that unequalled skill in the dance, which, by the perfect command of his limbs, gave address to his movements in the ranks, and enabled him to avoid, with ease, the stroke of an adversary. So, too, in the same war, the assistance of Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, and one of the supposed inventors of the Pyrrhic dance, was at last held indispensable to the success of the Grecian arms — doubtless because their imperfect strategy needed the aid of an able dancing-master. The Thessalians, indeed, (of whom, through his heroical father, Pyrrhus was sprung,) held the dance to be the chief martial accomplishment; insomuch that, upon the tombs of their warriors, no inscription was thought so honorable, as one which declared that

‘THE PEOPLE HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT TO ELATION,  
IN MEMORY OF HIS HAVING DANCED WELL IN THE BATTLE.’\*

The military system of the Lacedemonians was clearly founded by the twins of Leda; one of whom taught them the athletic exercises, and the other the management of the horse. It is equally clear that they instructed their countrymen in the dance; since that called the Carian (danced in the festivals of Diana,) is traced up to them. Helen, their sister, must have excelled in the dance: for it was at sight of her graceful performance of this exercise, that Theseus became enamored, and bore her off. Nor was her second *enlèvement*, at the tender age of sixty, by Paris, produced by any other cause than another exhibition of her charms, heightened by the same alluring art.

It was in skilfully seizing this early Spartan institution, and perfecting it by his laws, that Lycurgus founded that great and permanent polity, which he gave to the Lacedemonians. He saw that, to build up a mighty and warlike state, it was necessary that his city should dance. Every thing, therefore, in Lacedemon, whether in their public exercises, or in their religious festivals, in their sports or in their combats, was done to the measure of martial instruments. Their youth was bred up between arms and the dance — with an occasional interlude of stealing. To the sound of flutes, they wrestled, they leaped, they ran. Their very flagellations around the altar of Diana were laid on, to the Dorian mood of the same instrument; and to its grave and soothing cadences, they advanced to battle, singing their pæans of the charge, and treading a military dance, as they sang. To the spirit which these animating preludes

\* Barthelemi, speaking of them, says: ‘Ils ont tant de gout et d’estime pour l’exercice de la danse, qu’ils appliquent les termes de cet art aux usages les plus nobles. En certains endroits, les généraux ou les magistrats se nomment les *chefs de la danse*.’

‘They have such a taste and so much esteem for dancing, that they apply the terms of this art to the noblest things. In certain parts of their country, they give to their generals and magistrates names taken from the dance.’ *Anacharsis*.

It is Lucian whom Barthelemi follows here. *Pro orchestrois* is the title.

to the engagement spread through their ranks, Milton plainly attributes their irresistible valor: and if the other Greeks fought not so well, it was for no other reason than because they danced worse.\*

Let us here, however, to convey a juster image of the dance, in this, its earlier form, give the description of some of the armed dances, as left us by Xenophon, in his *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*. In the sixth book of that narrative, he relates, as follows, the festivities with which, upon the occasion of a truce with the Paphlagonians, his soldiery entertained visitors from the camp of their barbarian adversaries.

'As soon as the libations were over, and they had sung the Pæan, two Thracians rose up, and danced, with their arms, to the sound of the flute. They capered very high, and with great agility; and then engaged each other with their swords. At length, one of them dealt the other such a blow, that he seemed, to all who looked on, to have slain him outright; and the Paphlagonians cried out, in alarm. The stroke, however, was only fatal in appearance. The victor then despoiled of his arms the seeming slain, and departed, singing a song of triumph, in honor of Sitalus, one of the kings and heroes of Thrace. After this, other Thracians entered, and bore off the body of the vanquished man, in funeral procession.'

'Next certain Ænians and Magnesians came forward, and danced, in their arms, what is called the Carpæan dance; which is performed after the following manner: A dancer, quitting his weapons, begins to plough and sow the earth; but often looks behind him, like one in fear. Presently a robber approaches to assail him: he flies to his arms, and then, turning, disputes with the robber the possession of his oxen. All this passes to the sound of the flute. In the end, the robber overcomes and binds the ploughman, whom he leads away, captive, with his oxen. At other times, however, the rustic is victorious, fastens the vanquished robber to his oxen, and so drives him away, his hands tied behind him.'

'After this performance, Mysas appeared, holding a buckler in each hand, with which he danced like one engaged with two adversaries at once: then, varying his steps and action, he seemed to contend with but a single enemy. At another moment, he whirled himself about, with great rapidity; and then, casting himself headlong, he fell, in a surprising manner, upon his feet, without quitting either of his bucklers. Last of all, he danced a Persian dance, clashing his bucklers against each other, or falling upon his knees, and springing up again, with great lightness and address. During all this, he kept the justest time, to the flute.

'Him, certain of the Mantineans and other Arcadians succeeded. These, dressed in the handsomest armor they could obtain, came forward to the notes of a flute, that played a point of war. They sung the Pæan, and went through the dances that are used in solemn processions.

'The wonder of the Paphlagonians at all these performances was heightened, by seeing them done by men in armor. Mysas, perceiving this, induced one of the Arcadians, who possessed a female dancer, to let her be brought in. She accordingly came in, adorned with the best dress they could find for her, and equipped with a light buckler. She then danced the Pyrrhic, with great agility: whereupon there was much clapping, and the Paphlagonians asked, 'If the women charged along with the troops?' To which the others answered, that it was the women alone who repulsed the king from the camp. This was the end of that night's entertainment.'

Such were, in general, the dances of the heroic age of Greece; either grave and religious, or martial and athletic: such as priests

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\* 'On they move,  
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised  
To highth of nobles temper heroes old,  
Arming for battle, and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved  
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat.'

*Paradise Lost, B. I.*

'Who shall awake the Spartan fife,  
And call again, with solemn sounds, to life  
The youth, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,  
Applauding valor loved of old to view'

*Collins.*

might practice, or warriors invent, or law-givers adopt. Of the particular sort which Orpheus taught the rocks, the woods, and their shaggy inhabitants; or of that like measure, to which Amphion drew the quarried stone and the brick about him, till they stood upon each others' heads, and formed a wall for Thebes, it is not so easy to speak. Certain it is, however, that all this could only have been accomplished by some step or fling, of which, among the degenerate dancing-masters of the present day, no memory nor trace is left. It was such dances as these, which the learned Cornelius desired to revive, in the philosophic education of his erudite son, when he was breeding him up to be the mirror of ancient and the wonder of modern times. But the illustrious Scaliger being dead, who alone could have served him for a dancing-master, the noble design seems to have been of necessity abandoned, through the sheer incompetency of any modern antiquarian to give even the slightest rudiments of the classic Calipydy.\*

'Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing-master, and to have him taught the Minuet and the Rigadoon. 'Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, (for Socrates said the best dancers were the best warriors), but not these species of dancing which you mention. They are certainly corruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance; which were utterly disliked by the sounder ancients. Martin shall learn the Tragic dance only: and I will send all over Europe, till I find an antiquary able to instruct him in the Saltatio Pyrrhica.' — *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Of the varied evolutions which made these early dances an image of the fight, (as they were intended to be,) a passage in Apuleius gives us a yet distincter notion. He draws us the following picture of one of them, in his *Golden Ass*: 'Youths and maidens, in the flower of their age, the shapeliest and fairest, and habited in sparkling robes, with graceful steps, to the Pyrrhic measure, and in a well-ordered band, moved through the seemly mazes of the dance, now bent into a ring, now with a sidelong and irregular advance, now formed into a wedge, and now bounding along, all apart.'†

But, to resume our historic deduction of the progress and prevalence of the art: that Theseus, the chief founder of the Athenian state, loved the dance, appears but too well, from his running off with the young danseuse of the Lacedemonian opera-house. An Attic dance, too, which imitated the windings of the labyrinth and the combat with the Minotaur, is traced to his invention. His brother-in-arms, the bold Pirithous, is the reputed author of another ballet, in which the fight of the Lapithæ and Centaurs was represented. A part of the performers no doubt went, in it, upon all fours. Or this may have been the occasion when hobby-horses, long after so popular in the spectacles of our English ancestors of the monkish times, were first introduced. We are told, at any event, that the

\* It is in the *Poetica* of this militant wit, that we find the following account of his dancing:

† Hanc Saltationem Pyrrhicam nos sæpe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrum, coram divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.'

† Puelli, puellæque, virenti florentes ætula, formæ conspicui, vaste nitidi, incissu gratiosi, Græcicam saltantes Pyrrhicam, dispositis ordinationibus, decoros ambitus inerrabant, nunc in orbem flexi, nunc in obliquam seriem connexi, nunc in quadrum cuneati, nunc inde separati.'

performance was highly complicated. The making four legs dance is, of course, double as difficult as the making two do it. That Solon knew the worth and dignity of the art, is apparent. In the first place, he was a poet; and poetry and music, like war, astronomy, religion, legislation, and the architecture of city walls, were yet identical with dancing. But farther, he was a member of the Areopagus — that admirable, grave, and, we may well say, divine old tribunal, in which the judges, when they gave their votes, advanced, majestically, to music, in a stately and solemn dance, to deposit their sentences in the ballot-box. Hence came, indeed, the very names of that renowned receptacle of concealed opinion: for *Ballot-box* is thus, after all, only a corruption of *Ballet-box*. Let him, who doubts our etymology, recur to those judicial festivals, which we are yet to describe, where ermined lords of the wooll sack shook the long curls of their full-bottomed wigs, and sergeants, counsellors, and the whole long-robe world hopped and footed it, in the solemn revels of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple.

If, from the legislators of Greece, we descend to her philosophers, we see that Socrates, the chief of whatever was best in their speculations, was not only the dance's apologist, but — though late in life — a proficient in it; seeking, under the instructions of the elegant Aspasia, to repair the neglect which his early education had suffered in this particular. Xenophon, from whom we receive the opinions of his master on this point, (see his Banquet of Socrates) was obviously an equal admirer of the exercise; and still the more, because he loved and taught the whole polity, discipline, and manners of the Spartans; of whose institutions the dance was, as we have already seen, so capital a part. As to Plato, that lofty idealist, who is usually said to have banished poetry from his perfect commonwealth, did the very contrary, as to the dance. For he will have it, that there shall, in his state, be dancing-schools; in order that, at these, the youth of either sex may learn a graceful demeanor, 'see and be seen.' Even thus does he speak, quite in the terms of a modern mother in the country, solicitous that her shame-faced progeny may learn to hold up their heads, turn out their toes, pinch themselves in coat-collars and stays, and be taught the mystery of shoes and stockings. Of the costume which the good Plato thought most befitting for these schools of grace and modesty, we forbear too minutely to speak.

Placed under all these influences of religion, of legislation, and of philosophy; and impelled, beside, by those of a glowing sky, modes of life the most graceful and picturesque, and a national imagination easily kindled by whatever was beautiful, the Athenians became, as to all that regarded either the popular or the dramatic dance, eminently the encouragers of the art. It was held not only worthy of the ingenuous and well-born; but to be ignorant of it, was accounted a species of reproach. So far was even the public practice of the art from drawing with it disgrace, that it implied, on the contrary, a reputation free from any legal stigma; and dancing became, somewhat as in Gulliver's court of Lilliput, an avenue to public honors and employments. Thus, in the time of Philip of Macedon, one of the ambassadors sent upon an important mission to that monarch was Aristodemus, a very distinguished dancer: and Demosthenes

complains, in more than one place, of the rival influence which the eloquence of the limbs had won, in the assembly of the people, for certain dancers. Nor, indeed — though he overlooked the fact, and historians less exact than ourselves have constantly passed it by — was this ascendancy of the dance unmerited in a commonwealth, whose liberties were, by it, *twice* saved — first, when, with swords concealed in garlands of myrtle, and dancing in the Panathenaic procession, Harmodius and Aristogiton contrived to approach so near the guarded person of the public usurper, as to be able to fall upon and slay him; and yet again, when, in the guise of dancing-girls, their faces concealed with chaplets of poplar leaves, Thrasybulus and his companions broke in upon the lewd revel of the Thirty Tyrants, and put them to death.

Of the Arcadian dances, and of the important part which they bore, in the institutions of that primitive people of the central Peloponesus, we cannot better give an account, than in the words of the younger Anacharsis: 'The rigors of their mountain climate give (says he) strength to their bodies, and a kindred rudeness to their minds. To soften this native ferocity, sages of a superior genius perceived that, in order to enlighten them, they must be approached through new sensations. They took care, therefore, to lead them into a taste for poetry, song, the dance, and festivals. Never did all the radiance of knowledge or reason work, in the manners, a revolution so prompt and general. Its effects have perpetuated themselves even down to our days; because the Arcadians have never ceased to cultivate the arts from which those effects arose.'

'Invited, every day, to sing, at their repasts, it would be held a shame, in any one, to be unacquainted with music; which, from their very childhood, they are all compelled to practice. The music of the Flute directs their steps and their evolutions, whether in the festival, or under arms. The magistrates, strongly persuaded that these humanizing arts can alone preserve the nation from the influence of the climate, cause annual assemblies of the young pupils to be held, and make them execute dances, in order that they may judge of their progress. The example of the Cynetheans justifies these precautions. This little tribe, placed in the northern part of Arcadia, in the midst of mountains and under an inclement sky, constantly refused to be seduced into these usages; and accordingly fell, at last, into so savage a ferocity, that their very name is never pronounced without dread.' — *Barthelemi, Ch. 52.*

Behold the true art of taming the savage, and leading him to civilization! Better than the lessons of an elevated faith, and of a morality far too refined for their condition: better than fire-arms; better than burning at the stake; better than blood-hounds; better even than the white-man's two great gifts of Gunpowder and Rum; this was what Bible Societies never thought of, and what missionaries could never have devised — unless, indeed, they had been, what they should have been — that is to say, dancing-masters. Teach the arms and legs first; and the head will learn by and by.

How well, in this particular, might modern truth turn scholar to ancient fable! Consider, for instance, the vast, the persevering attempts, reiterated with such a lavish expenditure of gold and of enthusiasm, to soften and to christianize rude nations: compare their methods and their success with the arts by which, when banished from the skies, the son of Latona tamed the savage herdsmen, among whom he found himself cast. Did he, with an aspect of vinegar, a voice like saw-filing, and the gesture of a pump-handle, preach to

them the renunciation of the few coarse delights, that made the only pleasures of a merely physical existence? No: he won them, first of all, to gentler enjoyments and more innocent occupations. Assembling them about him, with the music of his well-modulated pipe, he taught them to beguile, by new sensations, the intervals of their rude employments. He taught them to pipe, to sing, to form rustic dances in the shade, and presently rural festivals. By such amusements, he dispelled their native ferocity. Presently, he taught them agriculture; and so conducted them up to civilization, through all the gradations that lie between it and savage life. To effect all this, dancing was a far better instrument than the purest possible truth and religion. Return we, however, to our history.

Of the authority of dancing among the Thebans, we have sufficient evidence, in the fact that the illustrious Epaminondas — the noblest and the most accomplished citizen that state ever produced — excelled both in music and the dance. Hence the lustre to which his commonwealth rose, under him. At Delos, at Delphos, in the Eleusynian celebrations, in the Isthmian and in the Olympic games, the religious observances of the Greeks were every where adorned and made cheerful with the dance. At Athens, it formed even a part of the funeral honors, originally bestowed upon their princes, but which came, afterward, to be imitated in the obsequies of private citizens.

If, from Greece, we pass to Italy, we find the dance figuring there, too, in the foundation and the progress of institutions. Its simpler state marks the purity of their early manners; its period of excellence, their full refinement, about the time of Cicero and Augustus; and its corruption, under the emperors, the decay and ruin of the state. The martial dances of the Salian priests were instituted by the great Roman law-giver, Numa; who probably derived them, with many others of his political ideas, from the Etruscans. That great sage saw that, to form a well-ordered state, the dance was indispensable, and gave it, accordingly, an important place in his code.

Turn we now, once more, to the East, to that admirable Egyptian dance, in which manners were enforced, and the judgment of each citizen's entire life rendered, by the pantomimic performance which accompanied his funeral. In this, a skilful ballet-master (the Archimime,) personating the deceased in looks, in dress, and in carriage, represented, with rigorous impartiality, the main incidents of his life, and whatever was characteristic in it; and so held up, to the universal view, an image of the departed man, that formed a mute but expressive encomium or satire.

The dances of the Hebrews, we did not attempt to trace lower than the time of Noah. After him, there is a seeming interregnum of Jewish saltation. Abraham and his immediate progeny do not appear to have danced. They were a family, not a nation; and dancing, as we have already seen, belongs to the rise of social institutions, not to men yet unformed into a community. It is, accordingly, only at the separation of the Jews from the Egyptians that it makes its appearance. It then burst out, however, with extraordinary brilliancy. Our readers cannot, of course, have forgotten how, when Israel had safely passed the Red Sea, leaving 'Busiris and his Memphian chivalry' to flounder in the waves, Moses (as may be seen in the fifteenth



chapter of Exodus,) thundered out a triumphant song before the Lord, the whole people joining him, in chorus; while 'Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances.' This, it will be observed, was not only the earliest ballet upon record, but, though danced by an entire people, a strict impromptu; which shows how skilfully the Hebrews had learned, during their captivity, to take part in such performances. From this time till the setting up of the Golden Calf, Moses appears to have kept them, by dint of marching, somewhat too leg-weary for dancing. There, however, while he tarried in the mount, they took occasion to have a hop, in honor of the Golden Calf. This piece of idolatry, by-the-by, has always appeared to us far more innocent than it usually passes for having been. People who had been so long wandering, upon short commons, in a desert, were surely pardonable for reverting, with a too fond adoration, to the fat beef they had left behind them. But this is beside our present mark. Moses, however, had, of course, learnt all the dance of the Egyptians, in exploring (as he did) their sciences, of which it was the vehicle. His skill he transmitted to his successors, the Levites; who, upon all signal occasions of thanksgiving, invented and executed, in public, solemn dances. In one of these, we find King David, that friend of heaven, bearing distinguished part. For when the Ark of the Covenant was removed from the house of Obed-edom, to Terait, 'David danced before the Lord, with all his might,' (II Samuel 6, 14.) Of this dance, a minute description may be found in some of the commentators. Dom Calmet makes it abundantly clear, that it was a perfect opera; the entertainment consisting of no less than seven different *corps de ballet*, who danced to the jews-harp, and all the other musical instruments known among the Hebrews. That the Psalms were originally composed for such occasions, and danced, as well as sung, all the more learned annotators agree. Nay, in the temples built by Onias, the high priest, at Jerusalem, Garisim and Alexandria, there was a part formed like a theatre; and here music and dancing were performed, with great pomp. This arrangement long subsisted in the Christian churches, and gave its name to what we still call the Choir.

Thus far, we have traced the dance only in its higher and purer forms. The less grateful, though still curious task remains, of exploring its corruptions and decline, with its accidental aspects, in different times and nations.

E. W. J.

#### LESSONS.

##### I.

How bright are the dew-drops, the tears of the night !  
They beam in morn's sunbeams like globules of light,  
They will melt into mist : bubbles brighter than they  
In the garden of life flee in vapor away.

##### II.

As the stream swiftly dashing through flower-chequered meadows,  
May repose in some pool that the willow o'ershadows,  
So the heart that in youth has through pleasure run riot,  
In the shadow of age, grows enamour'd of quiet.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.** Number Ninety-five: April. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New York: G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

A BETTER number of the *North American*—one more various and attractive for the general reader—has not come under our observation for many a quarter. There are nine reviews, or articles proper, together with several brief but well digested and discriminating critical notices of recent minor publications. Of some of the former, it is our purpose to take a cursory notice. The first paper is upon Drake's 'Biography and History of the Indians of North America, from its First Discovery to the Present Time: with an Account of their Antiquities, Manners and Customs, Religions and Laws.' As an able correspondent of this Magazine, fully conversant with the aboriginal history, if we may so term it, of this country, proposes soon to furnish a short series of brief articles upon this interesting subject, we shall dismiss the review under notice, with the remark, that it is prepared with great clearness of detail, touching upon the origin of the American Indians, their chiefs, character, monuments, fortifications, remains, etc., embracing, beside, an account of the southern aborigines, and a history of the origin of the late war in that quarter.

'American Forest Trees,' a review of BLOWNE'S 'Sylva Americana,' constitutes the second article. The three divisions of the work—the structure and growth of trees generally, descriptions of the different species of the forest trees of this country, and observations on the rearing and management of trees—are separately treated, and in a way calculated to awaken and sustain attention, not more by the manner of the reviewer, than by the various knowledge which he evinces of the matter in hand. The information conveyed in relation to the white pine, white oak, sugar maple, and elm trees, of the American forests, is highly valuable as well as interesting. A graphic and spirited description of the processes of the lumbering business, in the immense pine regions of Maine, with some judicious and appropriate remarks in relation to the planting of forest trees, and the effect of scenery in exciting a love of country, worthily close this paper.

The two succeeding articles are, 'Modern French Poetry,' and 'Laborde's Journey in Arabia Petrea.' The first is evidently from the hand of one who has drank at the well-springs of the best modern poetical literature of France; and his translations from Lamartine and Béranger, declare not only the correctness of his taste, but his intimate acquaintance with the beauties, as well as the difficult idioms and involutions of the language. The paper on Arabia Petrea, being based upon a work kindred in character to one noticed elsewhere in this department, we pass, with a general acknowledgment of its interest and ability.

The most important of the different rail-roads, completed, in progress of completion, or contemplated, in the several states of the Union, are considered in article VI., a review of Poussin on American Rail-roads. The whole is a compendium of valuable facts, useful not less as a current record, than for future reference.

Cleverly off with his task has the writer come, be he who may, who penned the review of 'The great Metropolis.' The satire, though pointed and keen, is polished; while the language is easy and flowing, with a smack of 'Elia' felicity running through it. We subjoin a paragraph or two, in illustration of our ecomiums

"We have an affection for a great city. We feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy 'the sweet security of streets.' The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to us. We find sermons in the stones of side-walks. In the continuous sound of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, we hear 'the sad music of humanity.' We feel that life is not a dream, but an earnest reality; that the beings around us are not the insects of a day, but the pilgrims of an eternity; they are our fellow-creatures, each with his history of thousandfold occurrences, insignificant it may be to us, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small, that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach unto us the gospel of a great and good providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. He is the great evangelist. And though oftentimes, unconscious of his mission, or reluctant to fulfil it, he leads others astray, even then to the thoughtful mind he preaches. We are in love with Nature, and most of all with human nature. The face of man is a benediction to us. The greatest works of his handicraft delight us hardly less than the greatest works of Nature. They are 'the masterpieces of her own masterpiece.' Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please us evermore, for they conduct us into the fellowship of great minds. And thus our sympathies are with men, and streets, and city-gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles. And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, if we are wise, to 'look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue.'

"Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the Great Metropolis, as all the world knows. It comprises the City of London and its Liberties, with the City Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surry. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five: its circumference from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees 'growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness.' Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James's, where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where with the quaint George Herbert you may think, that 'when the bells do chime, 't is angels' music;' and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapor, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

"These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond Hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time, can hardly believe, that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is; and the coachman answers 'with a stare of wonder and pity, 'The *Tems* sir.' Pleasure boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water-lilies, on its bosom. On its banks are villages, and church-towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song,

'In sepulchres unheard and green.'

"In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the Borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro; and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is the signal lamp at the mast-head of a steam-vessel, that flits by, like a cloud above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices,—curses, laughter, and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, 'the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.' And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul's, with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from Southwark; then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapors of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river, between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, toward which we are swiftly gliding; and dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind you rises

'A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
 Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping  
 In sight, then lost amid the forestry  
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
 On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;  
 A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
 On a fool's head,—and there is London town.'\* "

Talfourd's 'Ion' is reviewed in the eighth article, by one well qualified, by refined taste and an evident familiarity with the best Grecian models, to judge of the pure poetry of that delightful production. Such of our readers as may have thought the praise bestowed upon this fine intellectual creation, in a late number of this periodical, profuse and unmeasured, we beg leave to refer to the review in question. They will find our views sanctioned by a writer whose fortified encomiums they cannot gainsay.

'Massachusetts Common Schools' forms the leading topic of the ninth and last article. Incidental allusion, however, and at no little length, is had to sundry collateral themes—as the reputed aristocracy of New-England, New-England tyranny of opinion, bigotry, etc. In discussing the first of these branches, a correspondent of the *Knickerbocker* for October last is 'turned up for punishment.' We had marked for insertion that portion of the article which refers to this Magazine; but our space compels us to forgo this pleasure—a pleasure which our readers would share with us, for the whole is forcibly and pleasingly written. Suffice it, however, to say, that the assertions of our correspondent, that there is an aristocracy in New-England—a reverence for rank and title, respect for birth, family pride, etc.,—are explicitly denied. But what will the reviewer, who imputes entire ignorance of New-England character to his opponent, say, when he learns that he is a son of Massachusetts, born

and educated, if we mistake not, within sound of the bells of Boston and Cambridge? For our own part, we honor New-England; and we have not been wanting, on occasion, as our readers well know, in the expression of this sentiment. Yet New-England is not *every thing* that is good; she does not stand alone, par excellence; she is not wholly *sans reproche*; and we cannot altogether applaud that sectional feeling, which would induce one of her sons, like the enthusiastic admirer of roast beef, who ate up the spit, to swallow every thing connected with her history and condition, as in all respects savory and palatable. It is this spirit which our offending contributor rebukes, in the annexed hasty response, which has been written and forwarded to us since the article in the *North American* met the writer's eye, but not in season for its appropriate place, in the department of original papers:

'THERE were several causes which conspired to create a Republic, at the time these United States were born. One cause, and a prominent one, was the increased purity of the Christian Religion, which, when rightly embraced, places man on so high an elevation, that he cannot be a slave; he cannot compromise his conscience; he cannot swear allegiance to a king he does not respect, or worship and appear to countenance, a form of religion he is utterly averse to. The Christian Religion, in its purity, acts on the heart; in its corruptions, it acts chiefly on the outer man. In its purity, it enlightens man as to his own nature; it gives him new views of the earth and the land; it teaches him that he has a higher birth-right than territory and earthly glory. In proportion as these views gain ground, they diminish the blind love of country. It has been said that the Pilgrims had no idea of a republic. No; but they were led on by general principles that could not fail to establish one.

'ANother cause was the invention of Printing, which scattered thought in the world, and sowed seeds of knowledge, that brought forth, some an hundred fold, and some fifty. The FIFTY was love of liberty, which lies almost first in the strata of ideas that nature piles up in every man, ready for use, will he but take the trouble to examine this natural wealth, of which Thought is the treasurer. The two causes mentioned, combined with distance from the land of thrones, which left them free to act, gave birth to Freedom. A republic came up, emerged from the womb of Time, with irrepressible energy, as the strong plant shoots out of the earth, pushing aside the dross and dead weeds that would encumber it.

'IF republics are founded on such principles, to continue, they must adhere to all modifications of them. (Indulgent Reader, bear with us for a moment: we do not pretend to special sanctity; we do not intend to *stuff* you with assumptions and pretensions — but we mean what we say, and feel interested in this matter.) When it is time for a wide, free government to exist, it is time for men to cherish humble views of themselves, and kind feelings for others. A charity, a philanthropy, never so broad, must be the basis of a permanent republic. If all men govern, all men must agree to love each other in differences. What self-discipline, what watchfulness must *nurture* and *bring out* such liberality? What contentions with our selfishness and petty pride — what denial of the passions, and correction of prejudice, must precede such a result?

'THE enemies of liberty are still in doubt whether a republic can exist; and they excuse their doubts, by pointing to our stormy debates and violent animosities. They ground their hopes of our dissolution upon our sectional feeling. But in proportion as we become an intellectual people, so much is our faith assured. We include in intellectual feeling, religious feeling, which is the best prompter of thought, in all the operations of mind, running through them like a golden-sanded river; in plenty and

full flow, an ornament and glory, and in poverty and drought, unfolding hidden treasures. For liberty, being the gift of God, a gift that can only be claimed and enjoyed by Thought, every new thinker strengthens the ramparts against error, and lessens the danger of relapse, either from internal foes, or foreign invasion. But who is to be considered the intellectual man for this great purpose? Is a mere reader and collector of facts, the student of languages, the follower of abstruse science, such? Not necessarily. Though he have the gift of tongues, and though he understand mysteries, and have all faith, and have not charity, he is but a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The intellectual man for our purpose, must be one who, by some means, it matters not by what, has been raised into respect for himself—that is his nature—and for truth. Some may attain it by solitary thought, as they plough the land or the sea, without the aid of books. Some gain it by sorrow and bitter experience. Many have it written on their hearts by the pen of nature, ever drawing lines on the soul. We may remark here, that it is highly desirable that a distinction should be made between mere learning, or the improper application of learning, and sense. The world has been long enough under the influence of the opinions of men whose only claim to being heard, is, the knowing of something people in general do not know.

Indeed, it is true, that the great danger which threatens us, is a narrow sectional feeling—narrow in this age and in this country. It is natural that every man should love his home. The land of our birth, the haunts of childhood, the church in which we were christened, and the grave-yards where our friends and kindred lie buried—tender recollections! This is the by-play of the religious nature. Such thoughts purify us; they spiritualize us; and, if we do not grow maudlin, these very tendernesses invigorate to strong action, and put us in train to act nobly for others. But this is not sectional feeling. We will show you some of it. You will see a strong dash of it in the April number of the *North American Review*, art. ix. We speak of this periodical with a kind of educated respect. We read it before we understood it, as we did the Bible, because it looked so neat and good, and because, too, its fine periods charmed our musical ear. But all this only creates the more pain and surprise, that it should prove the very charges it would refute. The writer of the article referred to, seems to undertake to prove that New-England is all perfection; that nothing exists within her boundaries that should not; that all who dare to think to the contrary, are entitled to no sort of credit. If they entertain any views contrary to this imaginary perfection, they must either be the result of ignorance, malice, or of a head half crazed by unexpected good fortune at the west.

We would acknowledge that the article in question is written with a power and force that, at first view, would seem to disarm all objection. There is an aptness of style to the subject, a choice of facts and arguments, and a lofty forgiveness, a pitying kind of condescension, that if it were felt, must touch a heart of stone. There are appeals to this very sectional feeling, that works in the weak hearts of us all; and truth is so adroitly mingled up with error, that we confess we feel almost ashamed that we ever said, 'There is an aristocracy—a petty aristocracy—in New-England; a family pride, select circles, upper and lower class doctrine, at war with the spirit of our institutions, and the general advancement of that section in intelligence, manners, and refinement.' This is true. There are reasons for it. At the time of the revolution, that an aristocracy existed, no one doubts. Principles may change; habits are not so easy of eradication. In a single hour or minute, a man may be convinced that he is wrong, and it may take him years to conform his conduct to his principles. In New-England, unfortunately for that region, and the safety of republican principles,

and in all the eastern states, vestiges of this aristocracy exist. Virginia is notorious for old families, who are as stately and exclusive as the large family coach-horses. If the thralldom of habit is true in individuals, much more is it true in communities, which are slower in their movements and reforms. Beside, prosperous communities are constantly tending to aristocracies. The wealthy, in the acquisition of their fortunes, have lost sight, been dazzled out of sight, of the common things of earth; they have grown proud and exclusive, by the sight of the servility and poverty which serves them; they have been pushed and flattered into self-consequence, by the designing and wary, for their own purposes. Behold an aristocracy! — men unmindful of the public wants, their own political duty, and insensible to all impressions, but those of their own grandeur and importance.

‘But eastern people read. The literature of England has been the food for this people. The female mind, which has so much to do with the laws of society, has been crammed with the fashionable novels of England. Can these things be without their effect? Why, we ask, is Miss Sedgwick’s ‘Poor Rich Man, and Rich Poor Man’ so much read and caressed? Because it is a novelty, a curiosity. It is because it is written in a republican spirit. We are surprised to find high virtue, noble generosity, and fervent piety, in a cartman. So little do our fashionables and aristocrats know of this class of people, by any actual contact or interchange of sentiment with them, that the book is almost as popular with them as the story of the Brobdingnags and Lilliputians used to be with children. Then the poor and the hard working *have* sentiments, and feel affection and pity, and they show principle, and manly virtue! How new and delightful! And then what a dear, delightful, nice little place they lived in; and how delightful to be poor and good; and Aunt Lottie—dear, good soul—what a pity she was sick!’ etc. And this is the slang of admiration.

‘Happy would it have been for our country, if such books had formed a larger part of the reading of our children. We have many ‘poor rich men,’ whose influence is deadly to our principles; and they, for the most part, constitute the accused aristocrats. We have many ‘rich poor men,’ whose influence and example saves us from the corruptions of wealth and luxury. Happy is the American author, who has so richly benefitted her country in a production which breathes the true spirit of republican freedom and manly independence.

‘But farther, our writer places great reliance in his public school system, and says some very pretty things here about their levelling character, at the same time that he shows in his statistics, that 146,539 boys and girls are educated at the public schools at an expense of \$439,587,40, while 28,752 boys and girls are educated at private schools, at an expense of \$326,642,56. What, we ask, levels down these 28,752 boys and girls? — or by what process are the former levelled up to these latter favored sons and daughters of wealth? Our own impression is, (for we boast, with the rest of the world, respectable parentage, now for the sake of the argument,) that it was considered a kind of disgrace to go to the public school. Not in Boston, for the public Latin School educates many of the sons of the rich for college, and contains as many incipient aristocrats as any school in the country. From these combined causes, the example and habits of her ancestry, her literature and system of private instruction, we think we find causes for wide distinctions in society. But then we only take these as collateral evidence to our senses, which show such to be the truth. We do not say these causes do not exist in other parts of our country. There is undoubtedly the greatest inconsistency in the political views and conduct of many American

citizens. We doubt not but thousands are in our midst, who, not from design, but from criminal negligence, suffer themselves to be carried along by their passions, their pride, their vanity, and love of show, in direct opposition to the good of their country. We think many such are to be found in New-England — men who are placed above all want, by the circumstances they were born to, who care nothing for the country, and know little or nothing about its interests. Many may be found in any old state. New-York, as a state, possesses comparatively few such. She is new and modern, and purer of this vice in her population.

‘But perhaps the writer in the North American does not go much into society himself. Perhaps he prefers seclusion. Men who write as he does, do not have large circles of acquaintances. They cannot stand it; it is too wearisome to their taste. Perhaps he has only mingled with the really intellectual, and refined, and is so well content with his condition, that he thinks all is right about him. He knows well enough what New-England and all our country ought to be, and he hopes it is so. In order to see whether things are level or not, we must take sight, and neither look from a lower nor a higher station. He, we are convinced, has not brought himself to the proper level of observation.

‘We are not concerned to wage war with the stately North American Review. We only wish to protect ourselves in our opinions. We honor and respect New-England. We are alive to all her virtues and privileges. We love to look at her monuments, and to listen to her divines, her poets, and her statesmen. But we do not love her aristocracy; we do not love her sectional feeling; and most of all do we regret to see this weakness and vice fostered and cherished by the leading periodical of our country.

‘If we have been unjust to New-England, we heartily regret it. We supposed we might, though born there, point out her faults, and commend her virtues. We still suppose she is fallible. We still suppose she is lacking in attention to her political interest. We suppose, too, that the North American Review is far from being the voice of the people in New-England. We suppose that many of the writers in that periodical are men who deal with the people more in theory than in practice. Its articles come oftener from the cloister than the exchange, and the opinions expressed are perhaps drawn more from books than from observation.

‘But to return to our subject. This local sectional feeling is the supporter of existing abuses, all the world over. It may have been necessary, as a step in civilization, as we can hardly imagine a migratory civilized nation. Strong local attachments, first induced by necessity or convenience, kept men in one spot, and urged all exertion for its improvement and adorning, until it was loved, for bearing upon its surface marks of its possessors. Each new generation was held by the old ties transmitted to them, and by new ones of their own creating. This love of place and institutions has supported despotisms, and love more than fear has borne with the oppressions of a tyrant. This feeling stands but poorly in the place of religious principle, and philosophical regard. Loyalty no longer claims our respect, when it is an argument against conscience and truth. The richest legacy the past has left us are the names of those who, for truth’s sake, have perished on the scaffold, while the base politician can find patterns to rise by, in those who have been raised to a disgraceful prosperity by sins against reason, conscience, and God.’ J. N. B.



AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE. BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING. With a copious Appendix. pp. 119. BOSTON: WELLES, JORDAN AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and SAMUEL COLMAN.

WE confess, that so much has been written upon the subject of temperance—so much that is itself either intemperate, or over-colored with the hues of a distorted or extravagant imagination—that we have come at last to take up a pamphlet or volume upon this theme, with a feeling of strong disrelish—expecting full surely to meet hackneyed pictures of pecuniary distress and brutal treatment, or exaggerated statistics, setting forth to a gill the amount of spirituous liquors drank in the United States—to a man the sufferers from such consumption—and the exact number of miles of dollars, in a straight line, which might be laid, of the money expended in habitual and vicious indulgence in inebriating fluids. There has been no topic upon which literary or clerical mediocres have more frequently enlarged, than that of temperance exhibiting, in that capacity wherein most easily they ‘expand and burgeon,’ but one solitary merit—namely, that of not intruding upon their readers or hearers a single original idea, save, it may be, an original exaggeration.

But the address before us is quite a different affair, from the ordinary temperance efforts of the day. Dr. Channing has not dwelt, at tedious length, upon the secondary evils of intemperance, but has searched the depths of its causes, and set forth the remedies which it demands. In considering the voluntary extinction of reason as the great essential evil of this vice, the writer has the following passages :

“It is to be desired, when a man lifts a suicidal arm against his highest life, when he quenches reason and conscience, that he and all others should receive solemn, startling warning of the greatness of his guilt; that terrible outward calamities should bear witness to the inward ruin which he is working; that the hand writing of judgment and woe on his countenance, form, and whole condition, should declare what a fearful thing it is for a man, God’s rational offspring, to renounce his reason and become a brute. It is common for those who argue against intemperance, to describe the bloated countenance of the drunkard, now flushed and now deadly pale. They describe his trembling, palsied limbs. They describe his waning prosperity, his poverty, his despair. They describe his desolate, cheerless home, his cold hearth, his scanty board, his heart-broken wife, the squalidness of his children; and we groan in spirit over the sad recital. But it is right, that all this should be. It is right, that he, who, forewarned, puts out the lights of understanding and conscience within him, who abandons his rank among God’s rational creatures, and takes his place among brutes, should stand a monument of wrath among his fellows; should be a teacher wherever he is seen, a teacher, in every look and motion, of the awful guilt of destroying reason. Were we so constituted, that reason could be extinguished, and the countenance retain its freshness, the form its grace, the body its vigor, the outward condition its prosperity, and no striking change be seen in one’s home, so far from being gainers, we should lose some testimonies of God’s parental care. His care and goodness, as well as his justice, are manifested in the fearful mark he has set on the drunkard, in the blight which falls on all the drunkard’s joys. These outward evils, dreadful as they seem, are but faint types of the ruin within. We should see in them God’s respect to his own image in the soul, his parental warnings against the crime of quenching the intellectual and moral life.”

“Among the evils of intemperance, much importance is given to the poverty of which it is the cause. But this evil, great as it is, is yet light in comparison with the essential evil of intemperance, which I am so anxious to place distinctly before you. What matters it that a man be poor, if he carry into his poverty the spirit, energy, reason, and virtues of a Man? What matters it that a man must, for a few years live on bread and water? How many of the richest are reduced by disease to a worse condition than this? Honest, virtuous, noble-minded poverty is a comparatively light evil. The ancient philosopher chose it as the condition of virtue. It has been the lot of many a Christian. The poverty of the intemperate man owes its great misery to its cause. He who makes himself a beggar, by having made himself a brute, is miserable indeed. He who has no solace, who has only agonizing recollections and

harrowing remorse, as he looks on his cold hearth, his scanty table, his ragged children, has indeed to bear a crushing weight of woe. That he suffers, is a light thing. That he has brought on himself this suffering by the voluntary extinction of his reason, this is the terrible thought, the intolerable curse."

After showing the extent of temptations to intemperance—that the young, the idle, the over-worked laborer, the man of genius and sensibility, and even woman, with her delicate physical organization and sensitive frame, are peculiarly exposed—the writer observes:

"Do not say, that I exaggerate your exposure to intemperance. Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard, broken in health and spoiled of intellect, 'I can never so fall.' He thought as little of falling in his earlier years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours; and even after he began his downward course, he was as unsuspecting as the firmest around him, and would have repelled as indignantly the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it know its first accessions. Youth does not see or suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial, which his physician prescribes, and which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palying poison in the draught, which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams, that the glass which animates conversation will ever be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with noiseless step and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured up by us all, and should influence the habits and arrangements of domestic and social life in every class of the community."

The force of pernicious example, in the undue indulgence in sensual luxury by those who occupy the higher places of society, is well illustrated, and the want of self-respect induced among the laboring poor, by making mere wealth the object of worship, and the measure of a man's worth, happily exemplified in the succeeding paragraphs.

In discussing the measures most likely to arrest the causes of intemperance, the most important are considered to be, the putting in action among the poor the means of intellectual, moral, and religious improvement—the cultivation of a more fraternal intercourse than now exists between the more and less improved portions of the community—the spreading of a higher education among the lower classes, and a general system of ministry to the poor. The evils of too much labor, and the absence of means of innocent pleasure, are well enforced and pointed out. In relation to the latter, Dr. Channing justly remarks:

"I have said, a people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with and are favorable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness, that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy, as well as to labor; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. France, especially before the revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country; a fact to be explained, at least in part by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful commu-

nity. A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness, if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess, because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried, because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and his existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The laboring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man, who, after toil has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man, to take up with those of a brute. Thus the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments is an important means of temperance."

Among these enjoyments, the writer classes the accomplishments and amusements of music, dancing, not at balls but in the private circle, recitations from works of genius and taste, etc.

We commend this Address to our readers, as every way worthy the literary and moral reputation of its accomplished author — and higher praise we could not yield it.

NEW-YORK REVIEW AND CHURCH QUARTERLY JOURNAL. Number One. pp. 250.  
New-York: GEORGE W. HOLLEY.

NEW-YORK will have good reason to be proud of this Quarterly, should the succeeding numbers fulfil the promise of the one before us. The editorial supervision of the work is confided to the Rev. C. S. HENRY, late of Bristol College, Penn., — a ripe scholar, possessing a mind of much fertility and force, and replete with various erudition. For reasons elsewhere stated, our notice of the work must be rather *indical* than full, or analytic.

The first article is upon Professor TUCKER's Life of Jefferson. It is decidedly of the tomahawk and scalping-knife school; yet the weapons wear a beautiful polish, the hand of the operator is untremulous, and his course is 'due on.' The author of the volumes under review will find the subject of his labors represented as an enemy to religion, 'compassing sea and land to make proselytes' to his political and religious faith; as childishly sensitive to public opinion, however indifferently evinced; as possessed of an ardent self-love, and a vain-glorious spirit of boasting; as one insincere and unfaithful in his friendships, and actuated by sinister purposes; with a personal courage something this side of the heroic; and a mind visionary, deficient in originality, and remarkable rather for its activity than its accuracy — lacking mental discipline, logical precision, and the power of nice discrimination. His claim to the authorship of the Declaration of Independence is disputed — his labors in that world-renowned production being alleged to have been plagiarised from the Mecklenburgh (N. C.) Declaration of Independence, and the Virginia Declaration of Rights. The end of this article is not yet. It will create a wide sensation — possibly crimination and recrimination.

*Utilitarianism* is the subject of the next article, in which the systems of Bentham and Paley are discussed with appropriate earnestness and force of deprecation. The review of Cox's life of Fletcher of Madeley we have not found leisure to peruse; not so, however, with that of Crabbe's Poetical Works, which is characterized by a true sense of the worth and beauty of that — in some respects — second Goldsmith. A synopsis of the poet's early history is given, to illustrate the spirit of nature which pervades his works, the religious tendency of which is also made manifest, and the author defended from the charge sometimes brought against him of being an imitator of Pope. The

description of poetry with which this article concludes, is truly beautiful. 'Affiliation of Languages' is from the hand of an accomplished scholar, and evinces much labor and patient research. Chalmer's Natural Theology affords the basis of the succeeding article, which is both polemical and analytical. A lofty and liberal tone pervades the article grounded upon GODDARD'S Address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode Island, which inculcates the value of a profound study of works of creative art, in reference to religious cultivation. 'Pastoral Visiting' is a review of three religious works, germane to the title, breathing the spirit of active, practical christianity, and 'good will toward men.' The notice of the 'Memorials of Mrs. HEMANS' proceeds from the pen of one who appreciates the beauties, and has a heart to feel the depth and tenderness of the poetry of that departed daughter of genius, now an angel of light. Too much importance is, we think, given to 'Discoveries in Light and Vision,' by a review, if it be, in reality, a work of 'bare assertions and inadequate investigations, proceeding from a *pseudo* philosopher of the second sex.' Combe's Moral Philosophy is the text for a satirical and hot attack upon phrenology. The writer admits, however, that Combe deserves praise for having pointed out to young ladies and gentlemen a new method of courtship, which is warranted to prevent all incongruous and discordant matches, and for recommending houses of refuge, in which children with bad heads can be placed, and treated on phrenological principles! He shows, also, says the reviewer, that 'phrenology is the only science which can account adequately for the origin of society or of civil government—for the variety of occupations among mankind, and for gradations in rank!'

Several brief but discriminating and judicious analytical and critical notices close the number. To these will be hereafter added a quarterly record of ecclesiastical and literary intelligence.

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND. By an American. With a Map and Engravings. Two volumes 12mo. pp. 615. New York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have perused these volumes with unmixed gratification. The novelty, for the most part, of scene and incident, and the vivid and evidently faithful descriptions, united to a style equally clear from exaggeration and affectation, are qualities which will cause every reader of the work greatly to fructify by its contents. The route pursued by the author is comparatively new to the American reader—that through the land of Edom, especially, being, as we learn from the preface, even at this day, entirely new. The writer observes, in his introduction, that his pages have been compiled from brief notes and recollections; that he has presented things as they struck his mind, without any deep speculations upon the rise and fall of empires, or much detail in regard to ruins—his object having been, as the title of the book imports, 'to give a narrative of every day incidents that occur to a traveller in the East, and to present to his countrymen, in the midst of the hurry, and bustle, and life, and energy, and daily-developing strength and resources of the New, a picture of the widely-different scenes that are now passing in the faded and worn-out kingdoms of the Old World.' In this object he has eminently succeeded; and we proceed at once to select from numerous marked passages, abundant proofs of our author's

ability, commencing with a better description of the external appearance of the Egyptian pyramids than we have elsewhere seen :

"Standing alone on an elevated mountainous range on the edge of the desert, without any object with which to compare them, the immense size of the pyramids did not strike me with full force. Arrived at the banks of a stream, twenty Arabs, more than half naked, and most of them blind of an eye, came running towards me, dashed through the stream, and pulling, hauling, and scuffling at each other, all laid hold of me to carry me over. All seemed bent upon having something to do with me, even if they carried me over piece-meal; but I selected two of the strongest, with little more than one eye between them, and keeping the rest off as well as I could, was borne over dryshod. Approaching, the three great pyramids and one small one are in view, towering higher and higher above the plain. I thought I was just upon them, and that I could almost touch them; yet I was more than a mile distant; the nearer I approached, the more their gigantic dimensions grew upon me, until, when I actually reached them, rode up to the first layer of stones, and saw how very small I was, and looked up their sloping sides to the lofty summits, they seemed to have grown to the size of mountains.

"The base of the great pyramid is about eight hundred feet square, covering a surface of about eleven acres, according to the best measurement, and four hundred and sixty-one feet high; or, to give a clearer idea, starting from a base as large as Washington Parade ground, it rises to a tapering point nearly three times as high as Trinity Church steeple. Even as I walked around it, and looked up at it from the base, I did not feel its immensity until I commenced ascending; then, having climbed some distance up, when I stopped to breathe and looked down upon my friend below, who was dwindled to insect size, and then up at the great distance between me and the summit, then I realized in all their force the huge dimensions of this giant work. It took me twenty minutes to mount to the summit; about the same time that it had required to mount the cones of Etna and Vesuvius. The ascent is not particularly difficult, at least with the assistance of the Arabs. There are two hundred and six tiers of stone, from one to four feet in height, each two or three feet smaller than the one below, making what are called the steps. Very often the steps were so high that I could not reach them with my feet. Indeed, for the most part, I was obliged to climb with my knees, deriving great assistance from the step which one Arab made for me with his knee, and the helping hand of another above.

It is not what it once was to go to the pyramids. They have become regular lions for the multitude of travellers; but still, common as the journey has become, no man can stand on the top of the great pyramid of Cheops, and look out upon the dark mountains of Mokattam bordering upon the Arabian desert, upon the ancient city of the Pharaohs, its domes, its mosques and minarets, glittering in the light of a vertical sun—upon the rich valley of the Nile, and the "river of Egypt" rolling at his feet—the long range of pyramids and tombs extending along the edge of the desert to the ruined city of Memphis, and the boundless and eternal sands of Africa, without considering that moment an epoch not to be forgotten. Thousands of years roll through his mind, and thought recalls the men who built them, their mysterious uses, the poets, historians, philosophers, and warriors who have gazed upon them with wonder like his own."

In a very interesting account of Thebes, its ruined temples, tombs, etc., we find the annexed passage, which will afford pleasing intelligence to the proprietors of museums in this country. The mummy trade has been brisk of late years; and a patriotic American, at the West, in view of the increasing demand, lately announced, that he could furnish a domestic article, little inferior to the best Egyptian product :

"The ramblor among the ruins of Thebes will often ask himself, 'Where are the palaces of the kings, and princes, and people who worshipped in these mighty temples?' With the devout though degraded spirit of religion that possessed the Egyptians, they seem to have paid but little regard to their earthly habitations; their temples and their tombs were the principal objects that engrossed the thoughts of this extraordinary people. It has been well said of them that they regarded the habitations of the living merely as temporary resting-places, while the tombs are regarded as permanent and eternal mansions; and while not a vestige of a habitation is to be seen, the tombs remain, monuments of splendor and magnificence, perhaps even more wonderful than the ruins of their temples. Clinging to the cherished doctrine of the metempsychosis, the immortal part, on quitting its earthly tenement, was supposed to become a wandering, migratory spirit, giving life and vitality to some

bird of the air, some beast of the field, or some fish of the sea, waiting for a regeneration in the natural body. And it was of the very essence of this faith to inculcate a pious regard for the security and preservation of the dead. The whole mountain-side on the western bank of the river is one vast Necropolis. The open doors of tombs are seen in long ranges and at different elevations, and on the plain large pits have been opened, in which have been found a thousand mummies at a time. For many years, and until a late order of the pacha preventing it, the Arabs have been in the habit of rifling the tombs to sell the mummies to travellers. Thousands have been torn from the places where pious hands had laid them, and the bones meet the traveller at every step. The Arabs use the mummy-cases for firewood, the bituminous matters used in the embalment being well adapted to ignition; and the epicurean traveller may cook his breakfast with the coffin of a king. Notwithstanding the depredations that have been committed, the mummies that have been taken away and scattered all over the world, those that have been burnt, and others that now remain in fragments around the tombs, the numbers yet undisturbed are no doubt infinitely greater; for the practice of embalming is known to have existed from the earliest periods recorded in the history of Egypt; and, by a rough computation, founded upon the age, the population of the city, and the average duration of human life, it is supposed that there are from eight to ten millions of mummied bodies in the vast Necropolis of Thebes."

We find the following in a description of a visit to the interior of a pyramid at Memphis :

"From hence it was but a short distance to the catacombs of birds; a small opening in the side of a rock leads to an excavated chamber, in the centre of which there is a square pit or well. Descending the pit by bracing our arms, and putting our toes in little holes in the side, we reached the bottom, where, crawling on our hands and knees, we were among the mummies of the sacred ibis, the embalmed deities of the Egyptians. The extent of these catacombs is unknown, but they are supposed to occupy an area of many miles. The birds are preserved in stone jars, piled one upon another as closely as they can be stowed. By the light of our torches, sometimes almost flat upon our faces, we groped and crawled along the passages, lined on each side with rows of jars, until we found ourselves again and again stopped by an impenetrable phalanx of the little mummies, or rather of the jars containing them. Once we reached a small open space, where we had room to turn ourselves, and, knocking together two of the vessels, the offended deities within sent forth volumes of dust which almost suffocated us. The bird was still entire, in form and kneament perfect as the mummied man, and like him, too, wanting merely the breath of life. The Arabs brought out with them several jars, which we broke and examined above ground, more at our ease. With the pyramids towering around us, it was almost impossible to believe that the men who had raised such mighty structures, had fallen down and worshipped the puny birds whose skeletons we were now dashing at our feet."

#### A caravan, setting out for Mecca :

"It was worth my ride to see the departure of the caravan. It consisted of more than 30,000 pilgrims, who had come from the shores of the Caspian, the extremities of Persia, and the confines of Africa; and having assembled, according to usage for hundreds of years, at Cairo as a central point, the whole mass was getting in motion for a pilgrimage of fifty days, through dreary sands, to the tomb of the Prophet.

"Accustomed as I was to associate the idea of order and decorum with the observance of all rites and duties of religion, I could not but feel surprised at the noise, tumult, and confusion, the strifes and battles of these pilgrim-travellers. If I had met them in the desert after their line of march was formed, it would have been an imposing spectacle, and comparatively easy to describe; but here, as far as the eye could reach, they were scattered over the sandy plain, 30,000 people, with probably 20,000 camels and dromedaries, men, women, and children, beasts and baggage, all commingled in a confused mass that seemed hopelessly inextricable. Some had not yet struck their tents, some were making coffee, some smoking, some cooking, some eating, many shouting and cursing, others on their knees praying, and others, again, hurrying on to join the long moving stream that already extended several miles into the desert."

An ascent of Mount Sinai, and the author's reception at its convent :

"The whole day we were moving between parallel ranges of mountains, receding"

in some places, and then again contracting, and at about mid-day entered a narrow and rugged defile, bounded on each side with precipitous granite rocks more than 1000 feet high. We entered at the very bottom of this defile, moving for a time along the dry bed of a torrent, now obstructed with sand and stones, the rocks on every side shivered and torn, and the whole scene wild to sublimity. Our camels stumbled among the rocky fragments to such a degree that we dismounted, and passed through the wild defile on foot. At the other end we came suddenly upon a plain table of ground, and before us towered in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us and barring all further progress, the end of my pilgrimage, the holy mountain of Sinai. On our left was a large insulated stone, rudely resembling a chair, called the chair of Moses, on which tradition says that Moses rested himself when he came up with the people under his charge; farther on, upon a little eminence, are some rude stones which are pointed out as the ruins of the house of Aaron, where the great high-priest discoursed to the wandering Israelites. On the right is a stone, alleged to be the petrified golden calf. But it was not necessary to draw upon false and frivolous legends to give interest to the scene; the majesty of nature was enough. I felt that I was on holy ground, and, dismounting from my dromedary, loitered for more than an hour in the valley. It was cold, and I sent my shivering Bedouins forward, supposing myself to be at the foot of the mountain, and lingered there until after the sun had set. It was after dark, as alone, and on foot, I entered the last defile leading to the holy mountain. The moon had risen, but her light could not penetrate the deep defile through which I was toiling slowly on to the foot of Sinai. From about half way up it shone with a pale and solemn lustre, while below all was in the deepest shade, and a dark spot on the side of the mountain, seeming perfectly black in contrast with the light above it, marked the situation of the convent."

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"The convent belonged to the Greek church. I did not know how many monks were in it, or what was the sanctity of their lives, but I wished that some of them had slept with more troubled consciences, for we made almost noise enough to wake the dead; and it was not until we had discharged two volleys of fire arms that we succeeded in rousing any of the slumbering inmates. On one side were two or three little slits or portholes, and a monk, with a long white beard, and a lighted taper in his hand, cautiously thrust out his head at one of them, and demanded our business. This was soon told; we were strangers and Christians, and wanted admission; and had a letter from the Greek patriarch at Cairo. The head disappeared from the loophole and soon after I saw its owner slowly open the little door, and let down a rope for the patriarch's letter. He read it by the feeble glimmer of his lamp, and then again appeared at the window and bade us welcome. The rope was again let down; I tied it round my arms; and after dangling in the air for a brief space, swinging to and fro against the walls, found myself clasped in the arms of a burly, long-bearded monk, who hauled me in, kissed me on both cheeks, our long beards rubbing together in friendly union, and untwisting the rope set me upon my feet, and passed me over to his associates.

"By this time nearly all the monks had assembled; and all pressed forward to welcome me. They shook my hand, took me in their arms, and kissed my face; and if I had been their dearest friend just escaped from the jaws of death, they could not have received me with a more cordial greeting. Glad as I was, after a ten days' journey, to be received with such warmth by these recluses of the mountains, I could have spared the kissing. The custom is one of the detestable things of the East. It would not be so bad if it were universal, and the traveller might sometimes receive his welcome from rosy lips; but unhappily, the women hide their faces and run away from a stranger, while the men rub him with their bristly beards. At first I went at it with a stout heart flattering myself that I could give as well as take; but I soon flinched and gave up. Their beards were the growth of years; while mine had only a few months to boast of, and its downward aspirations must continue many a long day before it would attain the respectable longitude of theirs.

"During the kissing scene, a Bedouin servant came from the other end of the terrace, with an armful of burning brush, and threw it in a blaze upon the stony floor. The monks were gathered around, talking to me and uttering assurances of welcome, as I knew them to be, although I could not understand them; and, confused and almost stunned with their clamorous greeting, I threw myself on the floor, thrust my feet in the fire, and called out for *Paul*. Twice the rope descended and brought up my tent, baggage, &c.; and the third time it brought up *Paul*, hung round with guns, pistols, and swords, like a travelling battery. The rope was wound up by a windlass, half a

dozen monks, in long black frocks with white stripes, turning it with all their might. In the general eagerness to help, they kept on turning until they had carried Paul above the window, and brought his neck up short under the beam, his feet struggling to hold on to the sill of the door. He roared out lustily in Greek and Arabic; and while they were helping to disencumber him of his multifarious armor, he was cursing and berating them for a set of blundering workmen, who had almost broken the neck of as good a Christian as any among them.. Probably, since the last incursion of the Bedouins, the peaceful walls of the convent had not been disturbed by such an infernal clatter."

The annexed description of the *bastinado*, is an appropriate companion to the 'Russian Knout,' in our last number :

"The reader may remember that on my first visit to his excellency I saw a man whipped—this time I saw one *bastinadoed*. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and trying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand; all noise ceased; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him; the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fall upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of thunder; the agony of suspense was over, and without a word or a look, he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared around; a man on each side took him by the hand, and stretching out his arms, kneeled upon and held them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee joint, so as to present the soles in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in their horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the mean time two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips much resembling our common cowskin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by these preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nerving myself for what was to come, but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud, piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer; broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and every thing else, except the agonizing sounds from which I was escaping; but the janizary followed close at my heels and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him, and the governor, and the whole nation of Turks, to the lower regions; but it was all important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency, than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber, but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on his own divan, listening only to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clinched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor *bastinadoed* wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another, and after a delay that seemed



to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned horribly in return, and almost snatching the letter, just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; he had found relief in happy insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here I rejoiced to see that, miserable, and poor, and degraded as he was, he yet had friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms and carried him away."

The route of the Israelites, and the place where they crossed the Red Sea, are thus discussed :

"Late in the afternoon we landed on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and at the command of Moses, the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots, and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell and put it into my pocket as a memorial of the place, and then Paul and I mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm-trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called ayoun Moussa, or the fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm-trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary frightened with their sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. It was a mercy I did not finish my wanderings where the children of Israel began theirs; but I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterward. I seated myself where I fell, and as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch the tent with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage. I shall never forget that sunset scene, and it is the last I shall inflict upon the reader. I was sitting on the sand on the very spot where the chosen people of God, after walking over the dry bed of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their place and swallowing up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle, while the sun, descended slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness, which illumined with an almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water.

"But to return to the fountains of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but having no time for scepticism on such matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country and the natural landmarks did not sustain my opinion. I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Kolsum now stands, and saw that almost to the very head of the gulf there was a high range of mountains which it would be necessary to cross, an undertaking which it would have been physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women, and children, to accomplish with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was; he could go off into the Syrian desert, or, unless the sea has greatly changed since that time, round the head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite where I sat, was an opening in the mountains, making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea."

We shall refer to this work again, having been able only to reach the end of the first volume, in the collection of extracts we had marked for insertion, and which we are reluctant to omit. The volumes are not yet published, and may not be, before the issue of our next number; but when they shall be given to the public, there will be found but one opinion of their great merit and interest. They are illustrated and embellished by an excellent map of the regions visited, and several good etchings.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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'GIULIETTA E ROMEO. NOVELLA STORICA DI LUIGI DA PORTO DI VICENZA.' — This very entertaining work has lately been placed in our hands; and we are surprised that its republication has not been attempted in this country. To the lover of the Italian language, its purity of diction and quaintness of style are important recommendations; to the admirers of romance, nothing could be more pleasing than the interesting tales it contains; while it offers to the student of Shakspeare a perfect mine of information. The work comprises all that has ever been written upon Romeo and Juliet, in the original, embracing all the tales and poems upon the subject, with an account of the two opposing families, and the genealogical tables of the unfortunate lovers. The first tale in the volume is the celebrated 'novella' of Luigi da Porto, and the similarity between this and the succeeding one by Bandello is very great. Whether the immortal bard adopted the former or the latter, as the foundation on which to build his play, which Love alone could have written, is of little moment; although we incline to the opinion, that he has used Painter's version of Boistau, who translated the first story into French in 1560. Most of the tales were written in the earliest stages of the literature; hence the style is exceedingly quaint and expressive. No one can find fault with the purity of the words, although to one unacquainted with the manners and feelings of the South of Europe, the expression may seem to be very warm; but it does not, to the pure in heart, convey any thing but purity. Its beauties are of a peculiar kind, and are not a little marred by an attempt at translation.

The next portion of the work embraces many instances of cases, in which a prolonged sleep has been caused by some powerful anodyne; but passing these, we come to the story of Bandello. This tale varies but slightly from the former, is written in nearly the same style, and seems to have been a mere *rifacimento* of the preceding. We are the more confirmed in this opinion, as the writer builds upon the story of an archer, Peregrino, in the same manner as Da Porto, who says the tale was told him by one of his archers of this name. We must therefore regard Bandello, either as an innocent imitator of Da Porto, or suspect him of committing a plagiarism. The truth is, probably, that both writers heard the story from a kindred source, and having recorded what they could recollect, supplied the rest from fancy. Throughout both versions, one feeling seems to have actuated their authors. They felt what they wrote, and have left behind them specimens unequalled save by Boccaccio in his chastest moods. While upon this subject, we cannot but lament the scarcity of this work. We know of but a single copy in the country. It would be well, were the cultivators of a taste for foreign tongues to do more than they have hitherto done, toward encouraging a fondness for the romantic literature of the South of Europe. Irving has acquired enduring fame by his 'Conquest of Granada,' and his 'Alhambra.' These have by no means exhausted the field. They have induced many to read in the original, works of a similar character, which would otherwise have lain dormant forever. France and Italy yet remain, overflowing with like traditions, particularly the latter; yet they are rarely reproduced here, because

little encouragement is given to the classical literature of these countries. To the young student, a tale is far more interesting than the study of Dante, or Petrarch, or Ariosto. Where is the young man, who can read the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakspeare, without feeling his breast inflamed with a noble passion? And yet the poet has merely adapted the subject to the stage. We are even more affected, if possible, by the story than the play. But let it not hence be argued, that the Bard of Avon was 'no great *Shakes*.' He was a clever writer, was Shakspeare!

To the before mentioned tales, succeed extracts from the history of Verona, relating to the main subject, with an account of the tomb, its present and past condition, and the attempt to restore it; a poem on the unhappy love of the two most faithful lovers, Julia and Romeo, dedicated to the Duchess of Urbino, and many other topics, all in the same connection, but too numerous to be here recounted. In all of them, however, there is the same interest, and the pleasure never falls upon the appetite.

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**MUSIC** — **MR. RUSSELL.** — Since our last number, the readers of this Magazine in this city, and several eastern towns, have enjoyed the rare pleasure of hearing Mr. Russell sing many of his popular songs; and we doubt if there be one who has been thus privileged, but will bear witness, that this distinguished vocalist deserves the full measure of praise which was awarded him in these pages, previous to his first public appearance before a New-York audience. Mr. Russell does not need our encomiums; but we would embrace this occasion to say, that the delighted crowds, comprising the first and most discriminating of our citizens, who attended his recent concerts, sufficiently evince, that nature is superior to, and more attractive than, fashion, in matters of music, with which, after all, the heart would really seem to have something to do. People thronged to hear Mr. Russell sing, not because he had studied under the best English masters, and had been an accomplished pupil of Rossini; nor yet because he had received, as a mark of professional excellence, a golden medal from the King of Naples. Neither did he, as many fashionable singers before him have done, win his laurels, by carrying his voice to the farthest point of 'inarticulate sound,' and tarrying there to *shake* and *trill* for an indefinite period; no, nor by mouthing His Christian Majesty's English, in such wise that it became a dead letter to the listener, who, were it not *à la mode* to stay and applaud, would infinitely prefer making one of the promiscuous crowd of amateurs, who throng the pavement, of a pleasant night, before Peale's Museum. Mr. Russell's style, though chaste and refined, is *simple*, and unadulterated by modern improvements. His voice is powerful, yet mellow, in all its tones, as the soft notes of an organ; and it has always a strong, rich effect. His enunciation is as distinct as if he were only speaking; and his *musical expression*, if we may use the term, is wholly unsurpassed by that of any vocalist we have ever heard. He depicts scenes with the palpable truth of a painter; and he so clothes his subjects with life, that we are not quite sure that he would not 'sing the ten commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition.'

We have already spoken of Mr. Russell's execution of 'Wind of the Winter Night,' 'The Old English Gentleman,' 'Come Brothers, Arouse,' etc., and of the natural effect given to the two former, in all the scenes and events described by the songs themselves, which also accompanied our remarks. In the additional pieces which this vocalist performed at his recent concerts, the same power and fidelity were visible. We will cite but one example — 'The Brave Old Oak.' What hearer did not see the sunlight die away from the rosy bosom of the western cloud, and hear the roar of the midnight wind in the forest-oak? — and who did not instantly revert to Irving's delightful pictures of an English Christmas, or lament the lost, with the bereaved mourner? — when the fol-

lowing lines, (from the pen of HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq., of the *London Athenæum*), rendered doubly pleasing by the feeling and power of the singer, fell on the ear ?

' A sown of the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath rul'd in this land so long :  
Here's health and renown, to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong !

' There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out ;  
And he showeth his might, in the wild midnight,  
When storms through his branches shout !  
Then sing of the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath rul'd in this land so long —  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone !

' He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes  
Were a pleasant sound to hear,  
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were full of right merry cheer ;  
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,  
They frolick'd with lovesome swains :  
They are gone! — they are dead! — in the church-yard laid —  
But the tree — he still remains !

' Then sing of the oak, of the brave old oak,  
Who hath rul'd in this land so long :  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone !'

Appropos of this beautiful song. We are sorry to see, in the American copies, that Mr. RUSSELL has permitted the third and fourth lines to be altered, thus :

' And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were full of *American* cheer.'

This couplet, in connection with what precedes and follows it, is the veriest nonsense imaginable. The whole song is English, and there is no such thing as giving it an American keeping ; and no American will be so soft-headed as to take the interpolation as at all complimentary.

We intended, when we commenced this notice, to speak of Mr. RUSSELL's eminent merits as a musical composer, but our present limits will not permit. The music of most of his songs is either entirely his own, or made essentially so, by adaptation and improvements. His '*Largo al Factotum*,' from the '*Marriage of Figaro*,' proves him an accomplished student of Italian, as well as an adept in the most difficult species of vocal execution. Mr. RUSSELL has commenced a new musical era, in which taste, truth, and feeling, take the place of show, affectation, and 'thin accompaniments of thinner warbles.' May he live a thousand years ! — and in the Albany Musical Academy, of which he is the capable President, train up in the way they should go a long band of pupils who will do honor to his instructions, and effect a happy reform in the fashionable 'systems' of the day.

PARK THEATRE — MADMOISELLE AUGUSTA. '*La Bayadere*,' like Cinderella, seems destined to mark its repetitions in round numbers. There must be great attraction somewhere, to carry a piece through a succession of fifty nights, at one house, when the same piece — although, indeed, in very different hands — had been already deprived of novelty, by previous repetitions at another. M<sup>lle</sup> Augusta may take great credit to herself, for producing this effect. Her exquisite grace never tires. It matters little whether it be displayed in one ballet, or in half a dozen. True taste never wearies in its contemplation of a perfect specimen of art ; so are her audiences ever satisfied and happy in her presence, although it be enlivened only by music, fifty times repeated. *Augusta*, herself, is always new. The grace and perfection of her art never cease to delight ; and

should 'La Bayadere' be repeated for the hundredth time, there can be but little doubt that its centesimal representation would be graced by crowds equal to those which now nightly press to witness it. If 'La Bayadere' can do so much, what might not 'La Sylphide,' or 'La Somnambule' accomplish? This is a question which it is hoped a few weeks will answer. If they cannot add to the enviable reputation of Augusta, in the dance, they will at least increase her fame as an actress, and prove that she possesses powers in pantomime, equal to the agile grace which adorns the mazy steps of the 'Bayadere.'

MR. AND MRS. KEELEY. — After a long intermission, the New-York public have again been gratified by the appearance of these universal favorites at the Park. There is a degree of truth in all the delineations attempted by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, which justifies the almost antiquated assertion, that 'the stage is nature's mirror.' There can be no reflection of our great mother less free of blemish — more minutely true — than is thrown back upon our admiration, from the clear and polished surface, which the acting of the Keeleys affords. There is something in the character of the high-stalking-heroes of tragedy, which, while they excite wonder, do not always touch the sympathies. We look at them as giants of by-gone time — mammoths of energy, who talk in blank verse, and do deeds for which we look in vain for parallels in our own days. We admire them as extraordinary specimens of humanity, elevated in virtue, or depressed in vice, so far above or below that medium which forms the moral atmosphere of our time, that we cannot regard them with the hearty fellowship of common acquaintances. The characters which the Keeleys hold up for our observation, are a different race of beings altogether. They belong to every-day life; they are domestic, familiar creatures, such as we can take by the hand, and after a hearty shake, inquire of concerning the state of the crops, the price of corn, and the scandal of the village. We can think of Tragedy only as some immense personage, taller than the tallest, by a head — encased in a gloomy dress, rich in sables, and studded with orders and dignities; his face black with passion, paint, and mustachoes, and his body loaded with bloody daggers, guns, swords, and pistols. We can fancy this personification of the fiend of evil, dragging by the hair some beauteous damsel from the marriage altar, all decked in white muslin, all steeped in tears, and not guiltless of a particularly fine white pocket-handkerchief. We can see the delicate prisoner kneeling at his feet, and with all her might 'pumping up a passion,' and flourishing the aforesaid bit of cambric, like a signal of distress, while we hear the dignified villain utter from the depths of his inhuman stomach, the horrid sentence that seals poor Dollalolla's fate for ever. This is tragedy *à la mode*. Not so appear the figures which live, and move, and have their cherished being, in the personations of our unpretending favorites. We see a simple village maid, innocent and pure as the air which winnows the blossoms that creep in the soft spring-time around her cottage-window, where, with her rustic lover, she looks out upon the clear moonlight. We mark her devotion, her faith; we weep at sorrows which we feel might befall us all, in our own sphere, and we are made happy in witnessing pleasures which may, without changing the order of the society in which we live, be ours also. We believe in the sincerity as well as the simplicity of *Peter Spyk*. We laugh at his embarrassment and his doubts; but he has our sympathy, although he breathes not so soft a sigh as Romeo; and we are altogether pleased in recognising in him, and all his tribe, old and valuable acquaintances, whose counterparts we can all remember, from a time beyond which memory hath no cognizance. These are, beside, the characters which make us in love with our species, and not altogether dissatisfied with the present constitution of the time. These are the plays, which, while they do not so much excite the imagination, affect the reason more. They are the every-day food which nourishes, and of which all may partake, and all appreciate its excellence. In the performances of Mrs. Keeley, there is a minute delicacy, which is a constant and just theme of praise among her many admirers. She is never

satisfied with the mere outline of a picture; the 'filling up' has its full share of attention; and every light and shade which nature throws into a landscape, are made to adorn her works with the discrimination and truth of the great painter himself. It is, indeed, those little delicate truths which she scatters throughout her delineations, that give them their greatest value. The same good sense which so strongly marks Mrs. Keeley's personations, distinguishes those of her husband. He never leaves any thing undone, nor, unlike many *popular* artists, does that which he has no right to do. If there is comedy in the character he represents, he is sure to bring it out to its fullest bearing, but he never seems inclined to raise a laugh at the expense of truth or propriety. *He* is an irresistible droll, without extravagance; *she*, a powerful actress, who, in return for the favors which Nature has lavished upon her, is determined to show her gratitude, by a strict obedience to the dictates of her benefactress.

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'THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES' is the title of a 'Poem for Music,' from the pen of HENRY WARE, JR., of Cambridge, Mass. The piece is in preparation, under the supervision of an eminent professor, for musical representation at the Odeon in Boston, by the choir of the Academy of Music of that city. From a hasty perusal, we are favorably impressed with the literary merits of this production. It is clear in its details, and the versification is generally flowing and melodious. We annex one or two specimens:

## PRIEST.

When, from Egyptian bondage driven,  
Our fathers sought their promised home,  
For many a year offended Heaven  
Condemned them in the wild to roam.  
No house received their weary forms,  
No city knew their way-worn feet;  
In tents they braved the winter's storms,  
In tents endured the summer's heat.  
And now in Judah's prosperous days,  
Oft as the harvest month comes round,  
Our humble tents and booths we raise,  
And houseless, like our sires, are found.  
We bring to mind their sins and woes;  
Their path o'er Jordan's wave we trace,  
Till on these fruitful hills arose  
Their heritage and resting-place.

We subjoin another episode, of a similar character:

## HIGH PRIEST.

Now tell your children what this rite intends;  
What mean these glowing forms, these words of joy.

## PRIEST.

The prophet gave the blow;  
Forth gushed the cool, refreshing wave,  
The parched and perishing to save,  
Far as its waters flow.  
Recalled to life, the dying band  
Press'd eager to the destined land.

So, in some later day,  
When Israel lies in woe and fear,  
Her great Anointed shall appear,  
To chase her dark dismay.  
From Him a holier stream shall flow,  
To save the world from darker woe.

O haste the glorious hour!  
Haste, David's son, illustrious King!  
Come to thy waiting saints, and bring  
Thy glory, peace, and power.  
Hosanna! let the people cry;  
Hosanna! earth and heaven reply.

## HIGH PRIEST.

The day declines. The slow-descending sun  
 Casts lengthening shadows o'er the darkened vales.  
 Light up the temple! Through the pillared walks  
 Hang out the lamps, and from the crowded courts  
 Keep off the gathering night. Then, while the blaze  
 Is flashing from the altars, gates, and roofs,  
 Till evening shines with more than noonday fire,  
 Let one loud choral anthem close the day.

This little work is marked by the neatness of execution which generally distinguishes publications from the Boston press. New-York : SAMUEL COLMAN.

**AMERICAN HISTORY.** — We welcome heartily, as most timely and appropriate, the clear, succinct, and well-digested 'Remarks on American History,' from the pen of JARED SPARKS, which have been neatly re-printed, in pamphlet form, from the 'Boston Book,' for 1837. To one who would obtain, in a brief compass, the great leading outlines of the colonial and revolutionary periods of our national existence, we would recommend this pamphlet, as supplying an important desideratum. In alluding to the Indians, and their wars, Mr. SPARKS holds the following language, confirmatory of a truth which we have frequently advanced — namely, that the Indian oratory of our novelists is often any thing but *native*, while the character of the red man, in their hands, has suffered not less in another and more important respect :

"Indian eloquence, if it did not flow with the richness of Nestor's wisdom, or burn with Achilles' fire, spoke in the deep strong tones of nature, and resounded from the chords of truth. The answer of the Iroquois chief to the French, who wished to purchase his lands, and push him farther into the wilderness, Voltaire has pronounced superior to any sayings of the great men commemorated by Plutarch. 'We were born on this spot; our fathers are buried here. Shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise, and go with us into a strange land?'

"But more has been said of their figurative language, than seems to be justified by modern experience. Writers of fiction have distorted the Indian character, and given us any thing but originals. Their fancy has produced sentimental Indians, a kind of beings that never existed in reality; and Indians clothing their ideas in the gorgeous imagery of external nature, which they had neither the refinement to conceive, nor words to express. In truth, when we have lighted the pipe of concord, kindled or extinguished a council fire, buried the bloody hatchet, sat down under the tree of peace with its spreading branches, and brightened the chain of friendship, we have nearly exhausted their flowers of rhetoric. But the imagery prompted by internal emotion, and not by the visible world, the eloquence of condensed thought and pointed expression, the eloquence of a diction extremely limited in its forms, but nervous and direct, the eloquence of truth unadorned and of justice undisguised, these are often found in Indian speeches, and constitute their chief characteristic.

"It should, moreover, be said for the Indians, that, like the Carthaginians, their history has been written by their enemies. The tales of their wrongs and their achievements may have been told by the warrior-chiefs to stimulate the courage, and perpetuate the revenge of their children, but they were traces in the sand; they perished in a day, and their memory is gone."

Would that the truths contained in the following closing paragraphs might be written as with a living coal upon every American heart!

"The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can no where be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied, that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that, which they deemed without price!

"They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example, portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all

ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us, that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved."

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PROFESSOR HENRY'S ADDRESS. — The importance of exalting the intellectual spirit of the nation, and the need of a learned class, are well enforced and set forth in a Discourse pronounced before the Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vermont, in August last, by Rev. C. S. HENRY, of this city. An extended notice, (with extracts,) of this discourse has been driven from our over-crowded pages, by the reply of a correspondent to the North American Review; we have, therefore, but space cordially to commend the pamphlet to our readers, and briefly to mention a few of its prominent positions, which are sustained by convincing arguments, and forcible illustration. It shows a learned order in a nation to be necessary, to check the predominance of the more gross and material elements of society; exhibits the natural debasement of the mass, by the undue love of *money*, and the false standard which the possession of mere wealth is permitted to erect; exposes the evils of an unchecked party spirit, and the dangerous tendency of the popular feeling toward the licentious anarchy of mob domination. In conclusion, it presents weighty and unanswerable reasons, why the state should cherish high science and letters by such liberal endowments as shall leave a learned order of men free to devote their powers exclusively to lofty study and production, thus creating a feeling of respect for the importance of such labors, by the honor with which such patronage would invest them. We are glad to perceive that this discourse has passed to a second edition. New-York: GEORGE W. HOLLEY.

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MEMOIRS OF A PEERESS. — Messrs. CAREY AND HART have issued, in two volumes, 'The Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress,' by Lady CHARLOTTE BURY. There are portions of these volumes which we could conscientiously praise; but there are frequent *opinions*, from which most readers, we are sure, in common with us, will at once dissent; and from none, we apprehend, more entirely, than from the following estimate of the character of the Empress Josephine:

"Some saints are elevated to martyrdom by their virtues, and some by their opportunities. Josephine is one of those to whom public infatuation has opened a niche in the Kalender for more than her own deserts. I saw her near and familiarly; my whole life has been spent among the vain and artificial; and among the vainest and *most* artificial, was the Ex-empress. Neither *artificial* nor *artful*, however, convey the exact sense of the word *artificieuse*, which I wish to express. Her *bonté*, so much lauded, was a grimace — her elegance, of the most frivolous and superficial nature; her charities consisted in a profuse distribution of the pocket-pickings of the nation; and so far from being just, either before or after she was generous, honesty was a virtue so foreign to her system, as frequently to expose her to the rebukes of her more equitable husband. Josephine was, in short, the very personification of the old Faubourg St. Germain — ignorant, dissolute, fickle, vain, unprincipled; but a proficient in that art of pleasing, which consists in overmastering two of the most pitiful instincts in human nature — vanity and self-interest. She gave largely, she flattered profusely; and the world, instead of admiring the forbearance of Napoleon in supporting her so long as his partner, reviled him as an ingrate, when at length he put her away."

If this be true, then all we have ever read of Josephine — all that we could ever learn, by tale or history, of this unfortunate woman — must be false. The balance of credit is against the 'Peeress.' New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM. Digitized by Google



**MARTIN FABER AND OTHER TALES.** — The MESSRS. HARPER have published, in two handsome volumes, 'Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal, and Other Tales,' by W. G. SIMMS, Esq., author of 'Guy Rivers,' etc. The tale which gives the main title to the volume, has been noticed at length in these pages, and another of the longest, 'Major Rocket,' appeared originally in the KNICKERBOCKER. Several of the others, written at an early period of the authors' life, have been published heretofore, in a southern literary work, of limited circulation. We consider these volumes as containing some of the very best of Mr. SIMMS' minor efforts. The reader will sometimes find himself, it may be, borne beyond the circle of probability; but he is a willing fellow-traveller with the author, as he journeys in dreamy mood; and if he occasionally discern some things which he could wish were otherwise, he will find them but the rich superfluities of early genius. The volumes — beside a beautiful 'prefatory sonnet' of the author's, published some time since in these pages — bear the following dedication, than which nothing could be more simple and touching: 'To my Daughter — to one who, as yet, can understand little save his love — these volumes are fondly dedicated, with all the affections of a Father.'

#### L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

**BOSTON WORKS.** — Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN, 114 Fulton-street, has the agency for all works of interest or utility which issue from the Boston press. Beside two excellent books already noticed in these pages — 'Twice-Told Tales,' and 'The Young Ladies' Friend' — we have before us, from the above house, a neat volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, upon '*Practical Phrenology*,' by SILAS JONES, which has been highly praised by phrenologists; a pleasing, instructive, and comprehensive *Geography of the Bible*, by the world-renowned PETER PARLEY, illustrated by numerous cuts; and a simple but well-written and useful little pamphlet-book, called 'Emily and Charles, or a Little Girl's Correspondence with her Brother — designed to aid Children in the Art of Letter-Writing.' We take pleasure in calling public attention to Mr. COLMAN's establishment.

**DISCOURSES, LECTURES, ETC.** — Upon each of the three following pamphlets, we had prepared, for our last number, some favorable comments, accompanied with brief extracts. They are again, by uncompromising necessity, crowded out; and we have but space to thank the authors, severally, for their favors, and to commend their labors to such of our readers as can command them:

'**REASONS FOR THANKFULNESS.** A Discourse delivered in the First Presbyterian Church in Rochester, (N. Y.,) on the day of Annual Thanksgiving, December 15, 1836. By TRYON EDWARDS, Pastor of said Church.'

'**LECTURE ON THE CHARACTER AND SERVICES OF JAMES MADISON**, delivered before the 'Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement,' in the city of Albany, February 28, 1837. By DANIEL D. BARNARD. Albany: HOFFMAN AND WHITE.

'**THE WESTERN ACADEMICIAN**, and Journal of Education and Science. Edited by JOHN W. PICKET, and aided by the College of Teachers.' Cincinnati: JAMES R. ALBACH.

**NEW-YORK GAZETTE.** — This old and established diurnal has passed under the entire control of MESSRS. ROBERT U. LANG and C. F. DANIELS. The former has hitherto conducted the Gazette with industry and talent; and with the ready pen, and appropriate tact, spirit, and humor, of his co-laborer, its good reputation will not be likely to diminish. Mr. DANIELS is well and extensively known as the late associate-editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in which journal his place is now filled by EDWARD WILLIAM JOHNSON, Esq., of South Carolina, a profound scholar and a vigorous writer.

**THE 'PALMYRA LETTERS.'** — We have great pleasure in stating, that these admirable letters will hereafter be issued in two handsome volumes, by a well-known and popular publisher. Perhaps no series of papers ever appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, which have attracted more universal attention and admiration, than these 'Letters.' The beauty of their style, the perfect unity and keeping of the scenes and events described and narrated, and the pure moral and religious spirit which pervades them, have been themes of laudatory comment, with readers of eminent literary standing, as well in England and Scotland, as in America. To the records of this popular estimate, we may hereafter refer; although no reader of this Magazine will require additional proof of the interest and value which are inseparable from the writings of the 'most noble Piso.'

**THE BROTHERS HARPER** have nearly ready for publication the following works: 'Live and Let Live; or Domestic Service Illustrated,' by Miss SEDGWICK; FIELDING'S 'Amelia;' Rise and Fall of Athens, by BULWER; The Monk of Cimiez, by Mrs. SHERWOOD; The Works of CHARLES LAMB; 'Crichton,' by AINSWORTH; 'Attila,' by JAMES; 'Henry Milner,' by Mrs. SHERWOOD; Recollections of a Southern Matron, by Mrs. C. GILMAN; Travels in Europe, by Rev. WILBUR FISK, D. D., Conn.; Narrative of ARTHUR GORDON PYM, of Nantucket; 'An Historical Account of the Circumnavigation of the Globe, and of the Progress of Discovery in the Pacific Ocean;' and the Complete Works of BURKE.

**USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.** — The Prospectus of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has been laid on our table; and we take pleasure in calling public attention to so laudable an institution. It is the design of the society — the materials for carrying out which are abundant — 'to unite the efforts of literary, scientific, wealthy, and benevolent men, in diffusing useful knowledge, and in employing the arts of printing and engraving in a way most likely to be interesting, salutary, and elevating to the popular mind.' The officers and directors of the institution are among the most eminent citizens of the several states, and their names afford a sufficient guarantee of its prospective usefulness.

**LETTERS FROM THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.** — Mr. H. S. TANNER, Philadelphia, has published, in a handsome volume, a second edition of 'Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs; the Roads leading thereto, and the Doings thereat. Collected, corrected, annotated, and edited, by PIERRE PROLIX.' Eight additional letters appear in the present edition, bearing the same marks of descriptive talent, quiet humor, scholarship, and good taste, which we have before cited as characteristic of the first series. A new map of Virginia, with its canals, roads, and distances from place to place, along the stage and steam-boat routes, prefaces the volume. New-York: G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

**THE GAME OF LIFE.** — 'The Game of Life, or the Chess-Player, a Drawing by MORITZ RETSCH, explained, according to hints from himself, by C. BORR. VON MILTITZ. With Additional Remarks on the Allegory.' This is a very striking moral engraving, with well-written illustrations, representing Satan, the Spirit of Darkness, playing with Man for his Soul. To one with whom the game of chess is familiar, it will possess great attractions; while for the mere ordinary observer, it has a German-like interest, undefinable, yet pleasant and instructive. Even to such, the print is suggestive of good. BOSTON: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

**LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.** — We are enabled to announce, merely, the publication, by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, of the first part of the Memoirs of the late SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., by J. G. LOCKHART, his son-in-law. The volume opens with a newly-discovered memoir of the early life of Scott, written by himself, giving a clear outline of his history, down to the period of his being called to the bar. The succeeding portions of Lockhart's work will be issued by the Philadelphia publishers, immediately on the reception of the sheets from Edinburgh.

**A GLANCE AT NEW-YORK.** — The 'Glance at New-York,' after the manner of 'The Great Metropolis,' recently issued by A. GREENE, Beekman-street, is a clever work, in our poor opinion, and deserving of less cavalier treatment than it has received at the hands of certain of its critics. It discusses, *currents culamo*, and very agreeably, the city government, theatres, hotels, churches, mobs, monopolies, learned professions, newspapers, rogues, dandies, fires and firemen, water and other liquids, etc. There are a few errors, and one in relation to this Magazine; but the volume is both useful and amusing, nevertheless, especially to strangers in, or distant from, the city.

**IRVING'S WORKS.** — The seventh and eighth volumes of the uniform edition of WASHINGTON IRVING's works have just been issued by MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. They contain the 'Tales of a Traveller,' many of which have added so much to the completeness of their author's reputation. We are glad to see, by the demand for the series of which these volumes form a part, that their sterling worth is not likely to be supplanted in the affections of the American people, by the numerous 'new-born gods' of the present day.

'MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY,' is the title of a clearly-printed volume, of three hundred pages, from the press of MESSRS. PACKARD AND BROWN, Hartford, Conn. It is intended for academies and schools, but is as well adapted for the use of all general readers. It proceeds from the pen of Dr. J. L. COMSTOCK, with whose productions for the young we have a favorable acquaintance; and a cursory examination of the volume enables us to predict for it a success as ample as that which has rewarded the merits of its predecessors.

'THREE EXPERIMENTS IN DRINKING.' — There is a good moral to this little pamphlet-book; but like all the 'experiments' which have succeeded the 'Three Experiments of Living,' it lacks the force, spirit, and *vraisemblance*, of its excellent archetype. We fear all imitations will soon become disrelishing, should the ample reward of merit in the first instance induce many more writers, in these pressing times, to attempt the 'experiment' of sucking sustenance through their goose quills.

**BOSTON MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION.** — A pamphlet has been sent us, containing an Address by ISAAC C. PRAY, JUN., a Poem by LORET STIMSON, JUN., together with the Remarks of HON. STEPHEN FAIRBANKS, and his Excellency, EDWARD EVERETT, at the seventeenth anniversary of the above named institution. The entire exercises are in the right spirit, and demand a more extended notice than the only one we can here afford them — a mere record of their publication.

**TALES AND SKETCHES, BY 'BOZ' AND OTHERS.** — MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD have issued, in two volumes, a number of popular tales, sketches, and verse, from late English magazines, the best of which are 'Oliver Twist' — a fragment only of a story, however — and 'Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble,' by 'Boz,' 'Handy Andy,' and 'Who Milked my Cow? or the Marine Ghost.' The volumes possess a good variety of light entertainment, and would be found capital steam-boat reading.

**CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY.** — The two latest volumes of HARPER's Classical Family Library, contain *Juvenal*, translated by Dr. BADHAM, *Persius*, by the Rt. Hon. Sir W. DRUMMOND, *Pindar*, by the Rev. C. A. WHEELWRIGHT, and *Anacreon*, by THOMAS BOURNE. The volumes are embellished with busts of Pindar and Juvenal, and are well executed.

**THE FINE ARTS, ETC.** — Notices of the National Academy of Design, just opened, and the late highly interesting semi-centennial anniversary of Columbia College, are crowded from the present number. Correspondents are not forgotten; and when the 'moving accidents' of the May-day season have ceased to vex, and the toils of the month are for a brief space, ended peradventure their favors shall be considered and acknowledged.

## RECENT FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

WE are indebted to the attention of an obliging friend, for the following condensed report of recent French publications, of interest or value:

A fresh series of that curious Collection of Trials, the *Causes Célèbres*, is begun, in Paris. It will form 4 vols. 8vo.

Madame Guizot, (the wife of the minister and historian,) is publishing two works of fiction — *Eudoxie, ou l'Orgueil Permie*, 1 vol. 18mo., with plates; and *Une Famille*, 2 vols., 12mo. The latter has a sequel, by Madame Tastu.

Mons. Paulin Paris is publishing an account of the French mss. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, under the title of '*Les Manuscrits Français de la Bibliothèque du Roi; leur histoire, et celle des textes Allemand, Anglais, Hollandais, Italien, Espagnol, de la même collection.*'

The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask is, it seems, still unresolved, in spite of the lately alleged discovery of historical documents clearing up the whole matter. Paul Jacob, (who takes the addition of *Le Bibliophile*,) has collected a fresh set of proofs, first to prove who the mask *was not*; and, secondly, to show that he was (as was the opinion of Louis XVIII.,) a brother of Louis le Grand, (XIV.) In truth, we have been so often convinced, by the discoveries as to Iron Mask and Junius, that we are rapidly coming, against any fresh proof, however strong, to believe that neither of these personages ever existed at all — that they are mythological beings only, like Jupiter or Thoth, (whom some call Trismegistus,) or Homer, whom the Germans have so completely exploded.

Mr. Cooper's Excursions in Switzerland, have been translated into French, under the title of '*Excursions d'une Famille Américaine en Suisse.*'

Lacroix has published a novel under a very ill-omened title — '*Une Première Ride*' — a first wrinkle, not a first ride. The latter would have been a far more romantic subject.

M. de Puybusque is editing a fresh body of facts, as to the disasters of Buonaparte's Russian Expedition. It is drawn from the interesting papers of the Field Marshal the Marquis de Serang; and is entitled, '*Les Prisonniers Français en Russie; ou Memoirs et Souvenirs de Serang*:' 2 vols. 8vo. We presume it will give fresh interest to De Segur's book, which is the best upon this matter.

Quatremère de Quincy's interesting researches on the Spoliation of the Athenian and Roman Monuments of Art is going through a new edition.

Nestor l'Hôte, a member of the expedition of Champollion to Egypt and Nubia, has published a history of the Egyptian Obelisks, with an explanation of their historical inscriptions. 8vo.

Raspail, the botanist, has published '*A New System of Vegetable Physiology and Botany*,' 2 vols. 8vo., accompanied with an Atlas of sixty plates.

We have seen, but not examined, a work, seemingly of much importance, by Duchatelet, entitled '*De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris, Considérée sous le Rapport de l'Hygiène Publique, de la Morale et de l'Administration.*' It is founded upon very careful researches into statistical documents afforded by the records of the Police, now first explored, for such a purpose. We refer to the work, in spite of the nature of its subject, because it is an important one, as to investigations that may lead to useful, beneficent, and even moral results. In view of such, the press must not be too delicate.

They are publishing, in Paris, a beautiful edition of St. Pierre's '*Paul and Virginia*,' and his '*Hindoo Cottage*.' It is edited by Curmer, with a Life by Sainte-Beuve, and notes by various hands. Beside a great number of engraved illustrations, it offers a complete Flora of the Isle of France and of India, executed by a skilful naturalist, M. Descourtils. There will be thirty numbers in 8vo. at 1½ francs each.

Alexander Dumas is about to issue a new romance, under the title of '*Pascal Bruno*.' The third and fourth volumes of his '*Impressions de Voyages*,' are also out.

Rousseau Saint-Hilaire is beginning to publish a history of Spain, from the Gothic invasion to the present century. It will form six or seven vols. 8vo. The first volume will treat of the history of Gothic Spain: the second, that of Castile: the third, that of Arragon, Navarre and Biscay: the fourth, Spain under the Moors, etc. The Introduction will sketch the early state of Spain, the Phœnician, Carthaginian and Roman conquests, and the Gothic Institutions and Code. The author is said to bring to his work very important and laborious researches into the little-explored libraries of Spain, as well as those of Germany.

Among the novelties of imagination, we remark 'Occiput and Sinciput,' a phrenological romance, by Ernest Dutouquet, 2 vols. 8vo. We fear it will eclipse the scientific fictions of Miss Martineau. There is also a new novel by Paul de Kock, called 'Zizine.'

Bayle Mouillard's Essays on 'Imprisonment for Debt,' a work crowned by the Institute in 1835, is lately published.

Mons. Marcos is giving some curious researches as to the barbarian subversions of the Roman Empire, under the title of 'A History of the Vandals; with Researches on the Commerce of the Barbary States, in the Earlier Part of the Christian Era.' 8vo.

Dulaure is about to give, in 8 vols. 8vo., with fifty engravings and numerous additions, the sixth edition of his admirable and curious history of Paris: a work of the highest merit and interest, built up from a very modest beginning, by repeated editions, and renewed researches.

The Monuments of Egypt and Nubia, as collected by Champollion, with his descriptions, are in progress of publication, under the patronage of the French Government. They are to form four large folio volumes of plates (chiefly colored) 400 in number; and two volumes of text, in 4to: costing, in all, 500 francs.

We see that Miss Sedgwick's novel of the 'The Linwoods' has been translated into French, under the title of 'La Famille Américaine.'

'La Sœur de la Charité' is the title of a new poem, by Lamartine.

The following, by Henry Ternaux, may offer something important to this country: 'Voyages, Relations et Mémoires Originaux, pour Servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique:' 3 vols. 8vo. Also, a 'Bibliothèque Américaine;' an account of works relating to America. 8vo.

We are glad to see announced 'A Dictionary of Cookery and of Household Economy,' by Mens. Burnet, ex-officer of the Mouth: 8vo., with plates.

Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire has published two volumes of a sort of general history of Monstrosities, under the title of 'Histoire Général des Anomalies de l'Organisation chez l'Homme et chez les Animaux.'

Paul de Julvecourt is giving, under title of 'Balalayra,' a translation of the popular poetry of the Russians. 8vo. ●

De Martonne has edited, from the Unique mss. in the King's Library, the Romances of Parise la Ducharre. 12mo.

Vidocq, the ex-rogue, has produced a new book, in illustration of his ancient occupations. He calls it 'Les Voleurs: Physiologie de leurs Mœurs et de leur Language.' 2 vols. 8vo. If he means to set up for an honest man, he should take to some honest trade than that of book-maker.

The seventh volume of the new octavo edition of St. Chrysostom's whole works (with Latin version) has appeared. Six more are to come. Also, a supplement to those of St. Augustin, containing inedited sermons. Folio.

'Studies on the Theatrical Art,' by the widow of Talma, are forthcoming: said to be remarkable. Villeneuve, the editor, gives a life of the authoress, and many curious particulars of the greatest of tragedians. 8vo.

Raynouard has given a second volume of the new series of his Selection of Troubadour Poetry. It is the first part of a Dictionary of the Provençal.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

It was the illustrious KEPLER, if we recollect rightly, who, half piqued at finding that one of his attempts to explain the motions of some planet had been labor lost, compared Dame Nature to the coquette Galatea, in one of Virgil's Eclogues. The nearer she is approached, the more wayward, capricious, and provoking, are her escapades :

'Fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri.'

If this be true of astronomical science, it is a truth a thousand times more frequently enforced upon the votary of that class of physical sciences, of which electricity and galvanism form so prominent and interesting a field, both for study and discovery. The very subject-matter of his researches is more like the idea of a 'spiritual essence' than actual *bonâ fidè* material entity. It is a kind of invisible *tertium quid*, which baffles all human tests of materiality. Grant, as some philosophers will have it, that it is merely 'a property of matter,' and that it has none of the ordinary characteristics of material substances — yet the difficulty is but increased. If we find it so impossible to believe that matter could travel through matter, with the mysterious velocity with which electricity is impelled; if we cannot conceive of matter which is so subtle as to elude all our senses to penetrate the most solid substances, and to be known only by its effects when in motion, how can we conceive of a mere 'property of matter' of which matter may be deprived in one part, while it is accumulated in another? Of which, in fact, matter, organic or inorganic, is equally unconscious, until a change in its distribution is effected, that develops its latent energy? To call it a mere property of matter, then, like extension, does not seem either very correct in expression, or philosophical in principle.

And, on the other hand, to consider it as matter, as a distinct material substance, is so violent a blow at our almost innate ideas of all matter, that one is half tempted to reject the arguments of the philosophers, numerous as they are, which appear to establish its substantiality beyond a question, and to resort to the convenient nomenclature of the old school men, who would probably have christened it 'the soul of matter' — '*anima mundi*' — or some such fanciful name. In fact, so much more subtle than light itself is this mysterious *ens* — so much more diffusive than the invisible winds of heaven — so much more obscure in its nature, and wonderful in its effects, than any other known chemical agent — that we are in favor of every gentleman and lady's forming their own hypothesis, with respect to its

materiality or immateriality. And vile as the pun may seem — and in fact is — it is no *matter* whatever, in a scientific point of view, whether it be matter or not. Like the two rival theories of the nature of light, either serves to classify the phenomena; and sometimes they are best explained on one and sometimes the other supposition. Perhaps the idea that it is neither the one nor the other, but the grand connecting link between the material and the immaterial world, would be as convenient a hypothesis as either. Indeed, we beg leave to suggest to some 'ingenious young gentleman,' whether it would not be worth his while to maintain that theory, upon a fitting occasion, before a suitable audience, with a view to impress upon them with due force, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of undevout astronomers and our other modern Sadducees. Although philosophers of all ages and nations have, for the most part, held that electricity was strictly material, we are at a loss to find any stronger arguments in favor of that doctrine, than are to be found in favor of the materiality of light. And Sir John Herschel and Sir David Brewster, 'who ought to know,' both hold that light has no such distinct material existence, but that it is the result of certain vibrations or undulations of a subtile ethereal medium, universally present in nature, just as pulsations of air produce the sensation of sound upon the acoustic nerve. But starting as this may appear, we do nevertheless *en revanche* propound it, to those and all other disciples of the undulatory theory, who maintain the immateriality of light upon this foundation. — How and where has it been proved, that sound itself may not be a *material emanation*, from the mere impact of particles of matter, as much as galvanism or electricity from their more energetic excitement? One would have thought, that the prismatic decomposition of light alone was sufficient to establish the Newtonian theory of light, as a material emanation from luminous bodies. For how a vibration or undulation of an ethereal medium could be thus decomposed into distinct rays, possessing different and in some respects totally opposite properties, it is not very easy to conceive. Though we admit that it is difficult for us to comprehend how matter can be divided into such inconceivably subtile particles, as the Newtonian theory of light supposes, yet we find it a much harder task to acknowledge that a mere undulation of a homogeneous, ethereal medium can produce such surprising chemical results as solar light is well known to be capable of affording.

Now, the nature of light is still enveloped in such profound obscurity — its subtile particles, if it be really material, do so elude all our feeble efforts to condense them — that it would be but an idle indulgence of the fancy to predict what the progress of scientific investigation may yet effect in that department of philosophy. Yet we will, for once, venture the prophecy, that if any great advance is made, by inductive research, toward a more perfect knowledge of the nature and material constitution of light, it will be by a diligent and accurate examination of its magnetic properties. The question is not yet solved, whether light really possesses magnetizing powers or not. Morichini, who first asserted it from actual experiment, was more fortunate in his process than subsequent observers, or he was mistaken in his results. If it should be hereafter satisfactorily es-

tablished, that solar light possesses this property, it may lead to the most important inductions in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. The whole science of chemistry may undergo a shock as revolutionary as that which it received when the gases were discovered. It might conduct us to the conclusion, that electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, are not only identical with each other, as is now generally admitted, but also with latent heat; and that, though subject to great and essential modifications, they all have their common origin in that decomposition of light which is effected by absorption. There are so many observed phenomena which point to the diurnal changes in the solar light as the cause of the diurnal variations of the magnetic needle, that we have long since considered that as a solved problem. If, therefore, future experiments should fail in proving the absolute magnetizing power of the solar rays, it would not necessarily follow that the decomposed rays of light — that is, decomposed by *absorption*, and converted into electrical currents — did not possess that power in a very high degree. For that electrical or magnetic currents are produced by the action of the sun's rays upon the earth, has been so well proved, that it must now be taken as a postulate in the science.

No truth should be more frequently enforced upon the devotee of physical science, than this: that the grand chemistry of nature is performed with a sublime harmony and tranquillity, which scarcely make the results perceptible to our senses, save from the lapse of time. There are no violent agents, and reagents in her laboratories; no torture of analysis; no compound blow-pipes, or galvanic batteries; no open war of acids and alkalies, to carry on her mysterious and eternal series of production and re-production. All is inspired with the vital principle of vegetable production; and animal life seems to be but a natural consequence. The germs of vegetation must be cœval with the particles of matter: the vivifying rays of light can alone bring them into action, and mature them. What wonder, then, if we shall find hereafter, that the same noiseless but irresistible operation of solar light is the basis of all electrical excitement? How are we to account for the energetic action of the dry galvanic columns of De Luc and Zamboni, except from the excitement of a latent absorbed fluid, brought into action only by the attraction of opposite *absorptions*? The chemical action of the materials of the dry column is quite out of the question, whatever it may be in the galvanic battery of metallic plates and diluted acid. Upon the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to suspect, that light is alike the source of all vegetable life, and electrical excitement, through the whole solar system.

That the universal presence of this mysterious power was the basis of Newton's almost divine philosophical system — that he considered its existence demonstrated — is apparent, from more than one passage in his '*Principia*.' He appears to have entertained the belief, that future observations would make us more fully acquainted with its nature and properties; but for a century after, little or no progress was made in the vigorous investigation of the phenomena which he had suggested, and yet the elements of the science were familiar to thousands of philosophers. The electricity of amber — the Greek name of which (*ελεκτρον*) still gives the science its appel-



lation — was known to the Greeks, and probably, from the earliest times. But it was not until the identity of lightning and electricity was established, that the science began to assume its proper rank and attraction. Incessant experiments have now raised it to such importance, that, considered as embracing galvanism, electro-magnetism, and last, not least, *electro-dynamics*, it has become the task of the best talent and the longest life to master it, in all its details.

The department of *electro-dynamics* — which is merely conversant with the force of electricity in motion — is daily and hourly extending its limits, and developing powers which are as astonishing in their mechanical effects, as they are mysterious and wonderful in their origin. The most successful cultivator of this branch of it, and one to whom science in general is deeply indebted, is Ampère, one of that illustrious band of French savants, who deserve to have statues erected to them in the temples of science, throughout the civilized world. Biôt and Arago, names revered wherever the light of science has penetrated, also engaged with ardor in the research. In England, Davy and Faraday, soon after, with equal zeal, entered upon the same career. The latter still lives to pursue the enlightened course of investigation by which he has already achieved so many honorable distinctions. Long may he live to reap the same enviable rewards of fame, which have thus far crowned his labors.

But splendid as have been the contributions of these illustrious individuals, to the mere science of electro-dynamics, in illustrating its principles, we think we may venture to claim for our ingenious countryman, Mr. DAVENPORT, the palm for a successful combination of mechanical ingenuity with the scientific principles of electro-magnetic action. It would seem as if he had been guided in his researches by a sort of Yankee intuition, which enables a certain portion of that inventive race to run through a whole science by a series of shrewd 'guesses.' The history of his labors is too characteristic to be omitted. He first saw a galvanic magnet, it appears, about three years ago! — and from the wonderful effects produced by suspending a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds from a small galvanic magnet, he immediately inferred, without any knowledge of the theory or the experiments of others, that he could propel machinery by galvanic magnetism! He purchased the magnet, and produced his first rotary motion in July, 1834, only six months after. In point of date, this appears to be the first successful application of galvanism to the generation of motion, that promised to be of practicable application, upon a large and perhaps even an indefinite scale of power — limited only by the usual boundaries of size and expense. To attempt a description of it, professing to elucidate its construction, would, we fear, be more apt to mislead than to convey any clear idea of its parts, or its peculiar operation. Suffice it to say, that, by arranging a certain number of fixed electro-magnets in a permanent circle, and an equal number in a revolving wheel, the application of the electric current of a galvanic battery produces — by means of a most surprising mechanical contrivance, in instantly reversing the poles, as the moveable magnetic circle revolves — a rotary motion, of the most astonishing velocity and power, considering the feeble agents employed.

But the eager inquiry is : ' Will it increase — Can it be augmented in proportion to the enhanced size of the members of the machine ? Will it yet supersede, by its superior cheapness, compactness, safety, and other advantages, the mighty agency of steam, in the various economical uses to which that is applied, for manufacturing and locomotive purposes ? We can hazard no other answer to these questions, than that the probability is in favor of that sublime result, sooner or later. But as Nature often eludes our most unwearied and enlightened researches, it would be rash to predict that the application of the principle of Messrs. Davenport and Cooke's machine, may not meet with unforeseen difficulties, and even apparently formidable obstacles, that may for a time retard its operation upon a large scale. There are in every branch of physical science, so imperfectly explored as that of electro-dynamics, a thousand apparently contradictory experiments to be reconciled ; a thousand hastily adopted results to be corrected ; an infinite number of accompanying conditions to be weighed and tested, before we can pronounce *a priori* upon the successful application of a mere principle to any practical use of importance. If we were to reason only from what our ingenious and persevering countrymen have done in three years, under all their disadvantages, to what they are capable of doing, with the benefit of an enlightened experience, and all necessary appliances and means to boot, we should certainly anticipate nothing less than a triumph of genius and skill, of which it would beggar all human prescience to foretell the consequences. But we rather choose to repress our own enthusiasm, than to indulge, as yet, in visions of the future. Whatever may be the fate of the application of the principle of the machine in question to mechanical purposes, its admirable ingenuity — its felicitous and striking illustration of the power of electro-galvanic magnetism — will still entitle the invention to the highest praise. The public, we hope and trust, will not rest satisfied, until they have an opportunity at once to gratify a laudable curiosity, and to contribute their mite to the cause of science, at a public and we hope not unproductive exhibition. The ingenuity of the inventors would easily put into motion a variety of useful machinery, which would exemplify the advantages and the wonderful effects of the invisible power which they have enchained and imprisoned as a mechanical drudge to do fealty and service to the human race. A more novel and instructive spectacle could hardly be conceived, than such a practical application of it might be made to exhibit. We are glad to hear that individuals, whose enlightened views and intelligence are sustained by wealth and public spirit, have taken shares in this interesting enterprise, with a liberality and munificence which entitle them to rank among the benefactors to science. In the view of these manifestations of scientific ardor, of enlightened zeal, and mechanical ingenuity, we hope for the most favorable results for their efforts, if success may be commanded in this age and generation. No wonder that Professor SILLIMAN, in the contemplation of what has been already accomplished in the science of electro-dynamics, should break forth in the eloquent strain which concludes his article in the last number of his valuable Journal, upon the subject of this same machine.

'Science,' says the learned and eloquent professor, 'has thus, most unexpectedly, placed in our hands a new power, of great but unknown energy. It does not evoke the winds from their caverns; nor give wings to water by the urgency of heat; nor drive to exhaustion the muscular power of animals; nor operate by complicated mechanism; nor accumulate hydraulic force by damming the vexed torrents; nor summon any other form of gravitating force; but, by the simplest means — the mere contact of metallic surfaces of small extent, with feeble chemical agents — a power every where diffused through nature, but generally concealed from our senses, is mysteriously evolved, and by circulation in insulated wires, it is still more mysteriously augmented, a thousand and a thousand fold, until it breaks forth with incredible energy; there is no appreciable interval between its first evolution and its full maturity — and the infant starts up a giant.

'Nothing since the discovery of gravitation, and of the structure of the celestial systems, is so wonderful as the power evolved by galvanism; whether we contemplate it in the muscular convulsions of animals, the chemical decompositions, the solar brightness of the galvanic light, the dissipating consuming heat, and, more than all, in the magnetic energy, which leaves far behind all previous artificial accumulations of this power, and reveals, as there is full reason to believe, the grand secret of terrestrial magnetism itself.'

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#### THE DELUGE.

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'Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
When Death's approach is seen so terrible!'

SHAKESPEARE.

The judgment was at hand. Before the sun  
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which, blackening, spread,  
Until their blended masses overwhelmed  
The hemisphere of day: and, adding gloom  
To night's dark empire, swift from zone to zone  
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,  
And covering the encircling firmament  
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust  
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.  
Anon the o'ercharged garner of the storm  
Burst with their growing burden; fierce and fast  
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,  
That slanted not before the baffled winds,  
But, with an arrowy and unwavering rush,  
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,  
And roaring fled their channels; and calm lakes  
Awoke exulting from their lethargy,  
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.

The lightning flickered in the deluged air,  
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves  
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night  
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom  
A little brightened, when the lurid morn  
Rose on the starless midnight, 't was to show  
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast  
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily  
The shivering multitudes of human doomed  
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were blent, and the leviathan  
 Was borne aloft on the ascending seas  
 To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now  
 Were the sole land-marks, and their sides were clothed  
 With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste  
 Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,  
 Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of Death  
 Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew  
 The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves  
 Narrowed their little world.

And in that hour,  
 Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life  
 Was the sole instinct; and the strong-limbed son,  
 With imprecations, smote the palsied sire  
 That clung to him for succor. Woman trod  
 With wavering steps the precipice's brow,  
 And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge  
 O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness  
 Sat like an incubus on every heart,  
 Smothering the voice of Love. The giant's foot  
 Was on the stripling's neck; and oft Despair  
 Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood  
 Polluted the last remnant of that earth  
 Which God was deluging to purify.  
 Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons  
 The mildew of succeeding centuries  
 Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength  
 Crushed through the solid crowds: and fiercest birds,  
 Beat downward by the ever-rushing rain,  
 With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings,  
 Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains  
 That mapped out nations, sank; until at length  
 One Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,  
 Beaconing a sunken world. And of the tribes  
 That blackened every alp, one man survived:  
 And he stood shivering, hopeless, shelterless,  
 Upon that fragment of the universe!  
 The surges of the universal sea  
 Broke on his naked feet. On his gray head,  
 Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud  
 Poured its un pitying torrents: while around,  
 In the green twilight dimly visible,  
 Rolled the grim legions of the ghastly drowned,  
 And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms  
 Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow,  
 And, maddened, would have leapt to their embrace,  
 When lo! before him, riding on the deep,  
 Loomed a vast fabric, and familiar sounds  
 Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more  
 Cheered the wan outcast, and imploringly  
 He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,  
 And cried aloud for mercy. But his prayer  
 Man might not answer, whom his God condemned.  
 The ark swept onward, and the billows rose  
 And buried their last victim!

Then the gloom  
 Broke from the face of Heaven, and sunlight streamed  
 Upon the shoreless sea, and on the roof  
 That rose for shelter o'er the living germ  
 Whose increase should re-populate a world.

## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CRUISE.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AND SHORE,' 'ATHENS AND CONSTANTINOPLE,' ETC.

We had said, or sung, our farewell to Genoa, and were now on board ship, moving in company with the Broad Pennant toward Leghorn; but it was such a movement as a criminal, infected with a love of life, would desire on his way to execution. There was a dead calm, and so still lay the waters around us, that a dog jumped overboard into the shadow of our ship. Not a breath came sufficient to crisp the sea, and a tortoise, travelling on shore in the same direction, went out of sight, though he appeared to be a paralytic in two of his legs, and to have lost one of the others by some unaccountable misfortune. Perhaps in some *borough* election, he had gone the whole *quadruped*; and thinking a vote defeated as good as one gained, had scuffled himself out of a limb instead of an *eye*, as is usually the case. Be that as it may, he got *ahead*; it may be, owing to the fact that our ship did not move at all; but certainly I never saw a tortoise travel so fast as that one. The three most miserable, helpless things in the world, are a ship in a calm, a whale thoroughly stranded, and a politician in bad odor. The deuce himself would have nothing to do with either, unless it were the last: he seldom utterly forsakes a political game-cock:

‘But keeps him at the battle or the drill,  
To work his master further mischief still.’

But what has canvassing and cock-fighting to do with our getting to Leghorn? Just as much, reader, as the winds and waves; for they are both so breathless and still, that our ship headed indifferently, first for the port to which we were bound, then for that which we had left. ‘Zounds!’ said Jack, rubbing his eyes, and looking again at the compass, ‘the stem of this ship has got into her stern, or we are going back to Genoa.’

‘Going!’ interrupted a boatswain’s-mate, dryly; ‘the rocks on that shore move as much as this ship: we have not logged a fathom these sixteen watches; and what matter which way she heads, since we don’t stir? The paddy that got on wrong side afore, was right till his horse got under way; when the toad jumps, it will be time to say whether it be back’ard or for’ard.’

Here the dialogue was interrupted; but the allusion to the toad, so singular from the lips of a sailor, reminded me of an old friend with whom I became acquainted during my connexion with the Theological Seminary at Andover, and who was perhaps the most remarkable *frog* of this age. He had, it is true, none of those glaring and striking qualities, which blind one with their very brilliancy: he was rather distinguished for sedateness, and dignity of demeanor, and that graceful amenity of deportment, which intimated his high extraction. He lived *among* his brethren, but *above* them. There was no pride in his look, and yet he admitted none into terms of perfect familiarity. He did not appear to be rebukingly averse to such irregularities and improprieties in others, but his voice was never heard disturbing the stillness of the night, or the sweet slumber of

the morning. Like a true gentleman, he made his appearance about mid-day, under the protection of a juniper which shades the verge of the parapet on which the institution stands. Here he was wont to sit, with a wide and variegated landscape spread out before him, and with the half-abstracted air of one pleased with outward objects, but meditating with much deeper interest on the profound mysteries of his own nature. He seemed ever to be filled with incommunicable thought. His features, though strongly marked, and indicating an intellect of a high order, never but on *one* occasion, that I recollect, betrayed those swelling emotions, which, I know, must frequently have surged over his spirit. A small bird, with short bill and speckled wings, had alighted upon the juniper, and soon turning from all the attractions of the tree, began as devotedly to regard the beautiful green and azure dress of the being that sat composedly beneath, as if she had forgotten, in some erring fondness of fancy, those amphibious qualities so incompatible with her own habitudes and tastes. She looked, she fluttered her little wings, she jumped down from spray to spray, each one still lower, till she reached the very lowest, and then she breathed the sweetest note I ever heard from bill of bird or lip of beauty. But ere the sound died away, he whom she had thus strangely chosen, and secretly won, looked up, and the soul-yielding tenderness of *that* look may be imagined, but never described! The look of my Uncle Toby into the eye of Widow Wadman, for the speck which was not in the white, might have had as much benevolence in it, but could not have had one half the fondness. From that day to this, I never saw that frog again; but I was told, that one very much like him was seen next morning, at day-break, making music, and that a beautiful bird was singing in concert at his side; and that, a few evenings after this — a thing that grieves me to relate — an owl was seen perched on a very low stump, who appeared, in the gravity of a justice of the peace, to be pronouncing between the parties an irreparable divorce. Probably this connexion, like most of those which result from beauty, music, and sudden affection, had proved unhappy. Whose fault it was, in this particular instance, I pretend not to say; but my daughter, I would say to you — if I had one — an attachment, to be lasting, must be based upon qualities not only congenial, but equally indestructible with itself. There are properties in the heart, which familiarity cannot chill, nor time impair.

But I forget the ship and her destination.

After nine days, by the aid of a few vagrant zephyrs, and a slight current that set in our favor, we let go our anchor at Leghorn — a place the more welcome to me, as it held a couple whom I had contributed to make happy, while at Marseilles: one was a youthful Hibernian, of character, wealth, and enterprise; the other a young Tuscan lady, as sweet and romantic a being as ever sported on the green banks of the Arno. They were devotedly attached to each other; but as he was a Protestant and she a Catholic, they could not be united here, without a virtual renunciation, on his part, of the distinguishing features of his creed; and so they had come to France, in the hope that the less rigid forms of the church there would permit their marriage; but the ecclesiastical authorities did not feel

themselves at liberty to gratify their wishes. This was the more trying, as the wife of the Scotch merchant, under whose protection the young lady had come to Marseilles, was bound to her native hills, and the timid Tuscan could not discreetly return to Leghorn without her. This was their perplexing predicament, when I incidentally fell in with them. Discovering the character of my profession, probably from the *gravity* of my manner — for, reader, I am a more grave man than some passages of this paper might lead you to suppose — they consulted me on my willingness to perform the ceremony, and the extent of my privilege on this subject. I told them that the rite, as performed by me, would be sacred and sound, morally, the world over — civilly, in all protestant countries. This was enough. Their countenances lightened up; they rose as by one impulse, took each other by the hand — their hearts had been united long before — were wed, and were happy.

This was one of those bright spots which will occasionally occur in a man's life; and though I felt sufficiently compensated in having contributed, in this form, to their happiness, yet several gold pieces, massive and bright, soon came to acknowledge me as their owner. But *these* did not much avail me; for the ladies then declaring it highly improper that a gentleman, not married himself, should be benefitted by marrying others, formed a conspiracy against these little fellows of the yellow jacket, and the result was, they were all dissolved in ice-creams and other delicious confectionaries. I have ever found that it is better in such cases to yield at once; for I had rather contend against twenty robbers, armed with pistols and knives, than one lady, in the dexterous use of her innocent gifts of beauty, wit, and smiles. We *must* yield — it is a law of nature — and yield not only a few sequins, but that cherished *independence* as dear to many as life itself. Dazzled, bewildered, and fascinated, we cast it down, in one mass, and seem to riot in the sacrifice we have made. If love be not a sweet insanity, I am mistaken!

I said we had reached Leghorn; and my first inquiry was for the residence of this recently united couple; for the first moon had not yet waned on their wedded life. I found them in a quiet vine-clad villa, crowning an eminence that swells up among the green hills which overlook the town. He was sitting in the saloon, with a volume of Burns in his hand; she was at the harp, giving the overflowings of her happy heart to its warbling wires. They received me as if I had been the embodied spirit of their enjoyment. I had but a few moments to stay: I could have lingered there a long time; for, like every thing else I ever yet saw, in human shape, I love to be complimented and caressed; but I was obliged to leave them. They accompanied me down through the embowered walk of the garden to its gate; and on parting, he ascribed the happiness of his condition to my friendly offices; and she, pointing to the green leaves, told me that these might wither, but that there was a grateful remembrance of my kindness in her heart, that would never fade. I assured her the obligations were on my part — that I was happy in seeing her so; and though I had not exacted that bridal kiss, yet — and here she liquidated the claim, before the sentence that might have involved it could be uttered. Reader, forgive that indiscre-

tion; it was not my fault, for what I said was wholly without an intended meaning; neither was it hers—for it was the overflowing of irrepressible gratitude. I broke from them, and wending my solitary way back to town, felt, for once at least, very much dissatisfied with a single life.

The next morning we started for Pisa; but shall I pass over the night that intervened? It was not a night of soft dreams, and delicious visions; it was more like the last hours of one expiring on the rack. I had supped upon lobster, and it lay upon the functions that should have overmastered it, like an indissoluble rock. I had every reason, from previous experience, to apprehend such a result; but such a silly compound is human nature, I must try again the tempting bait; and dearly did I pay back in penitence the price of my weakness. I never could persuade myself that this animal was originally intended to be eaten; I rather inclined to the belief, and am now fully confirmed in it, that he was intended as a visible personation of the Evil One. But I must confess, to tell the truth, that I owe this deformity of the deep an old grudge; for my nurse, when I was yet a child, ran at me, with one of them twisting and sprawling in her hand. I was so terrified, that, for a year, there was no perceptible growth, in body, bone, or limb; and this is the reason why I have never reached the stature to which my lineage entitled me. The reader may perhaps think this a small matter, but I can assure him I do not; for there is in man an innate reverence for height. Never shall I forget the admiring wonder with which I listened, as my nurse would tell me of the giant who stepped over mountains and seas as if they had been mere ant-hills and puddles, and who shook the pea-vines and plumb-trees that grew in the moon! Dear woman! I forgive her the wrong she did me in the fright, for the marvellous creations that laughed and wept, whispered and thundered, through her stories. If there is about me the least touch of romance, the least love of the wonderful, I owe it all to her. She filled my infant dreams with beings of another order—with a love and madness that are not ours; with exultations and agonies, that belong not to man; with the sigh of winds, and the shout of torrents, that move not on this earth. But I forget the lobster. If I ever again, on going to rest, eat another, may I awake in his likeness!

The next day, taking a light, compact carriage, drawn by two Tuscan horses, of vigorous limb and free spirits, we crossed the wide plain which borders, in rampant fertility, the banks of the Arno, and arrived at Pisa. Our first and most eager visit was paid to the cathedral, and its contiguous monuments. For we were like an ambitious man looking out for a wife, who glances about at once for the queen of the circle; and, after all, this may not be so injudicious a method as might at first appear; for if the arrow fails of reaching the bird on the topmost twig of the tree, it may strike one beneath; and it is not always the highest bird that has the sweetest voice, and the richest plumage. The wild goose always flies high; the hawk and crow rest on lofty and barren limbs, except when engaged in rapine and plunder; they then, like human nature committing vice, descend: but they have the advantage over us; they can re-mount;



but man once in the slough, is ever apt to find there his home and his grave.

It is strange that a look for the cathedral should have brought me into this moral mire; for nothing can be more unlike it, as it is not only invested with the inspiring sentiments of its design, but a deep charm, caught from the silent lapse of six centuries. Its dimensions grand and colossal; its architecture verging upon the massive force of the Gothic; its material too firm and enduring to be corroded by time; its lofty doors of solid bronze, wrought into a maze of expressive relief; its long, sweeping aisles, separated only by stately columns of oriental granite and marble; its pavement, laid in rich mosaic, and the rosy light streaming through the stained windows, and bathing every object in hues of softest vermilion — all impress the stranger with the costly magnificence of this sacred pile. Yet, with all these excellencies, the cathedral has defects, and violations of taste, which cannot escape the most untutored eye. The peristyle of the central nave, instead of being the support of incongruous arches, should pillar at once a deep dome, consonant with its majesty; and the shafts of the side isles, instead of wandering off into the form of a cross, should have preserved their rectilineal position, and maintained, as far as compatible with the strange mixture of their orders, the unity and harmony of the main design. The marble pulpit, instead of reposing on the shoulders of a statue, bending in agony under its pressing weight, should rest upon something more substantial, more calm, more in keeping with the place, and the serene truths it unfolds: and the satyrs, which figure on the tombs of the great, look as if they were holding a revelry over death. One would hardly wish to awake, even at the last day, under the sneering laughter of such beings.

The baptistry, standing in self-relying separation from the cathedral, presents a lofty rotunda, reared of the most precious materials, and combining an assemblage of beauties and blemishes, unequalled in any other monument of the middle ages. Standing in the centre, and looking up through the showering expression of its gorgeous features, you are as much at a loss whether to admire and acquit, or regret and condemn, as was the susceptible judge, pronouncing sentence on an erring female, whose beauty had touched his heart, and bewildered his oath. The profusion of ornaments; arches swelling over arches, to no visible purpose, and columns towering above columns, without an object; with the splendors of the dome floating, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, dazzle your vision, and overpower your critical judgment. Nor is your perplexing wonder diminished, when you are told that this magnificent pile is consecrated to the christening of those little beings who have just budded to the light. The tomb of Agamemnon is an appropriate memorial of his greatness — a befitting emblem of his fame; but this sumptuous mass towers immeasurably above its occupation.

Near by, stands the Campanile, or Leaning Tower, celebrated alike for the beauty of its architecture, and the mysteries of its inclination. Eight peristyles, rising over each other, in lightness and grace, to the summit, relieve the solitude of its elevation, and elegantly robe its naked majesty. You ascend to the top, by a spiral

stair-way, leading steeply up through the interior, and as you emerge to the light, at an elevation of one hundred and seventy feet, you feel amply compensated for the fatigues of the ascent, in the wide and rich prospect spread beneath. From the broad and fertile valley through which the Arno rolls its waters, the eye turns, in wilder wonder, to the lofty peaks of the Appenines, piercing the distant sky, or to the waves of the Mediterranean, ever rolling and rejoicing in their light and strength. The inclination of this tower has been ascribed by some to an eccentricity of taste in the artist; but it more probably lost its perpendicular in the unequal settling of the foundation. I state this reasonable conjecture reluctantly; for, so far as it may have influence, it must mar the beautiful mystery that has hung for ages around this monument, like a soft cloud veiling a mountain pinnacle. People like so dearly to be imposed upon, and find so much pleasure in the marvellous, that I would not, were it in my power, destroy their belief in a ghost, the sea-serpent, or the man in the moon. I regret that the recent discoveries in *that* orb have been confessed a hoax; they were fast gaining credence, and would soon have passed as genuine and modest, not excepting even those winged men-bats, and that crystal, three hundred and fifty miles in length. Were people as credulous, when informed of their weaknesses and errors, as they are when told of the antics of a hobgoblin, what a change it would bring upon the whole face of society!

At a slight remove from the cathedral, and in harmony with its sacred associations, lies the Campo Santo, or burial-place of the Pisian. It is an oblong square, tastefully walled in, and affording, around the interior, a paved walk, covered with gracefully-springing arcades, ornamented with vivid frescoes, and where the footstep of beauty bounds along lightly, as if decay and death were not there, Let nature be cheerful about our tombs; let the bird sing, and the violet bloom; but let man bring only the tribute of his tears. He will soon need, himself, this tender token of regard. There is no fellowship in the grave. Death gives us but one embrace, and that so cold and full of change, that they who have known us will know us no more. The earth of this cemetery was brought from Palestine, in the Pisian galleys, instead of the living beings who have perished in Lanfranche's crusade; and is held in such estimation, that the spirit which here resigns its mortal tenement, is supposed to be certainly thus far on its pilgrimage to *that land* of which this is only the faint type. Would there were some absolving soil, through which we might all pass, at last, purified, to the better country! Many, indeed, would think lightly of it, in their hours of health; but in the day of death, it would be their only object of solicitude. Why then turn from that fountain, whose waters can wash out the deepest stains, and from which the soul may pass without a blemish to the bosom of its God?

The antiquity of Pisa is not a subject of greater curiosity to the stranger, than of pride to the Pisians. They trace their origin to the veins and adventures of a few brave Greeks, who, after the results of the Trojan war, wandered hither from the banks of the Alpheus; and this high descent, seemingly so full of vanity and fable, is partially confirmed, by the authority of Strabo. But the separate dignity and

political existence of Pisa were at length lost in the all-absorbing power of Rome. Yet when that frightful despotism had fallen in ruins, and left only darkness and crime in its place, Pisa came forth in the form of a republic; and so far from evincing the feebleness of age, exhibited the energies of fresh, exulting youth. Corsica and Sardinia bowed to her prowess; Naples and Palermo obeyed her dictates; and even Carthage surrendered the treasures of its pride and fame. Her voice was heard, in the shape of law, among the hills of Palestine, and inspired a submissive respect along the castled banks of the Tiber. Her eminence in letters, her achievements in the arts, no less than the triumphs of her valor, excited the warm wonder of mankind, broke up the sleep of surrounding nations, and covered Italy with the splendors of a fresh morn.

But decay and ruin have now cast their deep sepulchral shadows over all the pride and magnificence of the Pisians. Their palaces have crumbled; their lights of science have been extinguished; their commerce departed; their population gone down to the grave; and even their beautiful harbor, where once floated innumerable ships, the sands of the Arno have filled, till the weeds and the wild-grass wave there, as if it had ever been a stranger to the keel and the oar. Silence reigns in the untrodden streets, and the lofty arches of her marble bridge, which once echoed to the stirring tread of thousands, are now gloomily still, as the trees that bend in darkness over the fabled river of death. Looking upon Pisa, you feel as you would were you bending over the grave of the one you love. You almost forget the beauty that remains, in the light and charms that are fled. Could we lift but one veil, it would be that which conceals the Past!

#### LABORS OF LOVE.

'STRUGGLER with ocean's foam,  
Wherefore upon the wild and stormy deep,  
Where the wind-spirits their rude pastime keep,  
Dost thou all lonely roam?  
The sailor's eye gleam'd 'neath its lash damp with foam —  
'Tis for those whom I love, in my own calm home!

'Wand'rer on foreign strand,  
Why art thou there, scath'd by the hot simoon —  
Fainting with chill of night and glare of noon,  
Far from thy father-land?  
The step of the wand'rer grew light on the sand —  
'For the lov'd ones of home, in my own green land!

'Warrior in battle hour,  
Whence is thy kindling eye — the lip of pride —  
Thy stately tread — when Death roams wide,  
In his withering power?  
A swift flush softened that stern, dark brow:  
'Tis for my own free home I am warring now!

'Haunter of Learning's cell!  
Pale, wasting by the taper's sickly light  
Thy lip's fresh hue, whence is thy spirit's might  
In long deep thought to dwell?  
The gifted one turned from his ancient tome —  
'Tis for those whom I love, in my own glad home!

## GOD IN NATURE.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

'WHAT learn we from the past? — the same  
 Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom;  
 I asked the future, and there came  
 No voice from its unfathomed womb:  
 The sun was silent, and the wave;  
 The air but answered with its breath:  
 But earth was kind, and from the grave  
 Arose the eternal answer — Death!'

FAIRLAND.

CAN it be so? No voice! — no sign! —  
 No light to solve the mystery —  
 To tell earth's erring denizen  
 Wherefore he lives — his destiny?  
 And doth the dark and dreary tomb  
 Involve in an eternal gloom?

Is man thrown on the sea of life  
 By chance — without or chart or guide —  
 No change nor check, no hope nor star,  
 To lead him o'er that ocean wide? —  
 At last, on death's stern, wreck-lined shore  
 To strand, and sleep for evermore!

Go in the hush of dewy morn,  
 Where glittering gems of rainbow-tinge  
 Clothe bending bough, and waving grain,  
 And shining lakelet's reedy fringe;  
 When painted bloom and fragrant flower  
 Yield to the wind their eden-dower.

And open then thine eye and ear,  
 And let thy better self prevail;  
 Look out upon the glowing land —  
 The freshness of the breeze inhale.  
 Then say if thy enraptured glance  
 Embraces but the work of chance!

Go at the sultry summer noon,  
 When Silence, with her mystic spell,  
 Enchains the forest, and keeps watch  
 O'er cliff and wave, o'er field and fell;  
 When cease the panting birds to sing,  
 And scarce an insect tries its wing!

When e'en the zephyrs hold their breath,  
 And, fainting in the stilly heat,  
 The dust-soiled traveller longs for rest —  
 In some green nook, a cool retreat;  
 Seest thou nought around thee there,  
 That speaks an overruling care?

Go at the evening hour of rest,  
 When weary task and toil is done,  
 And from the blue hills of the west  
 With lingering look departs the sun;  
 When sleeping earth and heaving tide  
 Are flushed in radiance, far and wide;

And from the heaven's purple depths,  
In many a broad and wavy fold,  
Hang out the banners of the storm,  
Glowing in sapphire, crimson, gold,  
Upon the azure bounds of day! —  
Whence is that glorious display?

Go trace some babbling streamlet's course,  
That windeth far through olden woods;  
And sit thee on some moss-grown trunk,  
Deep in their dreamy solitudes,  
Where in the unsunned, breezeless glooms,  
In music wave the tall fern plumes.

Where in the deep repose, may'st hear  
The whirring of the rich leaf's fall;  
Unclose the avenues of the soul —  
Dost hear no calm 'still voice and small,'  
That whispereth of a Power supreme?  
That tells thee life is *not* a dream?

Go climb with slow and weary toil,  
The mountain's battlemented steep,  
Adown whose crags is hurled the spoil  
Of many a forest-king — where leaps  
The torrent in its wild career,  
While shake its barriers as in fear!

Climb, till upon its storm-scathed top,  
Alone thou standest in the dome,  
And let thy weary, 'wildered eye  
Over the far, dim prospect roam —  
Dost hear no silvery voice — no sound  
Upwaving from the blue profound?

Look out upon the trackless sea —  
Its mighty energies at rest;  
When sleeps the green isle tranquilly  
Upon its waveless, glassy breast,  
And far remote, the swan-white sail  
Lies lingering for the ficke gale:

Or when the storm hath torn its depths,  
And heaved its mountain waves on high,  
And wildly o'er the booming waste  
The laboring bark is seen to fly;  
And iron bolt and oaken grain  
Can scarce withstand the frantic main!

When 'tramp the waves with heavy march,'  
And far along the ragged shore  
The billow's adamantine guards  
Rock to the ocean's swelling roar!  
While in the frantic revelry  
Exult the monsters of the sea!

Or trace the tempest far away,  
To where it furls its elfin wings;  
And round some lonely island-bay,  
In low, ethereal whisperings,  
Midst glens and groves in beauty drest,  
Out-worn, it sings itself to rest!

While yet the terrors of the strife  
Are working in the blue, lone deeps;  
And ever moving onward still,  
The weary, weltering billow sweeps —  
Seest thou no guiding spirit here?  
Nor in the calm, nor storm's career?

## P E D A G O G Y .

'WHENEVER the aim of our teachers shall be elevated to the true end of education, there will be less lack of dignity or honor in the calling, however it may be with the emoluments of it.'

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR DEC., 1836.

IT is hard to write seriously upon a subject which has ever been matter of ridicule. But the word at the head of our article has claims to careful attention. The Pedagogue has held a most equivocal place in public estimation. In the abstract, he is lifted ever so high. In public addresses, 'spirits of the age,' 'onward progresses,' and all the closet enthusiasm of writers, no man could wish for more adulation than the 'teacher' receives, as he is then called, by way of compliment; but when our enthusiasm is a little over, and we descend to earth from these high elevations that so widen our vision, he is then 'the school-master,' or 'poor pedagogue,' another name for a ridiculous person, with some knowledge of books, and none of the world, who, installed behind a high desk, strikes terror into boyhood, and engrafts upon it, by kicks, cuffs, and blows, certain indispensable rules of reading, writing, and arithmetic, prior to the time when their real education shall begin, behind a counter, or in the improving employment of doing up parcels, and running of errands. Walter Scott, in *Dominie Sampson*, has inflicted a wound upon Pedagogy, the scar of which will never be effaced; and Washington Irving, in *Ichabod Crane*, has struck daggers into the dignity of the calling; the Stage has had no bowels of compassion for the persecuted race, and Painting has added her mite to its bitterness. All the small fry of imitators have copied these laughable distortions of human nature, until to be a pedagogue is to run the gauntlet of a certain portion of society; not the literary and well-educated portion, for so necessary an occupation is not undervalued by men of sense. By 'certain portion,' we mean second-rate lawyers, or as they would be called in England, *scriveners*; merchants, whose weekly literature is contained in their *blotter* and *day-book*, and who form their moral codes, on Sunday, over their *ledger*; all quacks and pill-mongers, who get their living so easily by imposition, that they look with pity and contempt upon all labor of any kind; all money-lenders, at exorbitant interest, and speculators in wild lands, who look for sudden fortunes; all politicians for a living and not for patriotism; dandies, idlers — all foolish people, in short, be they more or less. Yes, all these despise and underrate our business.

We would have such follow us as we trace the origin of this fated word. Pedagogue is derived from the Greek noun *παις*, *παιδοσ*, a child, and the verb *αγω*, to lead — to lead a child; or from the Latin *pes*, *pedis*, a foot, pl. *pedes*, and the Greek verb — to lead the feet. The latter derivation we prefer, because 'to lead a child' may mean merely to take care of his physical being, the task of a servant; while 'to lead the feet,' implies a moral power over his volitions by motives; a more pleasant employment, and nearer to the truth, beside. The feet stand, by a very common figure, for the whole body, or rather for the most important part of man, his mind, particularly

among Scripture writers. The disciples of Jesus 'sat at his feet,' and 'followed in his foot-steps.' The Psalmist prays that his 'feet may not be led astray;' Jesus washed his disciples' feet, which act, in our opinion, teaches a great deal more than gentle humility. But we have said enough to prove the dignity of the title, *pedagogue*; and though we hold it in common with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, we must confess they did not have the advantage of desks and school-houses, nor the pains of the confinement, either. Socrates was followed by his disciples, or learners, along the banks of the Ilyssus; they sat together beneath the shades of the Lyceum, and listened to the play of its fountains. Plato, with his pupils, frequented the groves of Academus, among whom was Aristotle, who became the tutor of Alexander. The dignity of the ancient pedagogues is enhanced by the beautiful freedom of their lives, spent in those retreats sacred to Apollo, and adorned by the patronage of Pericles, Pisistratus, and Lycurgus. They were surrounded by beauty, both of nature and art; and their illustrious pupils lent the willing ear of admiration to their precepts.

The term *pedagogue* is too dignified a title to apply to those who temporarily fill its *place*. They cannot discharge its *duties*. More ready are we to excuse the ridicule which makes it almost a term of contempt, since so many assume it who are disqualified for its office. What should we think of the man who should undertake to teach dancing, having no ear for music, receiving pay in advance, in order to pay his expenses in the study of medicine? Yet so it is. There is no fixed course of duties in pedagogy, as in dancing, and law, and medicine. The course of the *pedagogue* is discretionary — to be adapted to the order of mind and disposition he deals with. He is under general maxims, to be sure; but no two minds are so nearly alike as to receive verbatim the same training in particulars. It is this indefiniteness, unavoidable to the pursuit, that puts it in the power of any one to pretend to teach. 'The college student who seeks in winter the means of paying his summer quarter-bill; the young farmer, who turns school-master in winter, because he has nothing else to do in the winter months that is quite so profitable,\* can handle the ferule, and put money in their purse, to their own benefit, and to the injury of the *pedagogue* and his cause — we beg pardon, the cause of the public, and of liberty, and virtue, and religion — by creating dissatisfaction in the minds of parents against all schools, by their ill-performed services. Not by such specimens of the race of pedagogues — we rejoice in the title — were the great names of England trained. The masters of Westminster and Eton schools were tyrants, it may be, for it was the age of bigotry in some respects, and Solomon's saying was obeyed as a divine talisman of talent. It was the age of flogging, and the young noble lords had enough of it; but they had enough of taste and classical learning along with it to make them large amends. These schools were the fountain-heads of an era in mind. These were your true pedagogues, and has the glory departed?

\* American Quarterly Review, December, 1836, containing a very valuable article on popular education.

The world is under a mistake, a great mistake, upon this subject. The pedagogue is pitied : pitied ! — and for what ? Look at this picture — it might be true universally. It is a morning in spring. The air is alive with birds, and the odor of flowers ; the eye is greeted on every side by the green blades of grass, and the expanding leaf ; nature is rejoicing in her youth. Upon a gentle rise of ground, fronting a lake, and shaded by venerable elms, stands a building, as peculiar in its form, and as sacred in its uses, as a church. It is the school-house of a pedagogue, where he dispenses rules of grammar, rules of decorum and morality, and a rule of life. His disciples are scattered upon the green, awaiting his approach, at their games or at their studies, upon the benches under the trees. He comes. He is greeted with an universal smile. He walks on, not before nor behind, but along with his pupils to the house, chatting pleasantly as he goes of their games, or of the morning. Perhaps he discourses of the goodness of God in creating so beautiful a world for his creatures ; or perhaps he is engaged in examining a bunch of flowers, just presented to him by a blushing boy, whose neat dress and classical face already begin to show the empire of mind over matter. Their places are taken, not in sneaking fear or in riotous confusion, but politely, as one would enter the house of a gentleman. The morning thanksgiving is said, and duty proceeds ; for duty began at the door and on the way. Our pedagogue is in the midst of young friends, who love him and depend upon him. His heart gives back a sympathy. He learns, himself, while he teaches others. He discovers a new beauty, or runs into a new vein of thought, before he is aware. Mind is glowing about him. The atmosphere is mind. The world and its cares are shut out. He forgets that there are other beings in the world except himself and his pupils ; so absorbing is this communion of minds. He feels with Hazlitt, that the study of the classics is a discipline of humanity ; it gives men liberal views ; it accustoms the mind to take an interest in things foreign to itself ; to love virtue for its own sake ; to prefer fame to life, and glory to riches ; and to fix the thoughts on the remote and permanent, instead of narrow and fleeting objects. It teaches us to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion, and raises us above that low and servile fear which bows only to present power and upstart authority. The day closes, and, free from the rack of business, the concern for stocks, and ships, and accidents by flood and field, with a mind happy and elevated by a consciousness of duties faithfully discharged, he may devote himself as taste or inclination may prompt. If any occupation approaches the *otium cum dignitate* it is this ; for occupation, of some sort, there must always be, to keep the faculties healthy and vigorous. Every man, if he know his own interest, however wealthy or independent, will have some fixed, regular pursuit, that shall employ fixed hours ; and then his faculties will be systematized to enjoy rationally the remainder of his time. It is the privilege of the pedagogue that he enjoys this aid. His labors but fit him the better, by governing others, to govern himself ; by explaining minutely to others, he gains and fixes habits of minute investigation in his own private pursuits. But, more than all, he has golden views



of his profession. He feels that he is giving impulses to the world in the persons of his pupils, though their effect may be seen long after he himself shall be forgotten. Perhaps he may be mentioned after he is dead—the thought makes him grateful—as having assisted in forming the mind of some village Hampden or of the future historian or saviour of his country; but for this he is not anxious. Philosophy and Pedagogy go hand in hand.

There is one view of our subject, too important to be omitted. We refer to the *art* of teaching, as a distinct profession. Why is it that with our facilities for education, with so much will in all classes to forward the work, that so slow advances are made? It may be traced, we think, to the incompetency of teachers; a fault that can never be avoided, until this employment passes into a profession for life, as other occupations. The teacher must no longer depend upon the old veneration for his station. The clothes' philosophy has stripped him stark naked, as it has the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer. The wig like a wool basket, which the lawyer once wore, as if to impress some imaginary terror upon the vulgar as to the extent of his knowledge-box; the school-master's, somewhat smaller, to avoid action of trespass; the gold-headed cane of the doctor; the learned jargon of terms; the distant grandeur, the awful respect, these once excited, are all gone. The world, thank heaven, sees through the shallow artifice. Children no longer play at puppet-shows, and their parents are improved, too. Good clothes are a mockery, and people will have plenty to eat and drink. The only witches now are made of pith and lead, and descriptions of things answer somewhat to the originals. It is undoubtedly true, that civilization will be most advanced, where there is the greatest division of labor. The more the employments of life are separated into distinct arts, the greater will be the perfection of all. It is a great mistake, then, to overlook the profession of the pedagogue, for without his aid our press, our pulpit, our lyceums, are in vain.

What can be said to induce young men, who might succeed in the more stirring and active duties of life, to embrace this pursuit, and bring it to the point it should occupy in the attention and affections of all, not in the abstract, but in fact, in money, in emolument, in respectability? Do you love the pursuits of learning, but cannot afford to devote your life to them, urged by necessity to make money, why should you rush into professions, where to attain your object, an immediate support, you must make immense sacrifices? All the world will acknowledge that the *present* pays dearly for the quackery of the *past*, in law, and medicine, and divinity. A man of ingenuousness would blush, and no doubt often does, at being obliged to keep up a mystery that he would reveal, did it not give him his bread. We are not speaking of law, as Hooker described it, nor of medicine as Abernethy practised it, nor of divinity and religion, as many good men *live* it; but of the useless forms and processes which a poor man is obliged to pay for, in demanding or defending his legal rights, and the brown bread he takes in pills, under a new name. Why, we ask, if you are a young man, and love literature, do you not become a pedagogue? The employment, rightly pursued, may be made delightful. If you get the mastership of a city school, you will have

from \$1500 to \$2500 per annum. If you live in the country, and take one of the famous New-York academies, you will have from \$600 to \$1000 per annum. If a man has his library before hand, he may live happily, and rationally, and refinedly, upon either of these salaries.

Beside, the pleasures of the pedagogue are simple, and cost little. The air, the sun-light, the shade, the sight of cattle feeding on the green hill-sides — sparkling brooks, and gliding streams — the waving corn-field, the swooping flight of the lark — these are his pleasures, morning and evening. By night he has the stars. He can hold converse with nature, for

——— ‘ she speaks  
A various language. For his gayer hours,  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware.’

But we fear the objections are far greater in another respect. It is said that the pedagogue closes upon himself the door of political distinction. It is true, that pedagogues have rarely filled political office; but we presume they might have done so, if they had wished it, or at least have had the honor of being canvassed in the newspapers, and bespattered with the filth of party warfare. But we suspect the truth is, that the true pedagogue feels rather above such business; and although ready to serve his country with his vote and influence, still he believes he is doing a better service, in his vocation, to liberal and enlightened principles, than would result from the gratification of private ambition.

But a man must feel that he is living for some object, and the business of pedagogy is hardly acknowledged as an ultimate object of this life. It must be so. It must be represented. Its existence, individually, must begin. It must be separated from other business, and be viewed as a distinct profession. And now we feel ready to read and understand the quotation at the beginning of our remarks upon Pedagogy, by

A PEDAGOGUE.

#### APRIL SNOW.

It will not stay — the robe so pearly white,  
That fell in folds o'er nature's bosom bare,  
And sparkled in the winter moonbeam's light,  
A vesture pure as holy spirits wear —  
It will not stay! Look, how from open plain  
It melts beneath the glance of April's sun!  
Nor can the rock's cool shade the snow detain;  
E'en there it will not stay — its task is done:  
Why should it linger? Many-tinted flowers,  
And the green grass, its place will quickly fill,  
And, with new life from sun and kindly showers,  
Will deck again the meadow and the hill,  
Till we regret to see the earth resume  
This snowy mantle for her robe of bloom.

## THE FOREST CHILD: A SKETCH.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Oh! would that I were but a child again!  
 This idle wish burst from me, as I stood  
 Amid the dark cathedral of a wood,  
 Catching, with thought, half envious, a wild strain  
 Of distant laughter, that like music clear,  
 Rang in a childish cadence on my ear.  
 The scene, which spread before me, was a feast,  
 For eye and mind to rest on. Summer gay,  
 With her full, painted lip and eye's bright play,  
 Had sported through her sunny region's waste  
 Of deep-hued flowers, of every tint and dye,  
 To meet young Autumn, as he came quite nigh,  
 In coat of many colors; fair birthright  
 From Nature's parent hand, when forth she sent  
 That thoughtful child, with wonted tribute lent  
 To earth's wide confines. Here they met awhile  
 To bless and greet each other. Summer's smile  
 Still kindled all the landscape, though its light  
 Was mellow'd down, but yet o'ershadow'd not  
 By autumn's serious presence. 'T was a spot  
 I deem'd all rife with beauty, nor till now  
 Had dreamed at any other shrine to bow.

But that fresh burst of laughter! How it stir'd  
 Some hidden springs within! I lov'd no more  
 The wind's deep organ-notes, as o'er and o'er  
 It play'd its ceaseless anthem; nor yet heard  
 The haunted leaves' and rivulet's clear fall;  
 The hum of bees, the song of birds was done;  
 And when I caught that fine inflection, all  
 The harps of Nature seem'd quite out of tune.  
 For human tones had won me; and I mov'd,  
 With my first impulse guiding me, along  
 A scarce-defined wood-path, where a throng  
 Of vines and perfum'd shrubs, a barrier prov'd.  
 Till through the tangled web that hung around,  
 I pressed to where that child made holy ground.

I'll sketch the scene: methinks that it might be  
 Fit study for the painter. In the shade  
 Of an oak thicket, where the fitful breeze  
 Just stirred the crowding branches of the trees,  
 That closely grew, like sentinels array'd  
 In crowns of green, there stood a little child,  
 Scarce four years old. Around her, she had piled  
 A wealth of blossoms, and she seem'd to me  
 A bright creation, such as one might meet  
 In faery land. Her small and dimpled feet  
 Just broke the crystal mirror of a brook  
 That ran in circles round them; and her look  
 Spoke an intensity of earnest thought,  
 That yet with merry images was fraught,  
 As, with a parted lip and upraised hand,  
 She seem'd to listen. Soon her white brow flush'd,  
 With wrapt attention, and the breath seem'd hush'd  
 Within her bosom, as by some slight wand,  
 Too delicate for vision. But at last  
 A sudden gladness flitted o'er her face,  
 And clasping her fair fingers, with new grace,  
 She yielded to a most mysterious burst  
 Of unchain'd laughter. Then my heart did thirst  
 To know what thus could move her, and I pass'd,  
 Regardless of its shallow, devious track,  
 Over the pebbly streamlet, and drew near  
 Unto the merry urchin. Half in fear,

She took my proffered hand, and tossing back  
 Her sunny curls, said, pointing to a bush,  
 'See, yonder bird, it calls me. Every day,  
 It comes and sits upon that very spray,  
 And calls me by my name. But listen!—hush!

Pleas'd with the girl's wild fancy, I look'd up,  
 And mark'd the tiny songster, as it hung,  
 Pecking the rain-drops from the acorn's cup,  
 Then singing on, until the wide woods rang  
 With the rich music of that minstrel wild,  
 And the far sweeter laughter of that child.  
 I left the pretty dreamer; but oft now,  
 When wearied with the fever of this earth,  
 Where childhood's pure imaginings find birth  
 But once, and never more, I love to go,  
 In mental flight, and conjure up again  
 That picture of the green-wood. Not in vain,  
 I trust, may be the prayer that oft I raise  
 For that young maiden. Would to God some spell  
 Were mine, to circle all her future days,  
 And guard the freshness of her being well!

*Charleston, (S. C.) May, 1837.*

M. E. L.

## FRANCIS MITFORD.

### PART ONE.

THE commercial metropolis of Great Britain was the birth-place of our hero, and the agency of several West India plantations conferred wealth and respectability on his family; so that if Mitford was not destined to inherit the honors of a long line of titled ancestors, he possessed all the more solid refinements of aristocracy which wealth can purchase.

These were the palmy days of West India interests, and West India agencies, when the commissions on rum and sugar, (vulgar articles enough, in themselves,) enabled the careful, plodding merchant to maintain his splendid mansion and equipage, in the very vicinity of courtly wealth. These days are now past; the era of philanthropic principles has enabled the British ministers to levy twenty millions on the suffering artisans of Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, to subtract an additional potato from the humble meal of the Irish peasant, and by adding additional sufferings at home, to purchase the desolation of England's insular colonies.

After these premises, it is needless to say, that young Mitford received an education proportioned to his expectations, or rather that he had the opportunity of receiving one. He was visited with the usual applications of the ferule for the neglect of his grammar lessons, dozed over the elementary classics, stuck pins upright in his tutor's seat, for the purpose of witnessing the discomfiture caused by the derangement of the centre of gravity, and by way of rewarding him for his attention; saluted all the pretty maid servants, ay, and even the instructor's daughter, if she came in his way, on the advent of a new year; and, as a matter of course, got flogged, or as it is technically termed, 'horsed,' for his impertinence.

Oh, England, England! how in thy youthful seminaries do thy rising

generation suffer! How is each lesson moistened by their tears, and each trifling fault expiated by their groans! How must the effect of these mansions of oppression ruin and pervert the mind in after life, destroy every germ of humanity, corrode the temper, and often quell the spirit! How can it excite wonder, if at maturity thy young men find their favorite amusements in the prize-ring, and the cock-pit; or if countless thousands witness with delight, the brutal triumph of the Lion Nero over the suffering dogs, who are goaded to attack him.

It is but eking out the early lessons — but filling up the sketch of youthful education. Can any but the least refined impressions be conferred by twenty, thirty, nay, fifty stripes of a 'cat,' often inflicted by a menial, chosen for possessing the accomplishment of a vigorous arm, at the command of a capricious or brutal master, and sometimes for a very venial error? At an English school, he is the best boy, among the boys, who bears his stripes with the most Spartan fortitude, and shows by his after conduct at school, that they have failed to correct him.

How often have I trembled for the minor branches, when I have seen the fond mother directing her spouse's attention to the pompous and specious advertisement, glowing in good set terms, in the 'Herald' or the 'Times,' 'Respectable Seminary at Clapham; 'Excellent Education at Prospect-Hill;' 'The most refined system of instruction pursued at the establishment in the sweet retirement of Orwood Vale,' 'Terms only fifty guineas per annum.' Alas! 'respectable seminary,' 'excellent education,' 'refined instruction' — much abused terms! From sad experience, you convey to my mind only the disagreeable vision of weak tea and scanty bread and butter; plundered trunks; heavy charges for items never received, and the abundant exercise of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

'They manage these things better in France.' There, 'sans récréation,' 'pain sec,' 'au caveau,' are the usual scholastic visitations; and for grave errors, expulsion — a disgrace seldom incurred, and the effects of which are seldom surmounted. But the 'cat,' never.

In England, with stripes, the youth of the seminaries are in general insolent to their masters, rude in their social intercourse, and annoying, if not destructive, to those who have the misfortune to be their neighbors. In France, without stripes, the pupils are respectful to their instructors, polite in their intercourse with each other, and innocuous, at least, if not agreeable, to their neighbors. Notwithstanding the after thought of Napoleon at St. Helena, I verily believe the French system to be the best, judging from its effects. The mass of the people of France, malgré the statistics of Baron Dupin, and the croaking of English journalists, I pronounce, from observation, to be the most intellectual, and consequently the most cultivated, in Europe: as for the mass of the people of England, I believe they have much to learn before they can, in many particulars, claim equality with their neighbors, whom they affect to despise.

But flogging must be good. It is preserved in the army and navy. Consult the officers of each. They undoubtedly pronounce it so. Consult the members of the Inquisition. Ask them if their mode of sending souls to the other world, by stripes and *autos-da-fe*, is not the

very best mode of securing salvation. They will no doubt furnish you with interminable arguments in its favor.

Let us transport ourselves to St. Stephen's Chapel. We are speaking of a time anterior to its destruction. The question is the suppression of flogging in the navy. We arrive just at the close of the debate.

An honorable member, his *recherché* toilette, his air and manner, all announce the *homme distingué*. Of course, he is a very fit person to judge of the feelings and position of sailors on board a man-of-war. He is the most honorable and sensitive man in existence, and consequently best able to judge of the feelings of others. He has fought six duels for the slightest imputations, and mortally wounded two of his opponents. Dare any one inflict personal chastisement on him? Nothing short of the life of the aggressor would satisfy his craving honors! Let us hear what he says, when the question is to flog sailors.

'MR. SPEAKER: Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I feel it incumbent on me to say something on this most momentous question. It is proposed, Sir, should this motion succeed, to do what? Virtually to abolish all discipline in our navy, for with the discipline of our navy, flogging is intimately connected. Has it not been a practice, Sir, from time immemorial, in our navy? And why should we disturb what good old custom has sanctioned? (Hear! hear! from a number of members possessing church patronage, and fearful of innovation.) Have not, Sir, the battles of Aboukir, Trafalgar, and Navarino, been fought and won under the present system?—and why not let well enough alone? (Loud cries of hear! hear! from a batch of pensioners.) Sir, a sufficient quantity of flogging is as necessary to a sailor, as a sufficient quantity of beef and biscuit. It is a stimulus to his exertion, as well as a suppression of his vice. Why should sailors complain of flogging? Have we not all been flogged, and felt its beneficial effects at school? (Universal cries of hear! hear! from all parts of the house, for all the honorable members had been flogged.) But, Sir, if we want a convincing proof of its absolute necessity, let us look at the example of the United States, where the wildest visions of theoretical liberty have been reduced to practice, and where flogging has been found indispensable to the maintenance of naval discipline.'

The honorable member sat down amid loud cries of 'hear! hear!' particularly from those members who having all their lives strenuously opposed the progress of American principles, are glad to draw any argument from them in favor of despotism.

The next who rises, is a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, a K. C. B. He has been a perfect Martinet in his day. During the debate, he has been muttering within his teeth, 'Confound these fellows!—can't they let *us* alone? How many hundreds have I had flogged, in my time, all for their own good, too.' He says:

'MR. SPEAKER: I certainly cannot be accused of want of humanity. I gave my strenuous support to the bill of the Honorable member for Galway, for the suppression of cruelty to animals, and very properly, too, Sir. It becomes every gentleman to be careful of his horses, and that they are not maltreated by his servants. Horse-flesh is a dear article. I have several in my stables, that cost upward of five hundred guineas; but who ever heard of a sailor being so expensive? To be sure they work like horses, but they do not cost so much. Beside, the flogging inflicted on them is under our own eye; and who will doubt but that we know what is best for them? The success of this motion I am certain the sailors themselves don't desire. They are attached to the system. No, Mr. Speaker; let Philanthropy stalk abroad in our colonies, reform our factories, and abolish the tread-mill in our prisons; but for Heaven's sake, touch not flogging in our navy! In that it may be said we have a vested interest. Vested interests let us not touch. These are the most sacred portions of the British Constitution.'

The Vice-Admiral sits down, amid loud cries of 'hear, hear,' and 'question,' from the boroughmongers, pensioners, place-hunters and

sinecurists — all mightily tickled with the idea of vested interests. The House divides :

For the motion,	49
Against	320

Majority in favor of flogging sailors, and against humanity,	271
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Oh legislators ! whether of Westminster or of Washington — ye who advocate flogging, deserve the application of the recipe.

‘ Who eat fat capons, should themselves be fat.’

‘ Who flogging advocate, should themselves be flogged.’ If flogging be so good a thing, let there be an equality of it. Let it proceed from the navy board to the admiral, from the admiral to the captain, from the captain to the lieutenants, and from the lieutenants to the mids, who, by-the-by, might be sometimes specially benefitted by the application.

Sailors ! you are expected to fight like heroes, while you are treated like helots. Republican principles ! shall the flag that floats over our marine, never behold your triumph !

But let us draw a line, and return to our story.

OUR hero was in due time translated to Cambridge, where he walked the classic halls of St. John, drove the most elegant phaëton to be seen on the banks of the Cam, lost a few thousands to the eldest sons of dukes, fired a few shots at the youngest sons of barons, stammered through Homer, skipped Euclid, and left college for his travels, without a degree.

The barons of old disdained the acquirement of letters. People of a certain condition, in modern times, are satisfied with very superficial attainments. To be a pedant or a *bas bleu*, is voted vulgar.

Our hero first flew to Paris. It is strange that the English, who until lately hated the French, and still affect to condemn them, should nevertheless think themselves the happiest mortals on earth, when they can ensconce themselves in the Gallic capital. The Champs Elysées, Jardins des Plantes, Boulevards, and restaurateurs, are infested by the Anglo-Saxons. Many a smile do their stiff figures excite among the jaunty and mercurial Frenchmen. It must nevertheless be confessed, that, transport a dozen of these same Frenchmen to London, the force of contrast exhibits them in the same ridiculous light.

The superior cheapness of chateau margaux, chambertin, champagne, and the other luxuries of life, has no doubt something to do with this English emigration. But it must, beside, undoubtedly be attributed to the acknowledgment of superior national grace, of which they hope to catch a flying ray.

Our hero of course visited the Tuilleries, where the Eighteenth Louis still presided, thanks to a second restoration. Now he had imbibed in his English education certain ideas, or prejudices, if you will, which are inseparable from a thorough-bred Englishman. He had heard of the battle of Waterloo, but not a word of the arrival

of the Prussians just in the nick of time. He had heard of a vast expenditure of blood and treasure by the British people, (highly disinterested, no doubt,) to place the Bourbons upon the throne; and, as a matter of course, he conjectured that every thing and every body, English, were and ought to be the subject of supreme adoration in France.

Shall we describe the grand stair-case of the Tuilleries, through which our hero ascended to the royal presence? No, nor even the levee itself, nor the royal personage celebrated for his attachment to '*contelettes au veau*.' Suffice it to say, there was the usual display of gilding, and of mirrors generously reflecting back the beauty which shone on them. The ladies were, as usual, somewhat embarrassed with their trains, and the gentlemen with their swords; and there was the usual quantity of bows and smiles, which always have existed, and always will exist, while kings have favors to bestow, and courtiers are craving to receive them.

His heavy majesty received our hero with the politeness of a gentleman, and the dignity of a monarch. But he perceived that his being an Englishman, gave him no extraordinary claims to regal consideration. He was neither invited to dine *tête-à-tête* with Majesty, nor to dance with the Duchesse d'Angoulême. He actually discovered, with indignation, that French armies were commanded by French generals, French councils 'guided by French ministers, and the rentes regulated by French financiers. He became convinced that the simplest Englishman from England did not pair with the most exalted in France. Shocked at the announcement at every corner, of '*les Anglais pour rire*,' he retired to his apartments in the Place Vendôme, to write a long chapter on the ingratitude of the Bourbons, French frivolity, and the folly of the battle of Waterloo.

Our hero remained a sufficient time at Paris to add to his stock of French and foibles, and quitted that capital for Vienna, where he astonished the staid Germans by his Parisian vivacity and English liberality. He gazed, at Dresden, on the fair ladies knitting at the opera, and admired the contrivance of bells, by which their sage mamma's are enabled to judge of their occupations in the most remote part of the paternal mansion; wept over the sorrows of the Poles at Cracow, and heartily wished all the Russian garrison in the Vistula; but he eschewed the more intimate portion of the Autocrat's dominions, dreading a journey to Siberia.

He galloped through Poland, that is as fast as the roads would permit him, flew through Germany, steamed the Rhine, and found himself in London at the age of twenty-one.

Here let us draw a line.

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It must be acknowledged to be a very inconvenient, not to say unhandsome proceeding, on the part of papas — that is of papas, who have any portion of the world's goods to leave behind them — not merely to endure, but to hold out a prospect of enduring, many years after their sons have arrived at man's estate, and are in fit mood of mind to enjoy their patrimony, if they could only get at it.



To be sure, there is no legislative enactment on the subject. The civilization of the age is not yet sufficiently advanced. But we would seriously recommend to all papas the extreme discourtesy of keeping their sons out of their patrimony later, at all events, than their twenty-second year, and hope they will profit by so sage and comfortable a remonstrance.

Now our hero's sire was in advance of the illumination of the times; for shortly succeeding the majority of his son, he actually bade adieu to this breathing world, leaving him his only heir, in clear and undisputed possession of five thousand per annum.

'What a hundred pretty things,' says Lady Townley, 'can be purchased with a hundred pounds!' How many more pretty things can be purchased with five thousand per annum. Even in London, it will procure some of the ordinary decencies of life. Let us see. It will buy the use of a fashionable house at the West End; a fashionable chariot; a box at Epsom; the entrée of White's and Brooke's; the smiles of all good dames who have portionless daughter's; the good word of every ruined roué to whom you chose to lend twenty pieces; and, what is better than all, an introduction to civilized society; for it is not all society that comes exactly under that denomination.

But our hero determined to be economical; and he thus made a programme of his expenses:

House in Baker-street,	-	-	-	-	-	-	£ 500	per annum.
Bachelor's Domestic Establishment,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2500	" "
<i>Menus Plaisirs</i> ,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1000	" "
Stud on a limited scale,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1000	" "
							<hr/> £5000	

Behold our hero installed in his own mansion — the hour is mid-day — sipping his chocolate with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and skimming the pages of the last number of the Court Journal. A visitor is announced: the extended hand is proffered him.

'My dear Grogam how de do? Any thing novel? What new star has illumined the horizon of the theatrical firmament?

'Nothing new, my dear fellow; the theatres are as dull as a debate on the corn laws, or Catholics; even the aid of Italian pantomime has failed to animate them. I really fear, *faute de mieux*, we shall be all forced to church. But how do you manage to rise so early?

'Early? Why it is extremely late. 'I generally rise with the sun.'

'My dear fellow, if you really are, or ever have been, guilty of so *bourgeois* a custom, renounce it altogether! I assure you, no man of the least fashion has any idea of sun-rise, except on the painter's canvass. For myself, to bad habits I am the most indulgent of mortals; but to hear you avow this to any one else, would make me crimson like the roseate east.'

'How is it, then, I see you so early?'

'The story is soon told. Late at the opera, late at the House, late at White's, and early on a visit. In fact, the last *noctes* has not seen me press my couch.'

'How laborious you are, my dear Grogram! But every true patriot must suffer in the cause of his country.'

'Yes,' sighed Grogram: 'it often astonishes me, when I think of my labors. I actually rose at half-past two, yesterday — afternoon, understand me — rode to the House at five, and before eleven, assisted in voting away eleven millions of the public money.'

'Your labors merit the peerage.'

'Yes. I have often suggested to the minister, how much better it would be to vote the whole, *en masse*, than to drivel away the time of honorable members, by peddling at a few hundred thousands per vote, and constantly returning to the charge.'

'It would certainly be much more convenient,' said Mitford, smiling; 'but the people have such strange notions of economy.'

'Oh, abominable! Only think of that man HUME making such an outcry against an additional half-million for Buckingham Palace, and at those convenient situations of which the only duty is to write a receipt for the salary, and which so many of my own family support the dignity of the constitution by filling. I should not doubt if, in the course of a few centuries, people of condition would actually be obliged to work, like mere clerks, in the discharge of their official duties. Oh, England! how are thy glories flitting! But *à propos* of labors. Do you know why Hercules was the least busy of accoucheurs?'

'No.'

'Why, he never attended to more than twelve labors, during the whole course of his existence.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'Why did Horace fly from the battle of Philippi?'

'I am quite at fault.'

'Merely to show he was no *lame* poet.'

'Again. Why does a sigh-heaver carry a greater load than a coal-heaver?'

'You must solve it.'

'Because a coal-heaver has a load at his back, which he can easily get rid of, but the other has one at his heart, he cannot part with. But a truce to this. Will you go down to Epsom to-morrow?'

'I intend it. And you?'

'Why really, Mitford, it would pleasure me to go; but I have been obliged to throw such a heavy percentage off my rents lately, owing to the depressed state of agriculture, that I cannot, just now, afford to sport five hundred pieces of gold; and I dislike to trouble my friends. Perhaps you have not such a trifle?'

'At your service, Grogram.'

A check was drawn for the amount, which Grogram pocketed, never to refund.

Grogram was one of those cadets of good family, who from time immemorial have been considered to have an imprescriptible right to live on the people. His family had borough interest; thus Grogram found his way to Parliament, a convenient friend lending him, at the return day, the necessary property-qualification, for Grogram himself was quite free from that vulgar species of care which arises

from the possession of property, and was merely celebrated for execrable puns, and borrowing money.

Nevertheless, as may have been observed, Grogram had a convenient habit of talking of his tenants, and his rent-roll. He had so often repeated this story, that he at length began to believe in the fiction as a reality.

Grogram's father was provided with a sinecure in Ireland, which of course neither imposed on him the necessity of his presence, or any trouble. It produced him six or seven thousand a year. To save appearances, and stop clamor, a commission was appointed to inquire into sinecures. They addressed a letter to Grogram, senior, requesting to be informed of the nature of the duties performed by him. He replied :

'GENTLEMEN: You must altogether have misapprehended the nature of the functions delegated to you by parliament. It never could have been intended to require gentlemen to descend to minute explanations, or have been expected that a man in possession of seven thousand a year, should perform the onerous duties of a mere clerk.'

'Yours, etc.,

To 'the Commissioners,' etc.

'GROGRAM.'

Parliamentary reform has achieved much, were it only the banishment of such men as the Grograms from places and parliament.

#### ISLE SANTA CRUZ.

Where the bright waters flash beneath the sun —  
Where burns the tropic — many an island gem,  
Chaining the sea with emerald — lieth one,  
The jewel rare in ocean's diadem.

O fair its skies! — its gales are all of balm —  
Its citron groves yield to the winds their breath;  
The hills send odors down, of mountain-palm  
And cedar, scenting all the vale beneath

With incense — perfumes from a thousand flowers;  
Bright tropic birds wing gaily through the air,  
Health poureth dew on all the glowing hours,  
In that soft breathing clime, as Eden fair.

Isle of the cross! from other shores and skies —  
From where the fierce north-western freights the sea  
With icebergs — where the rolling river lies  
Chained by the frost-king — drooping, come to thee,

The worn with sorrow, lingering with disease,  
With faint heart-sickness — deep, untold distress —  
To quaff life from thy waters, and thy breeze —  
To find the healing balm — forgetfulness!

Is not thy blissful clime, O 'Holy Cross!'  
An emblem of that faith, whose symbol gives  
Thee name? youth to the soul! — true 'Kanathos!'  
Where the worn pilgrim bends to lave — and lives!

IONE.

## STANZAS.

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'WHAT is our life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth but for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'—ST. PAUL.

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As bubbles on the mountain stream  
 Pass swift away;  
 As cloud-tints live in sunset gleam,  
 And then decay;

As meteors, on a summer's eve,  
 Blaze forth and die,  
 And on the heavens no traces leave  
 Where they pass'd by;

As that fair star, whose light once fell  
 Upon us here,  
 Has nothing left on high to tell  
 That it was there;

Thus from the face of earth shall I  
 Pass soon, to be  
 Forgot, like thousand things that lie  
 Asleep in memory.

S.

## RANDOM PASSAGES

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FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

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## NUMBER TWO.

## SCOTLAND. — MELROSE — ABBOTTSFORD — EDINBURGH.

MELROSE, JUNE 6, 1836. — In the sanded parlor of 'The George,' where lodged in days of yore that industrious and worthy antiquary, Captain Clutterbuck, I now date my first epistle from the 'land o' cakes.'

The ride from Newcastle to the 'border,' over barren moors and the Cheviot Hills, passing the scene of 'Chevy Chace,' was cold and dreary. But, arrived in Teviotdale, a change came over the face of things, and for three or four miles near Jedburgh, there is a series of lovely pastoral landscapes. Swiss scenery may be more wild and majestic, but it cannot surpass in quiet beauty this charming region about the Tweed — rendered so interesting, too, by its 'classical associations,' as some tourist sagely said of Rome. Here, within the space of fifteen miles, are Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh Abbeys, Abbotsford, the Eildon hills, the scenes of the Monastery, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and of songs and romances innumerable.

Melrose is situated in a delightful vale of the Tweed, environed on three sides by verdant hills, and flanked by the gloomy, heath-covered peaks of the Eildon, which seem to rise directly in the rear of the village; but I had to walk nearly two miles to the base of them, and the ascent was an afternoon's work. The wind was so strong at

the top, that I really feared being blown off. On the summit are the remains of a fortification, chronicled in the books as a Roman prætorium, and I saw no Edie Ochiltree to exclaim, 'I mind the bigging of it.' The view from the top is worth the ascent. It extends twenty or thirty miles on each side, and takes in the cream of the region so familiar to Scott and his readers. The path is across a rocky glen, where a 'stream is gently laving,' and through a grove to 'the mountain's brow,' where the sheep are gently grazing!

EVENING.—At dusk, I went alone to 'the ruins gray' of 'fair Melrose.' The cicerone, (a son of the 'honest Johnny Bower,' who escorted Mr. Irving there,) has the history of the Abbey and the Lay of the Last Minstrel all by heart; and he repeated several passages fluently and feelingly, as he guided me through the ruins. We stood on the tomb of Michael Scott, which William of Deloraine so valorously explored at midnight. A 'wizard figure' is carved on it. We trod on the graves of the Douglas and of the Heart of the Bruce. One window only remains entire; indeed the whole of this once splendid fabric is in ruins; but the very ruins are beautiful; they are just in the state to be most interesting; and the specimens of ornamental stone work which yet survive, are the admiration of those skilled in such matters. The sculptured *hand* holding a bouquet, is, as Lockhart remarks, most exquisite. It is wonderful to me, that so much perfection and taste in architecture should have existed at the time these cathedrals and abbeys were built. It would be difficult in these days even to raise the *funds* for an edifice of this extent and magnificence.

I was not sure, until my guide told me, that Melrose was 'the Monastery' of the Novel. Here, then, Abbott Boniface, Father Eustace, and their two hundred 'brethren,' counted their beads, and feasted on venison. A mile distant, is the bridge over the Tweed, and the place where the 'white lady' frightened the Sacristan. Glendearg is three miles farther, near the 'banks of Allan Water.'

MIDNIGHT.—In order to be in the fashion, I have just been again to see

—— 'Fair Melrose aright,  
By the pale moonlight,'\*

or rather starlight, for there is no moon now. It is truly an excellent time for visiting such a place. I was quite alone, and all was still as death. Not even

'The distant Tweed was heard to rave,  
Or the owlet to hoot, o'er the dead man's grave.'

The flapping of the night-birds' wings on the towers was the only sound. I walked round the venerable pile, (which is now almost obscured, on the village side, by a cluster of unromantic cottages,) and found myself in the grave-yard, under the noble oriel window of

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\* I was told that Scott himself never saw Melrose by moonlight. He had a moonlight picture of it, which I saw at Abbotsford.

the chancel. A fine scene and hour is this for a believer in ghosts ! But what a place it is to cogitate in !

TUESDAY. — I have spent the whole forenoon at *Abbotsford* ! Is not that saying enough ? It is easy to understand the feeling which prompts one to say nothing, when it is so impossible to express the thrilling delight or the thousand associations which a place like this calls up. But there is *no* place like this. It is unique in its situation and beauty ; it stands alone, in every point of view ; a hallowed shrine, to pilgrims of all nations, for ages to come.

It was a fine clear morning — the air as bracing and pure as that of our favorite Brattleboro', (Vt.) and indeed Melrose greatly resembles Brattleboro' in its situation and appearance. \* \* \* I set off after breakfast, and had a charming ride of two miles over the hills and dales which the poet was wont to frequent, the Tweed being now and then in view, until the turrets of the house, or castle, as you please, are distinguishable amidst a grove, near the banks of the river. The building is then lost sight of, until you arrive at the very gate — or as a Frenchman says, *vous tombez sur le chateau* — which is approached by a circular carriage-path through the grove. The arched gate-way is very handsome, and is substantially built, as is the whole edifice, of a native gray stone. The house cannot be mistaken. The pictures of it are so accurate, and the architecture so unique, that it looked quite familiar. It is shown to visitors by an intelligent house-keeper, who seems to be the solitary tenant. The entrance-hall recalls all the visions of chivalry and romance. A mere catalogue of its curiosities would fill a volume. Crossing a small closet, in which are figures of knights in armor, I entered the *study* — the sanctum sanctorum — from whence proceeded those splendid productions, which have delighted and instructed the world. The books, chairs, and every article all over the house, remain as Scott left them, and every thing is kept in the nicest order. I seated myself in the large easy chair by the table where he wrote, and marvelled at my own presumption. There is about this sacred spot a singular air of melancholy, which every one must feel. Even the cicerone seemed impressed with it. An Edinburgh lady, of a party here with me, remarked : ' How differently one regards this and Newstead ! *There* we may be interested, but *here*, every thing is venerated. Scott left no poison for his fellow men : his works may be read by old and young, both with pleasure and profit.'

Adjoining the study, is a little holy of holies, a closet in the north-west tower, where is preserved the last coat Scott wore, together with his arms, swords, etc., neatly arranged. Next, we enter the library, the largest and most splendid apartment, where, with other things elsewhere described, is a fine bust of Scott, by Chantrey — the best likeness, it is said, ever taken. I should like to spend a month in that library. What treasures there are on those shelves ! — the rarest and choicest gems of the bibliographer, and presentation-copies from authors, all over the world, for the last thirty years. We proceeded to the drawing-room, which contains some beautiful ebony chairs, presented to Scott by George IV. ; a copy of the Warwick Vase, and some fine paintings ; next, to the breakfast-room,

looking toward the Tweed on one side, and the Yarrow and Ettrick, famed in song, on the other. Here are beautiful drawings by Turner and Thompson, a fine oil painting of Wolf's Craig, (*Bride of Lammermoor*,) etc. Then we passed to the dining-room, where are several fine pictures, and to Miss Scott's room, as it was when she died. The book-cases in it are filled chiefly with poetry and romances. In the armory, I saw Rob Roy's gun, and had my hand in his purse; Bonaparte's pistols, taken at Waterloo; Hofer's blunderbus; the work-box of Mary, queen of Scots, and many similar rare matters, all tastefully arranged and labelled. Most of the furniture, and the ceiling in the various rooms, are of rich carved oak, for which Scott seems to have had a particular fancy. I was taken, by special favor, to the chambers, in all of which are curious and interesting paintings. Indeed, every part of this abode of romance is a museum in itself, and every article has a legend or a history. Miss Scott's bed-room looks into the front enclosure, but Sir Walter's commands the Tweed and landscape for several miles. The beds, etc., all remain as they were. There were two apartments allotted for strangers and visitors. Mr. Irving had the best one, near Sir Walter's. In the dressing-room of the latter, is a curious old oaken cabinet, containing human skulls, among others Michael Scott's, taken from his tomb in the Abbey. I explored every room up stairs and down, and most of them twice. It is idle, however, to attempt giving an account of all I was shown — such as Ralph Erskine's pulpit; a chair made of the wood of the house where Sir William Wallace was betrayed, with an inscription to Scott; a lion-skin sent from Africa; bamboo from India; the keys and door of the Tol-booth, ('Heart of Mid-Lothian;') ancient armor, swords, etc.; the urn containing bones brought from Greece, and presented to Scott by Lord Byron, when he repented of the sweeping attack in the *English Bards*, and courted the friendship of his great contemporary. The letter accompanying this gift was affixed to it in the library, and *stolen* by a guest! — a theft as silly as it was outrageous. It would take months to examine every thing to one's satisfaction in this intensely interesting spot. The gardens, grounds, walks, etc., are beautiful exceedingly, and made so entirely, it is said, by the late proprietor — the site being, twenty years ago, barren and uninviting. I took leave reluctantly, and with feelings which those who have been there only know. The only relic I could obtain, was a twig or two from the bush under the study window.

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HAVING seen Abbotsford, it is meet that one should visit Dryburgh-Abbey. This most picturesque ruin is much more beautifully situated than Melrose, being in a retired and lovely spot, on the banks of the river, in the midst of gardens and groves of trees, and thus obscured, like Abbotsford, until *you tumble upon it*. It is hung with ivy, and is in a state to please the most romantic. The ruins are scattered over several acres, and show that the Abbey must have been of prodigious extent, and the architecture very noble, though not so rich and delicate as Melrose. St. Mary's aisle is now covered with turf. Scott sleeps in a retired corner, near the graves of his

wife and of his ancestors, the Haliburtons. The arch above the grave is represented in the pictures, but as yet there is no monument or stone 'to mark the spot.' Do you recollect Scott's own lines in the fifth canto of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*?

'Call it not vain; they do not err,  
Who say that when the poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies:  
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill,  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
Through his loved groves, that breezes sigh,  
And oaks in deeper groan reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

'Not that in sooth o'er mortal urn,  
Those things inanimate can mourn,  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song;  
And with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.  
The maid's pale shade who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead:  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle plain.  
The chief whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now from the mountain's misty throne  
Sees in the thanedom once his own  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die:  
His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impel the rill;  
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung  
Their names unknown, their praise unsung.'

How strikingly appropriate seem these lines, as one stands on the spot where the hand of the minstrel that shall strike the lyre no more, is mouldering to dust!

Two miles above Dryburgh, are the ruins of Smaillholme Tower, where Scott spent his boyhood; the scene of his ballad, 'The Eve of St. John,' and the Avenel Castle of 'The Monastery.'

The same party I met at Abbotsford, had preceded me to Dryburgh. A young lady — a very pretty one — climbed with me to the top of one of the highest tottering towers, which threatened to tumble over with us, some hundred feet or so. As we returned toward the 'Temple of the Muses,' a pretty bower on the grounds, we met Sir George Ascot, son of the late Earl of Buchan, and proprietor of the Abbey and its vicinity. He stopped and tipped his beaver very courteously, 'hoped every attention had been paid to us at the Abbey,' inquired 'if we noticed this and that part,' etc. His residence is near the ruins, and he has built a picturesque suspension-bridge across the Tweed from his estate. The river is fordable, however, in most places, and clear as crystal, the pebbly bottom being easily seen, even from a distance.



EDINBURGH, Wednesday Evening. Had a fine ride from Melrose. Set off at ten, crossed the bridge just above Abbotsford, took a last farewell of that 'romance in stone and lime,' and for twenty miles kept along the banks of Gala Water, (a nice little brook for trout,) enjoying a variety of pretty views. Twelve miles from Edinburgh, the dim outline of Arthur's Seat is discovered, above the nearer hills. The environs are level, and highly cultivated. We passed several noble mansions, among others Dalhousie Castle. At a turn of the road, the city suddenly comes in view, and a splendid view it is. On the right, the Frith of Forth, studded with sails and steam-boats; Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags flank the city on the north-east, and its strong hold, the Castle, on the opposite side. Beyond, rises Calton-Hill, and its noble monuments. Nothing can be more imposing, than the approach to Edinburgh. We entered a fine street of neat modern houses, of stone, shaded with trees, crossed the bridge over the gulf between the old and new towns, turned into Princes-street, and were set down before the granite buildings of Waterloo-Place.

WALKED up Calton-hill. The splendor of the prospect in which one here revels, cannot be imagined. It is said to be unequalled in Europe, even by the glorious view of the Bay of Naples. Appropriately is Edinburgh styled the modern Athens; it is at least very like my ideal of the *ancient*: and, as if to heighten the resemblance, they are building on the top of this model of Mars'-Hill a superb monumental temple, copied from the Acropolis. The massive Doric pillars of the front portico only are finished, and from a distance they look like the ruins of the Parthenon. The view from this eminence, on all sides, is rich and varied. No combination of nature and art could produce a more magnificent panorama.

It was sunset when I went up to the CASTLE — the scene of so many chivalrous exploits. Passing three or four 'outward walls,' on which no 'banner' of defiance was now waving, the sentinels admitted me to the battlements. From these there is another extensive and interesting prospect. The interior of the castle is very queerly constructed. The towers, batteries, and barracks, rise one above another, till you almost despair of reaching the highest. At nine, the band perambulated the whole, playing the evening salute. The 'Royal Highlanders' are quartered here. I meet them at every turn in the street, in their big, bushy, black caps, plaid kilts, bare knees, and buskins, as in the days of Rob Roy and Fergus McIvor.

At the foot of the castle, looking up, it appears like a mere cap on the head of a giant mountain of rock; but when you get up to the cap, lo! it covers seven acres, and contains a little village of barracks and ramparts. There is a big gun in the yard, nine feet in circumference, and twenty feet long — and thereby hangs a tale. Going down High-street, there was a crowd around a zealous itinerant preacher, who was holding forth somewhat in the Muckleraith strain. I saw announced, in glaring letters, a Panorama of Jerusalem and of New-York! and Herschel's Wonderful Discoveries in the Moon,

which I found were really believed, with credulous simplicity, by many in this city of science, twelve months after that ingenious hoax had been invented and laughed over in New-York.

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FRIDAY, 10th. Called on Mr. W —, an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's, of whom he had much to tell me. 'No man,' he observed, 'could have worn his honors more meekly. Unassuming to all, he never affected literary character or distinction. He had always at command an exhaustless fund of anecdote and humor, and made every one about him feel quite at home, and at their ease. His principles of honor were worthy of imitation. Involved largely in debt, by unforeseen circumstances, for which he could not be blamed, he labored night and day, at his advanced age, at the drudgery of revising the new edition of his works, from the profits of which, his own share being £67,000, he honorably paid every penny; but the exertion cost him his life. The present publisher of his works has also himself amassed from them a handsome fortune.

Having a packet to deliver to the celebrated SIR DAVID BREWSTER, I called at his lodgings in Dundas-street. The worthy and learned knight, who is well known as the Editor of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and one of the ablest scientific writers of the age, is a good-looking man, about fifty; his hair being quite white, he looks older. He speaks with a slight Scotch accent, and his manners are quiet, easy, and gentlemanly. He received me very kindly, suggested the best tours, and gave me an introduction to an antiquarian gentleman of Perth, an order for the Royal Institution, etc. He is said to be very retiring, and even bashful, in public.

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AFTER a walk through the splendid streets, squares, and gardens of the 'new town,' with an admiring glance at the classic taste of the Grecian 'Institution,' and at the noble University; with a visit to the blood-stained apartments of Mary and Darnley, and the hall where Prince Charlie gave balls and kept court at Holyrood, with its one hundred and thirty-one portraits of Scottish kings, back to three hundred and thirty years before Christ, including Macbeth, Duncan, etc., all painted at the same time! I proceeded to the old Parliament House, now fitted up for the courts of law. The hall where the Scottish parliament assembled, is very large, and has a curious oak ceiling. It is now a sort of public 'change' for 'limbs of the law' and their clients. The advocates, and 'writers to the signet,' *alias* attorneys, were pacing about, or reclining on the benches, talking to their customers. Adjoining this hall, are the minor courts, in small rooms, where causes are decided by single judges without juries; but from their decisions appeal can be made to the general court, where all these judges officiate together, with a jury. On one of the doors was inscribed 'Lord Jeffrey' — and stepping in, I was fortunate enough to see on the bench, in his wig and red gown, this celebrated character, for many years editor of the Edinburgh Review, and exerting more influence on the literature of the day than any other

person living. His famous critique on Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, which called forth the biting satire of English Bards, contributed, no doubt, to *make* Byron a poet. Jeffrey's physiognomy indicates all the *acuteness*, penetration, and ability, for which he is distinguished. His very glance is enough to silence all duplicity and prevarication. He sifted the argument of the pleader in a cool, business-like style, worthy of his station.

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DINED with Mr. —. No visitor here from the United States escapes an attack on the subject of slavery. Mr. Thompson has made us all appear such cruel brutes to the poor blacks, that the kind-hearted Scotchmen have taken up the matter with the warmest and most disinterested benevolence, and think they are called upon to *move* in their behalf. They seem to marvel greatly that we should not consider the blacks quite on an equality with ourselves; and when they have one here, which is but rarely, they treat him with all sorts of respect and attention—give him dinner parties, and escort him about in their carriages, etc.

I had an opportunity of seeing the appurtenances of a city dwelling-house, of the better class, which, in many respects, would be a model for our builders. Every thing seems intended rather for use and *comfort*, than for mere *show*, in the residences of the trading classes of England and Scotland. The buildings are *substantial*, the walls varying from eighteen to thirty inches in thickness. The walls of some of the old castles are from five to even *nine feet* thick. They were not designed to tumble down, as an Irishman would say, before they were up. Hence the reason why fires are here so unfrequent, and so easily subdued. I was in London three months, and had not a single opportunity of seeing a fire, and only one of seeing a fire-engine. There is evidently much less destruction per annum by the devouring element, in all that vast metropolis, than there is on an average in New-York. Insurance in London costs next to nothing.

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SATURDAY. — Rusticated a little, over to ROSLYN, etc. Stepped into a rail-road car at St. Leonard's Hill, where a Jeannie Deans was spreading her newly-washed linens on the grass; passed the ruins of Craigmüller Castle, and the seat of the wealthy Marquis of Abercorn, and in twenty minutes was at Dalkeith, where I stopped to see the beautiful and extensive parks, gardens, and palace, of the Scottish Cræsus, the Duke of Buccleugh—the Walter Scott, at the request of whose lady, a greater man of the same name wrote the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The parks enclosed with the palace cover eight hundred acres, in a picturesque spot; the rivers North and South Esk both flowing, or rather tumbling in water-falls, through the centre. Near their banks in a grove, and 'far removed from toil and strife,' is a rustic bower, in a capital place for students or rhymsters, or philosophers of the school of Jacques, who read the brooks and trees. From thence, passing through Springfield, (where there is a paper-mill, but not Ames,) I walked seven miles to Hawthornden,

the seat of Drummond the poet, and now occupied by his descendant.

'Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,  
And Roslyn's rocky glen;  
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,  
And classic Hawthornden?'

It was here that Ben Johnson came on foot from London, to visit his brother bard. It is on the banks of the Esk, in a romantic and beautiful situation. From the rear of the house, there is a private walk along the lofty, fir-covered, and picturesque banks of the river, to Roslyn chapel and castle:

'Sweet are the streams, oh passing sweet!  
By Esk's fair banks that run;  
O'er airy steep, by copsewood deep,  
Impervious to the sun.'

This chapel is another of those fine ancient ruins with which Scotland abounds. It is remarkable, that so costly and elaborate an edifice should have been erected as a private chapel to a single baronial establishment. The castle is in ruins — very little of it being left; but the views from its site are very pretty. A mile or two below, is Woodhouslee, the seat of the late A. Fraser Tytler, (created Lord Woodhouslee,) author of 'Universal History.' Above, is Melville Castle, Newcastle-Abbey, and Dalhousie Castle. Scott's cottage of Lasswade, it will be remembered, was on the banks of the Esk.

SUNDAY, June 12. — Went to the HIGH CHURCH of St. Giles, where the 'authorities' attend officially. The preacher was Dr. Gordon, an elderly man, considered, I was told, next to Dr. Chalmers. They have no organ, and the church, as well as the service, in strong contrast to the imposing splendor of the English cathedrals, is as plain as the most zealous puritan could wish. They use the quaint old Scotch version of the psalms, and sing, sitting, the real old-fashioned 'down-east' tunes. The 'Magistrates,' *alias* the Common Council of the city, with the Lord Provost, occupy the front gallery seat, near the pulpit, on one side, and on the other, are the judges and chief justice. Jeffrey was not among them; I presume he escapes to the Episcopal church. The 'Magistrates' wear crimsoned robes, and three-cornered caps, and are escorted to and from the church in procession, by men in uniform, with lances, and two in black, who bear the sword and the mace. Before taking their seats, the magistrates and judges bow to each other, as if to intimate the harmony between the makers and executors of the laws.

AFTERNOON. — Attended St. John's Episcopal Church. The building is very handsome, the singing and organ very fine, and the preaching very dull. Dined with Mr. M ——. It is remarkable how many of the middle classes, even of the mechanics and tradesmen, in England and Scotland, support the Tory principles. I had supposed the Tories were only found among the wealthy and the nobility; but this is a great error. O'Connell and his measures are denounced, even by the majority of the Whigs. None but the ultra-radicals 'go the whole figure' in reform, with him. It is singular,

too, that so few of the *intelligent* people have seen their own fine scenery and curiosities. I asked a young lady here, who had painted a view from the 'Lady of the Lake,' if she had been to Loch Katrine. 'Oh, no!' she replied, in a tone which implied that such an expedition would be considered quite uncommon. They would think as much of it as we should of going to Ohio.

When 'The Lady' first appeared, the continent was blockaded by the armies of Napoleon; so that tourists, now first hearing of the romantic scenery painted in this poem, were attracted in swarms to Scotland. What a benefactor was Scott to his country! The good she will derive from his works, for centuries to come, is incalculable. It is already felt in every part of the land. New roads are made where none before existed; and inns and new villages are springing up, in the regions of which he has written, to accommodate inquiring visitors from afar.

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THE CRY OF MY SOUL.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

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When the breath Divine is flowing,  
Zephyr-like o'er all things going:  
And, as touch of viewless fingers,  
Softly on my soul it lingers,  
Open to a breath the lightest,  
Conscious of a touch the slightest,  
As some calm, still lake, whereon  
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,  
And the glistening water-rings  
Circle round his moving wings!

When my gaze is upward turning,  
Where the stars of Heaven are burning,  
Through the deep and dark abyss,  
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
Blowing with the evening's breath  
Brightly in their Maker's path!

When the breaking day is flushing  
All the East, and light is gushing  
Upward through th' horizon's haze,  
Sheaf-like, with its pencilled rays,  
Spreading, until all above  
Overflows with Life and Love;  
And below, on earth's green bosom,  
All is changed to light and blossom;

When sweet sounds of life are ringing,  
Warbling, murmuring, sighing, singing,  
When each bird and insect seems  
Feeding on the living beams,  
And so pure and bright a day  
Seems too fair too pass away!  
When the spirit's wing ascendeth,  
And my soul its flight extendeth  
Upward, onward, till its strength  
Faileth with its journey's length;  
To the farthest verge of thought  
Deep, and dim, and fearful, brought,  
And in doubt and dizziness,  
Pausing o'er the vague abyss!

When my wakeful fancy over  
Forms of brightness flit and hover,  
And upon my heart I press  
More than mortal loveliness —  
Holy as the seraphs are  
Which by Shiloh's fountains wear  
On their foreheads white and broad  
'Holiness unto the Lord!'  
When in vain, I seek to give  
Dream and shadow power to live,  
And, inspired with rapture high,  
It would seem a single sigh  
Could a world of love create —  
That my life could have no date,  
And my eager thoughts might fill  
Heaven and Earth o'erflowing aill!

GOD — JEHOVAH! — Thou alone  
From the shadow of Thy throne,  
To the sighing of my breast,  
And its rapture, answerest!  
All its thoughts which upward winging  
Bathe where Thy own light is springing;  
All its yearnings to be free  
Are as echoes answering Thee.  
Oh, seldom on my lips is heard  
Thy awful name's mysterious word!  
Deeply in my inmost breast,  
Doth its dread idea rest!  
Shrined and holy, dwells it there,  
Kindling the breath of secret prayer:  
Yet, by each strong emotion caught  
From Nature in my inmost thought.  
By a thousand nameless raptures thrilling  
With a strange delight the chords of  
feeling,  
I know and feel within my breast  
Thou, Holy Spirit, lingerest —  
And the cry of my soul from its dark  
abode,  
Is to thee, oh Father, my Guide and God!

## GROVE HALL:

OR 'LIVING LIKE OTHER PEOPLE:' A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

MR. BOARDMAN was originally from the country. There he married. With no other capital than industry, frugality, and enterprise, he commenced business in one of our largest cities. His trade gradually expanded, through a series of years, till he was ranked as one of the first importers of the city. He was noted for his industrious habits, while prudence and coolness marked his mercantile career. His lady, with the frugal notions brought from her parental home, rendered her dwelling the abode of comfort without ostentation, and plenty without luxury.

Years rolled on, and they reared a large family — four daughters and six sons. The children, as they grew up, mingled in the routes and rounds of city life. The circumstances of the family naturally introduced them into the gay circles of the élite; and, of course, Helen and Josephine were at the great fête of the season, given by the Churchills. It was nearly twelve, on the following morning, when they arranged their toilet, and appeared at the breakfast table.

'Good morning, my dears,' said the doting and indulgent mother: 'how did you enjoy yourselves last evening?'

'Delightfully, ma!' said Josephine; 'I wish you had been there. The mansion at the Oaklands is *so* elegant! Every thing is superb, and they have room for a *jam*. The great hall overlooks the romantic lake, where there are two beautiful swans; and the Sylvan Bower sent forth the sweetest strains, making the spirits dance in all the delights of a fairy scene. Oh, ma! *we* must have a country-house. I am determined to coax pa. *We must live like other people.*'

'Yes, dearest mother,' added Helen, 'we must retire to the country. Your health requires a pure atmosphere. Pa shall build a country-seat — just like the Churchills'. They are honored by every body.'

The good father left his counting-house, and came home to dine. The daughters, full of their determination, talked of nothing but 'a country-house.' And from that time, until 'Grove Hall' was commenced, the indulgent parent heard little else save the delights, healthfulness, and elegance of a 'country-seat.' The city residence was entirely re-modelled, to keep pace with the elegance of 'Grove Hall,' and the Boardmans were honored with the presence of *the ton*, at their magnificent retreat in the summer, and at the 'town-mansion' in the winter.

The sons, meantime, had been disposed of as became the inheritors of fortunes made to their hands. William was for 'the ministry,' notwithstanding his drawing largely upon the preparatory funds, and his being now and then put in the *minus* list as the leader of '*sprees*.' There was room to hope for reformation before he 'received a call.' Thomas would 'read law;' John was 'inclined to physic;' while Harry was to be of the 'life mercantile.' They all went to college, as a matter of course; but, like thousands of others, they went *through*, received their diplomas, and the college-fund, at the counting-house, showed a *suffering* of over fifteen thou-

sand dollars, including the 'wild oats' paid for by the indulgent father. All save Harry took ship for Europe and the continent, to *finish* their education. Harry was received into the house of his father, as a partner, at one third the profits. Few young men ever started life with such brilliant prospects: and beside, he was considered what the world terms a 'smart' young man; held his head high, talked largely of stocks, and had a finger in the prevalent speculations. But for all these, a dissolution took place in about a year, Harry averring that he must remove to a larger theatre for enterprise and business. He accordingly planted himself in the great commercial metropolis, where he could unfold the giant powers of his mercantile mind, and, by a few Herculean strides, leave the old-standards far in his wake, in his onward career of mercantile glory. He went ahead — dealt largely in commerce, deeply in real estate, and heavily in stocks; availing himself of the vast opportunity which the well-known wealth and standing of his father's house gave him, whose indulgence was ever ready to endorse his bills of exchange to any amount. Harry was a bold adventurer. He dipped into the mania for speculation, was made a bank director in one of the largest institutions, and in about four years from the time he started in 'a great business,' he was confidently written down, in the price-current of estimates, a 'millionaire.'

The other sons returned home, having expended immense sums in their 'European tour;' but they had imbibed the notions of gentlemen abroad, and had no inclination for the dry details of a profession. For several years afterward, they pursued the genteel life of idleness. Thomas finally married Annette Anderson, an heiress, with a West India plantation, and slaves accordingly. John, too, took to wife a lineal descendant of the Stuarts', and they both occupied splendid mansions in the most fashionable quarter of the city, given them by their kind father. Their establishments were kept up with a splendor worthy the distinguished brides of their household. The lady of John brought not wealth, but greatness, in her royal descent: and to live in a style worthy of her great ancestry, the coffers of the elder Boardman, (John still being a gentleman, without profession,) were subject to constant and enormous drafts. The 'West India plantation and the negroes to match,' turned out, like many other great fortunes of imported heiresses, a mortgaged estate, which the broken fortunes of her father had secretly involved, previous to his demise, for nearly as much as it was worth; and Thomas, too, forsooth, must draw upon 'the counting-house' for supplies to support himself and heiress.

It was the wonted practice of the Boardmans to visit the metropolis during the fashionable season. While there, amid the gay scenes of the following winter, Josephine became acquainted with Edgar Sidney, or as he was more commonly cognominated, Sir Edgar, as he was the reputed descendant of a family of high pedigree in Lincolnshire, and would enjoy a dukedom in the following year. 'Jose' was delighted with the duke, and the duke was enamored of 'Jose' — and the wedding took place with great pomp and parade, at the elegant mansion in 'Crescent-Place,' which Mr.

Boardman had taken great pains to furnish in a style of magnificence worthy the royal rank of its future occupant.

It was about this time, that 'the pressure in the money market' commenced. Harry, 'the merchant and millionaire,' was deep in the importing line of British manufactures. He had heavy arrivals of stocks — there was no sale — and what was worse, the American merchant in London, who had been giving him accommodating facilities, by the acceptance of drafts, could get funds no longer from the Bank of England, and his drafts came back protested. He had been largely concerned in cotton, and the article was down flat in Europe. His 'Eastern Land Speculation' proved that it was much easier to talk of making two or three hundred thousand dollars, than it was to sell his 'township,' after an advance of twenty-five per centum of the purchase-money. 'India Rubber Stock,' though very elastic, was 'no sale;' and his 'Western Lots,' where a city was to show its aspiring head, remained much in a state of nature; and in this state of things, it seemed quite natural that Harry Boardman, 'the millionaire' should prove the extent of his operations, by failing for two millions of dollars, bringing in his father, as the endorser of his bills, for nearly half the amount.

When the news reached 'Grove Hall,' the Boardmans gave, the next night after, a fête of extra magnificence, probably on the principle of the London banker, who had always gone on foot, until his credit was doubted, when he added a splendid carriage and servants in livery to his establishment. All the world were at this superb flare-up; and among the number was a rich and very respectable English family, who were making the tour of America. They were invited, out of especial respect to the Duke, and were presented with the ceremony becoming his high rank and royal extraction. But their astonishment can alone be imagined by the reader, when they recognised in the pretended Duke the eloped son of a small woollen-draper of London, who had no other claims to blood royal than the manners he had caught in his 'shop acquaintance,' in fitting coats to the royal customers of his father.

Josephine — the proud, uplifted Josephine, who had all her life repudiated the very name of a mechanic, and the odor of 'the shop' — was horrified. 'He no Duke, but the son of a tailor! — a half-and-half cutter of gaiters, and fitter of small clothes! Was ever woman so treated!' she feelingly exclaimed, with the scandalized Pauline. 'How the world will talk! The wife of a mechanic — a low-born, vulgar tape-and-scissors! How it will ring at the great party of the Worthingtons: 'Josephine Boardman married to a tailor! I'm no Duchess, after all!' and she swooned in the arms of her mother, and refused to see 'the Duke' ever after.

Well did she say, 'The world will talk.' The explosion, although the pride of the family sought its secrecy, went upon the wings of gossip. 'The Duke and the Duchess' were upon all tongues, and a theme of sarcastic merriment to all parties. The Duke was forbidden 'Grove Hall,' and warned to flee, as a vile impostor. It soon appeared, however, that he had made the most of his borrowed honors, having, like other great dignitaries, 'lived like a gentleman while in.' Now that he was only 'a tailor's son,' a swarm of tradesmen,



of almost every description, became clamorous for their dues ; and the splendid mansion, and the superb furniture, given Josephine as a bridal present, went under the hammer to satisfy the Duke's debts of honor, (gambling liabilities,) and small matters in proportion.

That man was a philosopher, who said, ' Misfortunes never come singly.' So happened it to the Boardmans.

The shock given to the established house of the elder Boardman, by the failures of Harry, began to be whispered on 'Change. It was known that the establishment was under heavy responsibilities, and that its 'factory business' had brought losses upon the concern. The banks began to be wary. They finally refused his paper ; and for the first time during his mercantile career, the head of the firm was driven into the market to buy money at a premium. He passed restless nights and anxious days, determined as he was, at every hazard, to support the credit of his establishment, and maintain the position in which the labor of nearly half a century had placed him. And he would have done so, had not a new calamity burst like a thunder-bolt upon him. His son John, whom we have seen for several years pursuing the life of a gentleman at ease, had contracted habits of vice which almost invariably follow indolence and a want of regular employment. For the last two years, he had been a constant visitant at the 'Subscription House,' the great gambling establishment for private gentlemen ; and though fate had hovered over this awful crisis in the affairs of the Boardmans, in the midst of the father's embarrassments, he was called upon to pay notes amounting to nearly twenty thousand dollars, or follow his son to prison. In hopes of concealment, the notes were paid : but the affair soon got abroad ; the house could not sustain this additional shock to its credit ; and in a short time, the old firm of Boardman, the importer, failed for upward of three millions of dollars, and with it were crushed the hopes and the fortunes of the Boardmans of 'Grove Hall.'

This sad reverse was too much for the old merchant. Cut off from the busy scenes of active life ; his family degraded, shattered and ruined ; himself neglected, or passed by with cold recognition, he sought a temporary retreat in an interior town ; but the wandering ejaculation and the vacant stare denoted too soon that intellect had left vacant the temple of reason ; and, in less than two years afterward, he died, broken-hearted and forlorn, in the retreat for lunatics in the heart of the commonwealth. John, the gentleman of leisure, and the private gambler, had, by the last descending step, become a professional gamester ; and perhaps the reader may recollect the 'Confessions of a Gambler,' who paid the penalty of his life for murder within the sovereignty of these states — and whose painful narrative alluded to the misspent time and wasted opportunities of his youth. It was he whose first public crime was forgery, and whose deeds hastened to ruin the father who had yielded him a fatal lenity. Thomas, the other son of indolence, became a wasted, wretched, miserable and debauched drunkard, and died a cast-off in the city almshouse. Harry, the 'millionaire,' exhibited the benefit of having been employed, although he had made some most fatal mistakes in business. He ultimately became a navigator, and is now a respectable sea-captain to a foreign port. But Edward, the youngest

brother, coming on the theatre of life after the sad reverse of his family, had no factitious aid to help him onward; but he was determined to procure an education; and teaching in the intervals between his regular studies, he is now one of the most popular pulpit orators in the United States, and has gathered his mother and her daughters to a neat little cottage, where they feel it their duty to teach, by the melancholy illustration of their own history, the great error of the present day — *seeking to live like other people.*

### THE BRANDYWINE.

The calm, placid light of the moon was diffusing  
Its silvery lustre o'er woodland and lea,  
When, gloomy and lone, I was pensively musing,  
Where Brandywine's waters leap gladsome and free.

'T was silence: save only the rivulet gushing  
O'er pebbles and coppice that greeted its tide;  
Or airs that 'mid leaflets were dalliantly rushing,  
And chasing the dew-drops that fell at my side.

The tread of my foot echoed startlingly near me,  
As Silence awakened at Memory's moan;  
The birds in their nests seemed in pity to hear me,  
And join, sympathetic, their plaints with my own.

I sighed, and the air breathed responsive around me;  
I wept, and the forest shook showers of tears;  
I looked, and tall forms gathered nigh to surround me;  
I spoke, the response was from sepulchred years:

#### WOODS.

'We once the Indian knew,  
Free, as his arrow flew,  
Cleaving the air;  
But whites around him threw  
Chains in his lair.'

#### ROCKS.

'On us the warrior slept;  
Here he his vigils kept,  
Watching his game;  
And not a foeman slept  
Over his flame.'

#### VALLEYS.

'Our shadows knew him well;  
Here in each leafy dell,  
Weapons he sought;  
Feasting, the fleet gazelle  
Hither he brought.'

#### PLAINS.

'Swift over us he sped,  
When from his steps have fled,  
Creatures of prey;  
And oft have we been red  
With savage fray.'

#### RIVER.

'Ah! here he loved to roam;  
We were his chosen home,  
Sunshine or storm —  
And, when the whites had come,  
Drank many a form.'

#### GRAVES.

'In our embrace we hold,  
Doomed to neglect and mould,  
Offspring and sire,  
Till time its knell has tolled —  
Earth dies in fire!'

Gloomy and sad, I returned to my dwelling,  
And sought 'mid its shade for my spirit's repose;  
But Memory's tide still within me was swelling,  
And shades of the Indian yet on it arose!

Erect, frowning forms of the chieftains yet fitted,  
Like ranks of the doomed, who are driven away;  
They shrieked as they passed, but they scorned to be pitied,  
And plunged from my sight in the setting of day! *Google c. w. d.*

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROOMSTICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR VILLAGE,' 'THE OLD CHURCH,' 'MARINE FREEBOOTER,' ETC.

## NUMBER TWO.

THE reader will probably recollect, that I closed the first chapter of my autobiography on my arrival in this city, and soon after I had been taken in possession by a lame mendicant, and by him converted into a crutch. I was, of course, simple and rustic in my aspect, and beheld many strange things in this great metropolis. Yet it must be confessed, I had seen something of the world. I had found industry and virtue linked to prosperity — and, on the other hand, the misery that is invariably attendant upon vice. But now I was in the great emporium, and the feeble support of a beggar. There were splendor and magnificence on every side, but with me, all was misery and gloom. I belonged to one of a class for whom death had no terrors. Indeed, he looked forward to it as his only hope — his final rest. To the rich, death is an utmost, an only fear; but, in the beautiful language of Scripture, the clouds of the valley shall be sweet unto the bitter in soul; 'he shall rejoice exceedingly and be glad when he can find the grave.' A blessed light beameth from the tomb, for the man 'whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in, so that he longeth for death, and diggeth for it more than for hid treasures.' Of what a strange compound is this world composed! Perhaps the reader will pardon me, while I give a brief history of the miserable family with whom I was domiciliated. I can aver that it is a plain, unadorned truth.

Thirty years ago, when it was quite uncommon to behold coaches in our streets, Broadway was almost daily enlivened by a splendid vehicle, which rolled in solemn pomp along the pavé, provided with out-riders, and all that was necessary for fashion or beauty. There was no mystery attached to the occupants and owner of this splendid equipage. They belonged to the wealthy Mr. B —, the head of fashionable life; the polite gentleman, the accomplished scholar, the dispenser of banquets and festal entertainments. He was universally known, and as universally beloved; and even while I write, I cannot help thinking that there may be some whose eyes will follow these lines, who will immediately recognise the character alluded to. Many, undoubtedly, yet remember his accomplished daughters. Amiable and lovely, they attracted a large circle of admirers, and their smiles and frowns were long the food of joy and misery. There was one defect in them, and *but* one — and, sad to tell, it is one which is almost universal among the wealthy, even at the present day. They were utterly ignorant of the practical matters of the world. They had been nursed with the beautiful substances of life; their views of human nature had been on the gorgeous and poetical side; they had never gone down from their high places into the valley and shadow of the world, where poverty and want rear their gloomy throne, but, exalted as they were on the summit of prosperity, they felt alone the *sunshine* of existence warm-

ing around them. They were the victims of the false method adopted by the wealthy in rearing their offspring. How many fond fathers wonder at the fashionable airs of their children — at their indolence — their disregard of care. With a mother all industry, they are the queens of sluggards. Good advice is given, but it falls unheeded. The midnight festival, the pomp of assemblies, and all the circumstance of comfort and extravagance, are the only shrines at which they worship. Fond fathers! — weak mothers! you who train and guide your offspring in *one* path of life, yet expect them to travel *all* equally safe! As well might the English-trained parrot speak French — as well might the wild Arab steed, whose mouth never clasped the bit, whirl the chariot in safety — the rose bear thistles, or the pink violets.

But to return. Misfortunes befel the family, but not until the marriage of the daughters. Their 'lords' were poor; and the necessity of maintaining their families with their accustomed dignity, continued to impoverish them still more. At last, the charm and romance of existence began to wear off, and poverty to press with severer hand upon them. One grievance closed upon another, until at last gambling and intemperance, those final engines of destruction, stepped in to finish the drama, and to drop the curtain upon the last scene of their prosperity.

What finally became of the majority of the brothers and sisters of this family, I am unable to say. But *one* was the wife of the mendicant to whom I was given in pity by the teamster. She was indeed sunk in the lowest depths of misery. With several young children about her, occupying a damp ground-room in a decayed section of the city, amid poverty, raggedness, sickness, and death, well might she weep that she ever had been born. Her husband was not only intemperate, but partially insane. I do not know that I ever saw such a surprising effect from liquor. Death generally releases the inebriate from life, ere he has reached such a state as that to which he had arrived. He took much pride in decorating himself with long slips of paper, and binding fancy strips of cloth about him, and thus promenading the streets, to the great amusement of the city. This, with his hobbling movement, rendered him extremely ludicrous. At times, he would procure a long pole, and bind upon it the daily journals, attracting the cheers and shouts of the urchins as he passed. This being was once the merchant, the gentleman, and the scholar.

Previous to becoming crippled, and partially deranged, he had gathered a penny here and there, by running of small errands for gentlemen, which served to supply him with liquor. In those days, glimpses of sobriety would sometimes cross his brain, when the agony he seemed to endure was heart-rending. Had they lasted long, it would undoubtedly have destroyed his life.

In his latter days, he tenanted the open city nightly; and staggering toward home one January evening, he fell in the street, where, sleeping until morning, he froze his limbs, which came near depriving him of life, and was the cause of his crippled state, when I fell into his possession.

Yet, in his weak and helpless condition, the love of liquor never for a moment deserted him. I, of course, was his companion and friend, on every occasion. Tottering his way homeward, he often plunged headlong down a flight of steps against the basement-room of a building, and, stunned by the fall, would sink into a quiet slumber, and rise in an hour as fresh as ever. No accident seemed to injure him seriously. A bruise or two—a gush of blood upon his breast—a rent in his garments—and farther, all was well. Once, indeed, he rolled down into a deep cellar, covered at the bottom with loose stones, and I, in the conflict, flew many rods into another corner of the spot. A sharp stone pierced his side, laying bare his ribs; but otherwise, he seemed perfectly uninjured. A sober man would probably have never spoken again—the cause of which I (the broomstick, recollect,) attribute to the loose and languid state of the drunkard's muscles and limbs.

I think I have dwelt full long upon the character of this poor, fallen, unfortunate being. His family—but what can I say! The tale has been told scores of times. Oh! how true is it that ‘one half of the world know not how the other half live!’ It was a family under the influence of *refined* misery. They had come down from a high place to their low and degrading level. Daily, they beheld some one pass with whom they had associated, but who now hurried by their door in silence and contempt. Those who are reared in poverty, bear the burden well; but penury is a hard companion for the uninitiated.

The children moved around the streets, soliciting charity, and the mother labored, as opportunity offered, in the most common employments. Yet, degraded as they were, the sensitiveness, the pride and spirit, which distinguished her early days, were not extinguished. Charity found no welcome within her doors, for it struck her to the heart. She could starve, but not beg openly; and deep necessity, only, imposed that task upon her children.

Let me give a short dialogue which passed one winter evening in my presence. It may exhibit more forcibly the fact to which I have just alluded. It was a boisterous night. The wind was blowing a gale—the snow flying in all directions—shutters creaking and clattering—and, alas! the poor miserable family suffering all but death by cold and starvation. Their last crust had been exhausted, and their fuel consumed. The mother was gradually dying—the father absent—and the children shivering and weeping in a collected group. In this condition, a stranger unexpectedly burst in upon them, and, after quietly surveying the premises, seated himself in silence.

‘An unpleasant evening for the poor, Madam,’ said he, after a short pause.

‘Why, rather,’ she replied; ‘but we *all* have our trials, and the poor should not especially murmur at theirs.’

‘I perceive, also,’ he resumed, ‘that your accommodations are not extravagant—perhaps’—and he paused a little,—‘perhaps, rather uncomfortable. Your fire is quite low, considering the

tender age of your children. Are you *really* sufficiently provided for ?

'Why, as to that,' she answered, 'we do, to be sure, experience our inconveniences; our room, however, is quite comfortable, in comparison with many I have witnessed. These are, indeed, hard times.'

'A husband, madam ?

'I *had* — in name, he is so yet.'

'Ah! I see; misfortunes — intemperance, eh ?' he inquired, casting his eyes upward.

'It is too true, my dear Sir — yet,' she continued, 'we have witnessed our happy days.'

'Do the benevolent ever inquire into your circumstances ?' he asked.

'Well, Sir, they have *inquired*. Yet, blessed be God, we manage to keep along tolerably well. You must not judge, Sir, too much from our *appearance*. I can assure you we are much happier than our lot indicates.'

'But charity, you know, madam, is not to be confined alone to those in the lowest depths of poverty. Those who are struggling severely with their fortunes, though they triumph, are not the less worthy.'

A tear started in her eye, and she turned full upon the stranger, and with her whole soul burst forth :

'Poverty, Sir, is an awful thing.'

'Especially to those,' he replied, 'who once knew better days.'

'Better days!' she repeated — 'better days, you said, Sir;' and she glanced at him with an eye that shone like fire

'All classes, you know, are liable to misfortune !'

'Oh! now, Sir,' said she, 'do n't trifle with me! I know it. I was in high circumstances. I have had a mighty fall, indeed; so low, that it will be for ever impossible to rise again: but still we manage to keep along quite comfortably. We must not now expect the comforts of life in a high degree.'

'Will you accept a *present* from a friend ?' he said, reaching forth his hand; 'it may be welcome at this moment.'

'As a *present*, Sir, but not as charity — I cannot ask alms. To beg! merciful God !'

'Indeed, madam, it is your *due*; a debt owed to your husband, contracted when he was in business; please accept it.'

In this way, the poor lady was prevailed upon to receive a sum which was in reality charity, but which was given in so delicate a manner, that it afforded her a double degree of relief. Many people would term such a feeling fastidious. They would question the propriety of indulging the poverty-stricken in their mock sensibility. The true philanthropist, however, knows the human heart better, and deals with it accordingly.

Well — this family were partly supported by benevolence, and partly by the wife's industry for a long time. I, as usual, was the same old crutch, supporting a mass of liquor and corruption. But 'misfortunes seldom come singly.' Neither did they in this case. To close the scene of their suffering, a fire broke out in one of the build-

ings near us, and our hovel, with numerous other dwellings, were entirely consumed. In the hurry and confusion, I was thrown into the street, and there I lay with hundreds trampling upon me, until at last my head was broken off, and I might be properly termed a broomstick again. A young buck, who was amusing himself at the spectacle, picked me up, declaring I was just the thing he had been looking for, as I would serve him for a staff just then, in default of a better. He was a high-blooded young fellow, and made many remarks on the splendor, sublimity, and poetic beauty of fires. He thought, however, he should not like a fireman's berth; would'nt work as they did, to save his grandfather's house — no, he'd be d——d if he would. Thinks I to myself, 'I shall have a bold master now: quite a change from my former situation.' The fire was soon over, and away we trudged toward home. He and his companion were amusing themselves on the way, in conversing about their female acquaintance. They appeared to have been quite frequent attendants at the parties, soirées, etc., given of late.

'I say, Jim,' says one, 'that was a devil of a pretty girl you was monopolizing all last evening. You must be in for it there, I guess, eh?'

'Pshaw, Dick! — none of that now. Why she'll do to *talk* with; but I can assure you there is nothing serious there. Why Dick, between you and me, she is just one of the sort with whom to chat and pass an evening; but after all, I could make her believe white was black in two minutes.'

'Well, now, Jim,'t is pretty much so: these girls have more show than any thing else, after all, hav' n't they?'

'Some have — *most* have, Dick; but, Dick, those two whom we saw at the party on Tuesday night — they were substantial. Those eyes! — do n't talk of them!'

'Pretty large feet, though,' said Dick, hesitatingly: 'if it was n't for their *feet*, they would do; but while I think of it, did'nt you observe at times rather an insipid cast of features in one of them? — a kind of I-can't-explain-it sort of look, eh?' he continued.

'Well, that *was* queer in her, was n't it?' said Jim, starting. 'I should have forgotten it if you had not spoken. A strange turn of the eye, occasionally, that almost ruined her.'

'The girls are all flirts, an't they Jim?' continued Dick; all but yours and mine. They make fools of us young fellows.'

'Yours is as great a one as the rest,' replied Jim. You are under petticoat government, and do n't know it. Let me tell you, that girl of yours has always been considered a coquette; not that I by any means would hurt your feelings, Dick, you know; but that's what people say, that's all.'

'That's what *people say*, is it? Well, my friend, 'people say' about yours too. They say she talks too much. They say she always monopolizes the conversation — no chance to say *booh*! when she is by. So we both have a benefit from 'the people.'

'Let them talk,' said Jim. 'They told many she did not talk enough; Julia was a little too much between both — not enough of either; Elizabeth was not witty; Sarah, on the contrary, was letting fly her sarcasms in all directions; Ellen was too rude; Jane too fer-

mal—and so it goes. There is no pleasing all parties, my dear fellow.'

This conversation was carried on for quite a length of time, the object of which appeared to be, a decision upon what constituted real beauty. The whole circle of their acquaintance were brought up in conversation, and every charm and blemish underwent a regular criticism. Yet after all their logic, nothing definite was decided upon. What surprised me most, was the curious standard of merit which they had erected. Personal appearance, not *mind* and *disposition*, was the criterion. It was not, how meek, or how amiable, or how modest, she is; but what a form! what eyes! what a foot! etc., to the end of the chapter. How falsely the world often judges in such matters! Who would choose a male friend for beauty alone? Why then a female? Mind and matter are not allied in proportion to the *appearance* of the former; though one would suppose such to be the case. This false judgment too often leads young men into difficulties which are subsequently heartily repented of. Another circumstance which attracted my attention, was the devotional respect they paid to the opinion of the *world*. It was what the world thought and said, which governed them. Poor deluded beings! But let me resume my history.

It appeared, finally, that my new master was a young clerk of the city, who thought full as much of dress and personal appearance, as he did of his business. He conveyed me home to his boarding-house, and after eyeing me carefully, concluded I would make quite a plain, eccentric walking-staff. Away I went to the mechanic, and soon came out in a fresh costume—being handsomely polished up—a buckhorn head, with a hole bored through it, and a string attached, a fine iron point to stand on, etc.,—all 'armed and equipped' for *staff* duty. But, reader, do not think I intend to part with my cognomen of 'Broomstick.' No, Sir, I cannot. As those actresses who have won public favor under their maiden name, still retain that name after marriage, so I, the Broomstick, intend to *write* as a broomstick still.

Well, my friends, my new master was quite a buck in his way, and circulated considerably in society, in a small way. He was extremely fond of promenading Broadway. Every summer afternoon, when the sky was clear, and the sinking sun hung low in the west, just shading one side of the street, he was out, pushing his way among silks, and satins, and plumes, and poverty, and rags, and the other thousand specimens of 'animated nature,' which Goldsmith has not particularly described. I had been his companion on so many occasions, that I vainly thought I was quite a physiognomist. I began to imagine I almost knew the occupation and station which many of them held in the community. I recollect, particularly, one June afternoon, my reflections as I passed up this main artery of the city, that great receiver of all the numerous little streams that pour their living currents into it.

The street was all alive. Coaches, omnibuses, and small vehicles innumerable, were rushing various ways, their wheels flashing in the sunlight. The side-walk was crowded to excess. So dense was it, as to become completely 'dammed up,' at times; and, as is said by



the poet, 'the weary wheels of life at last stood still.' I was attentive on all sides. Here tripped along a little miss in solitary beauty; there a young bride, leaning indolently on the arm of the stronger vessel, telling her story with an uncommon flow of spirits.

Ah! my little maiden, in simple attire — with hair so simply dressed — you who cast many a glance about you, and, occasionally, with an exclamation of surprise, point to some object of astonishment — I know you well. You were bred in those regions which 'God made,' as Cowper beautifully expresses it: 'God made the country, but man made the town.' You know nothing of the city. Transplanted from your native soil into this great hot-bed, you seem to wilt in a day. You wonder and wonder again where all the people *oas* come from; if they throng the streets in such numbers every day, where can they all live? You are surprised, also, at the want of familiarity on every side. There is no nodding — no smile of recognition; but each one passes, coldly and carelessly, on his way. You would not live here for the wealth of the Indies. The splendor of a day has already thrown a faintness over thy fresh heart. Go on, fair one! Thine are the first pure emotions of an unsophisticated heart, which might be changed by circumstances.

Ah! my pale, cadaverous, yellow and bilious maid — I know you, too! That was truly a splendid banquet which you attended last evening; a little too late, however, in its duration. Your morning's rest was a feverish one; perhaps the champagne was not pure. You almost wish the young broker in Wall-street had not pressed you so fervently to continue your potations. Another party is on the *tapis* for to-night. You are sorry — but then all the respectable and wealthy will be there; how can you remain absent? And so you are promenading a little, to resuscitate your weary system. The fresh air and smiling faces, you think, will be beneficial. Perhaps they will, my fair one; but you cannot last long, and it is the opinion of the broomstick-walking-staff, that when you are at last gone, a coroner should be sent for, and a verdict of 'death by suicide' rendered.

'Halkoo! my little chubby man, in homespun clothes, and heavy boots, pushing along with ceaseless speed! You came near prostrating a lady just now. Oh yes! I recognise you — a Connecticut farmer, who has just sold his butter, and now on his track for the steamboat. You are a plain, substantial man, and not easily caught by the glitter of this world. You promised your family to be home on such a day, and you would not fail, for a trifle, to keep your word.

'Why, you old apoplectic soul! how you waddle along! Your eyes are fixed on the pavement, and you seem in deep meditation. Going into Wall-street, eh? You are really puzzled which stock to deal in to-day. Bought on time sixty days ago, and lost. You don't like buying on time, you say to yourself; it is too hazardous; stocks are too shifting, to trust them sixty days. Delaware is down, but you think kept down by adventitious circumstances, and may be pressed still lower. O how you wish you could look into the future! You would make 'lame ducks' as thick as blackberries. You are a close one, though, my old fellow. That family of yours is extravagant and expensive; and the command was given by you, before

your departure, to the coachman, to order the carriage for the use of the family, at ten. Good morning, Sir!

'Here comes my whiskered, moustach'd friend, flourishing his cane, and tripping along very gingerly. He is one of those characters left in possession of more money than brains, and who after idling a few years at college, took the tour of Europe, corresponding, at the same time, with some obscure journal in his native village. He has been fortunate in aping all the accomplishments of another nation, turning them into the ridiculous more completely than the sublime was ever transformed. How little he knows in regard to himself! While he imagines that he is an object of universal admiration, he is regarded with pity and contempt by all sensible beings. When death overtakes him at last, the vacuum which *he* leaves will never be observed.

But I must draw this number of my biography to an end. I trust it will not be altogether unprofitable to the reader, simple as it is. It will be perceived, that my whole history is rapidly drawing to a close — that the volume of my existence is fast filling — soon to be clasped and silently put away for ever. But we will not mourn. The immortal Hogarth has sketched a broomstick as a figure representing the close of a busy life. Permit me, therefore, kind reader, to moralize.

Life, I repeat, then, is short. And how many trivial circumstances occur daily to remind us of this truth. The pilgrim who has wandered far from his native village, on returning to its little burial-place, finds many a stone, and many an inscription to chain him in wonder and silence. So short a period, and yet how many lights of friendship have gone out! He wanders among the shadows of the ancient elms which shade his home, but he is a stranger. That silver-headed old man, who was the 'uncle' of the village, has laid aside his staff, and has gone to sleep for ever. Every one knew him; and his lips were eloquent with many a tale. A play-mate that was, had married, and died — one here, and another there. We trace them to the grave, and nought breaks the silence of that holy spot, save the tinkling of the brook, or the sighing of some passing zephyr. The grave! That home of the great, and final couch for earth's kings! What a glorious company the living have in view, when they are called away from their idols above! The patriarchs of old, Jacob, and Joseph, and the Pharaohs of Egypt — Solomon, whose golden temple mocked the glory of the morning sun — the Thebans — Emperors of Rome and Greece — with thousands of the illustrious of more modern days. The grave is indeed rich with departed greatness. Where is Scott — the immortal Scott? He sleeps with his brother in fame, Shakspeare! Where is our own Washington? *He* sleeps with Cincinnatus and Alfred, three names as legible as the stars of heaven. The grave has them all — and never will such dust dissolve again in its hallowed precincts. But I must pause; and if age spares me, I trust I shall be enabled to give another chapter, closing my diversified history.

*New-York, May, 1837.*

H. H. R.

## T I M E .

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

## I.

I stood in thought beside an arrowy stream,  
 Holding its way through many a flowery mead  
 And woodland, where alone the fitful gleam  
 Of the sun pierced the gloom — then, quickly freed  
 From forest twilight, with a noisy speed  
 It dashed and bubbled onward down a slope  
 Where rocks arose its rushing to impede,  
 But rose in vain, like terrors against Hope  
 Or foes against Despair, where appears a path must open.

## II.

On, on it flew, o'er every barrier springing  
 With mighty impulse and with headlong leaps,  
 To where, the ceaseless hymn of Nature singing,  
 Ocean's eternity of waters keeps  
 Perpetual music, and the voice of deeps  
 Calleth to deep; — the wild brook swept away  
 To mingle with those tides where darkness sleeps  
 Far down in their abysses, and a ray  
 Entrance hath never found from the serene of day.

## III.

And as the stream passed on, the dewy flowers  
 That decked its marge their silky petals threw  
 Upon its eddying waters, and the showers  
 Of pattering rain, when gusts of autumn blew,  
 Bade the tall trees their leaves by thousands strew  
 Upon its heaving bosom — and the bank,  
 Where with sharp turn the impetuous torrent flew  
 In foamy eddies onward, piecemeal sank,  
 Borne by the flood to fill the caves of ocean dank.

## IV.

And ever and anon some goodly tree,  
 By woodsman's axe subdued or slow decay,  
 Swept by to ocean's broad eternity,  
 Rolling and plunging on its foamy way,  
 And spurning from its knotted limbs the spray  
 E'en like a drowning giant; now a rock  
 Grasping in vain its desperate course to stay —  
 And now some root which rends before the shock,  
 And now smooth bending reeds which all its efforts mock.

## V.

In that swift brook I saw the flight of Time —  
 Of Time which, like a tributary tide,  
 Empties its waters into that sublime  
 And mighty torrent which shall ever hide  
 Its source in clouds and darkness — and the wide  
 Extension of whose stream forbids all sense  
 A limit to define on either side —  
 A shoreless ocean wrapped in vapors dense —  
 For ever to roll on — mysterious — dim — immense.

## VI.

Time's stream flows into that eternity —  
 Eternity its secret source supplies —  
 And as its troubled billows swiftly flee,  
 Passing Earth's shifting scenes and changeful skies,  
 It bears to that far ocean as its prize  
 The dewy flowers of youth — the searer leaves  
 Of manhood — and at times her agonies  
 A dying nation o'er its current heaves,  
 As, like the shattered tree, her wreck Time's flood receives.

## VII.

The monument or pyramid that seemed  
*Ære perennius* when it first arose —  
 The castle-towers where War's red beacon beamed,  
 Frowning defiance on a thousand foes —  
 Have slowly crumbled to the noiseless blows  
 Of Age's ceaseless hand — and one by one  
 Have sunk beneath the tide that ever flows  
 To bear them to Oblivion's chamber dun,  
 E'en like the streamlet's bank, where eddying waters run.

## VIII.

On hastes Time's current, with perpetual sweep,  
 Spurning all interruption : — Strength may fling  
 His rocky barriers in its torrent deep —  
 Pleasure's bright flowers and rank weeds clustering  
 May seek to check its progress. Fame may bring  
 Her garlands to its eddies, and essay  
 To plant them in the waters, till they spring  
 Into far spreading palms — and Wealth may lay  
 Broad dams of golden sand; its onward course to stay

## IX.

All, all in vain : — in foamy letters traced  
*Labitur et labeter* tells its tale,  
 And man, borne downward by its ceaseless haste,  
 May e'en outrun the current, for the gale  
 Aids the descending voyager — but to sail  
 Upward against the tide to none is given ; —  
 The strongest anchor in that stream is frail,  
 And none may pause — all, all are onward driven —  
 Happy, whose compass points untrempably to Heaven.

Der. Keeler, Mass.

J. H. C.

## DRAMATIC FICTIONS.

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'

HOR. A. P., 180.

It would be difficult, in the catalogue of human instincts, to put the finger upon one of stronger power or more universal prevalence, than the love of fiction ; or, more correctly expressed, perhaps, the love of *narrative*. Not an exotic, the seedling of a cultivated nursery, the product of a luxurious hot-bed, not the peculiar growth of this country, or of that zone, or of either hemisphere, can this hardy instinct be considered ; but a plant that springs up alike beside the lichen of Lapland, or under the bread-fruit of Tonga, indigenous in every climate, a native of the world.

When was the age, what the nation, that might claim exemption from its power ? How far back must we trace man's history, to find the time when national and domestic traditions ceased to exist, or failed to interest ? Whither must we travel in search of that nation, degraded even below curiosity, where the rude legend kindles not the eye, arrests not the breath, of the listener ? We must forget the fables and tragedies of Greece, the parables of Judea, the romances of chivalry, the mysteries and pageants of the dark ages, no less than the fashionable tales and modern novels of our own time, if we deny, that it always has been, as still it is, natural for mankind to

desire and delight in that which presents to their senses successive images of events, be they true or false, faithfully related, or fancifully imagined.

And Fancy wins the day against Truth. While her severer sister is besieging, by gradual approaches, the reason, Fancy has already enlisted the feelings, and subdued the soul. 'Give me but the writing of the national ballads' — so exclaimed the shrewdest statesman England ever saw — 'give me but the writing of the national ballads, and I care not who has the framing of the laws.'

Let us allow something for the point of the apothegm, and in substance it is not without truth. His power who legislates for the fancy, is greater than his who enacts statutes for the conduct; as much greater as the warm impulses of the heart are stronger than the cold dictates of the understanding.

'These things ought not so to be,' will some one say. They *are* so. More — in our day and generation at the least, they will be so. No man, not even he who so long regulated the lever that now-a-days decides the march of armies and the motions of the political world — not Rothschild himself exerted, during the last twenty years, as home-felt an influence over civilized Europe as did Walter Scott.

In the propensity, then, which lies at the root of the Great Novelist's sway, we recognise an instinct, powerful beyond law or statute, universal without limit of race or clime. It is injurious, illegitimate. Is it? The proof. It may be perverted. And what human instinct cannot? It *has been* notoriously perverted. True. A parent may as innocently permit his child to swallow an intoxicating draught of ardent spirits, as suffer its mind to be poisoned, and its nerves unstrung, by drinking in the panic terrors that breathe from Mrs. Radcliffe's foolishly-horrible pages.

But it is peculiarly liable to perversion. Perhaps it is. The sharpest tool inflicts the deepest wound; yet that is a poor argument in favor of using a dull one.

All this is aside from what, in this utilitarian age of ours, will be admitted as the main question. Is the medium of imaginative narration a legitimate, as it is a powerful, instrument in the formation of character?

Of the influence of Moral Fictions, it is not within my present purpose to speak. If it were, might I not safely challenge the production of a homily, or a code of maxims, or a set of moral precepts, to match, in influence, the noble lessons taught in 'Helen?' But I leave to others the task of inquiring whether Seneca or Maria Edgeworth has the more effectually acted on the morals of our age; and restrict myself at present to the inquiry, as it regards the historical branch of imaginative narration.

No one can, for a moment, so far misconceive what has been said, as to imagine that I purpose the absurd inquiry, whether authentic history can be beneficially superseded by apocryphal romance. All will perceive that the only debatable question is, whether fanciful narration may be safely and usefully admitted *in aid* of historical research.

What is the chief advantage to be derived from the study of history?

Assuredly not, a dry recollection of mere names and dates. We study, or ought to study history, as we study living man in the world around us. In history exists the whole by-gone world. By history, we live among our ancestors. By history, we come into contact with the mankind of former ages. By history, we travel among ancient nations, visit tribes long since extinct, and are introduced to manners that have yielded, centuries ago, to the innovating influence of time. Travel, society, show us men and things as they are; history shows us men and things as they have been. The one opens to us the past, as the other the present, world.

Grant, as methinks we must, that here is justly defined the province of history, and it follows directly, that that history is the most valuable, which the best supplies, for the past, what contact with society affords, for the present.

And what does contact with society afford us? A living, vivid picture of men and women, their sayings, their doings, their appearance, their manners; an intimate acquaintance with their thoughts, wishes, peculiarities, plans, objects of desire, modes of conduct. In a word, it places man before us, and we learn what he is.

Does Hume, does Gibbon, thus teach us, what men and women have been? Are we, even in their luminous pages, introduced, in verity, to the society of days that are past? They narrate to us many and valuable truths. They exhibit the great features of human progress. They expound to us difficult and important lessons. But do they tell us all? Do we enter the chamber, penetrate to the closet? Or are we not, rather, stopped in the ante-chamber, nay, on the very threshold of the entrance-door? They have faithfully and with infinite labor conducted us—they only could have done it—to the vestibule. But if we are to enter the ancient edifice, if we are to be introduced to its inhabitants, to watch their doings, to learn their manners, to read their hearts, to feel with them and for them, we must have a guide other than the scrupulous historiographer. Fancy, unaided, could never have found her way thither; but, once there, she alone is privileged to enter; and, once beyond the threshold, she is at home.

Whence have we derived our most lively and lasting impressions of chivalry and the feudal rule? From HALLAM or from WALTER SCOTT? Who that recollects his impressions, as he first turned over the pages of 'Ivanhoe,' and sat down in imagination, among the stalworth barons of the twelfth century, to witness the 'Gentle and Free Passage of Arms of Ashby-de-la-Zouche'—who, with such recollections fresh upon him, will hesitate a moment for the answer?

But the author of the 'Middle Ages,' is more trustworthy than the author of 'Ivanhoe.' Is he so? It follows not, as a matter of course, merely because the one is called a historian and the other a novelist. Both may be accurate, or both may be inaccurate. Which has the most thoroughly imbibed the genuine spirit of the olden time? That is the first question. And the second is, which has succeeded in conveying to us the more correct, ay, and the more vivid and attractive picture, of that which both seek to place before us?

The more attractive! There are those who will put in a demurrer

here. The more correct, that is well; but the more *attractive*! Ought not every thing that is true and useful to be attractive — is it not always attractive — to a justly-balanced mind? Even if it be, how many justly-balanced minds does this motley world contain? And is it certain that the most faithfully cultivated intellect will find the same interest in a cold and abstract dissertation, or a severe narrative of general facts, as in a picture that starts from the canvass, and speaks direct to the heart, glowing with the brightest colors of fanciful reality? Is it natural that it should?

Be this as it may, the world may be led, it cannot be driven. While it is a prostitution of talent to pander to men's prejudices, it is a waste of talent to disregard them. When the Grecian orator declared that manner was the first, the last, the sole requisite of his art, he uttered, with exaggerated extravagance indeed, a wholesome truth. To what purpose shall we speak, to those who will not listen; or write, for those who refuse to read? A book unread is but a bundle of waste paper; and he who publishes useful truths, or conveys moral lessons, in a form that shall attract thousands, justly merits the praise of tenfold success, compared to him who puts forth the same in a form that shall command the attention of hundreds only. If, through the attractive pages of 'Jacqueline of Holland,' ten persons have acquired a just idea of the feuds, so characteristic of these rude times, which, originating in a frivolous argument over a cup of wine, continued for more than a century to nourish the bitterest enmity, and kindle the deadliest wars, throughout the Low Countries — if ten persons are now acquainted with this, for one who would have learnt, from more sober history, even the names of the Hoëks and the Kabblejaws, has not Grattan rendered, in aid of history, a valuable service? And to those whom, as the world now is, the novelist only can reach.

The value of the service, it will be replied, depends upon the accuracy of the portraiture. Most true. And it is no easy task, and no small merit, to attain to this species of accuracy. The historian, often doubtless at expense of much labor and perplexity, must make himself master of facts. The Historical Novelist must do more. He must search the records of former times for something beyond mere narrative details; for the unrecorded spirit of the age. He must train his imagination to sojourn in the past, gradually to drink in the impressions that made men what we read that, centuries ago, they were; until the fancy becomes imbued — saturated — with the influences of other times and climes. Then only may the novelist or the dramatist proceed, safely and successfully, to summon before us, in attractive succession, images of the past. Without such preparation the literary Glendowers of the age may 'call spirits from the vasty deep' of the olden time for ever, and they will come not; or, if they come, it will be a dwarfish, a spurious, and a short-lived race. Such failures indicate the difficulty, not the inutility, of the attempt.

That which has been said applies, in one sense, with even greater force to the historical drama than to the romance. The one speaks to the ear, the other to the eye; the one is but the text to the painting, the other is the painting itself. The drama, then, with all the drawbacks incidental to its peculiar structure, is yet one step nearer to reality, than the novel.

And when the dramatist is fortunate enough to obtain the aid of some of the master-spirits of the stage, how important is that one step nearer! Nearer, shall we say? Who, when SIDDONS stood before him, the living type — more than Imagination's type — of the regal Catherine — what charmed spectator, when her searching tones startled the very depths of his soul, ever paused to remember, that it was not the Queen of England, but only the daughter of Roger Kemble who spoke? If the boards of old Drury had actually been Blackfriars Hall; if she who thus embodied every thing we ever dreamed of majesty, had, in truth, been the unfortunate consort of the fickle Henry; if the chariot wheels of Old Time, had, in very deed, been rolled back some three centuries, and the whole pageant, in its sad reality, been reenacted before our eyes — even then, should we have felt it more, in the actual review, than in the scenic representation? No. More than of any reality of common life, was, for the time, the effect, when Shakspeare and Siddons combined to enchain and enchant us.

Had the same prolific talents, which, in modern days, have enriched the sister department of literature, reached the dramatic branch — had we Scotts and Edgeworths of the stage — the benefit, as well as the power, of the histrionic art would to-day have been unquestioned. Its influences would have been confessed as important as they are fascinating. Invidious as commonplace is it, for him who enters the arena to speak slightly of his competitors: yet is the decline of the modern theatre, and the paucity of dramatic talent among us, a matter of complaint so notorious, that it were affectation to overlook the facts.

The best talents of our own country — talents that are gradually establishing for America a respectable literary rank among her elder sisters — have been diverted to other channels. The genius that sparkles from the 'Sketch Book,' and tinges with romance the adventures of Columbus — the skill that invests with living interest the humble doings of the rude Pioneer, and stirs the pulse and wins the tear for the fate of the 'Last of the Mohicans' — the graphic pen that charms us in 'Hope Leslie,' or that which domesticates us by the 'Dutchman's Fireside' — well may the lover of the drama regret that these and other kindred spirits should have passed by the neglected entrance, perchance shrunk from the technical trammels, of a department of literature, which, had they attempted, they could scarcely have failed to enrich.

So also, as a general rule, has it been in England. The dramas of BYRON and BAILLIE, indeed, are distinguished exceptions. Nor are others, on either side the Atlantic, wholly wanting. Yet, even while we admire the spirit and nature of 'Tell' or the 'Hunchback,' the bold vigor of the 'Gladiator,' the classic elegance of 'Ion,' and the deep pathos of 'Fazio,' we are reluctantly constrained to the confession, that these and a few other efforts worthy to be named beside them, cannot redeem from merited reproach or obscurity, the general character of the dramatic effusions of the age. Will the romanticists of the modern French school claim, for their drama, a reserving exception? If they do, can we admit their claim? On the score of talent, yes. On that of good taste or useful influence, alas, no! DUMAS and HUGO have an excuse for the extravagancies that dis-



figure and degrade their best productions. In avoiding the measured uniformity and dull formalities of the Aristotelian school, with its inviolable unities and its intolerable confidants, it might be natural enough that the pendulum should swing to the opposite extreme, and that the despotic monotony of the classicists should be superseded by the horrors and the license of their rivals. But the excuse does not alter the fact. It cannot render 'Lucrece Borgia' a fitting heroine; it cannot legitimize the attempt to perpetuate the disgusting atrocities of the 'Tour de Nesle'; it cannot make 'La Reine d'Espagne' decent or tolerable. These *nightmares of the stage*, as Hugo himself very ingenuously calls them, will fade away — it is fitting they should — with the morning light of sober judgment. Or if, in the libraries of our children, they still find a place, it will be on some dusty shelf, beside the 'Castle Spectre' or the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.'

A more legitimate exception, perhaps, might be made in favor of the German drama. A large proportion of Germany's voluminous authors have occasionally written for the stage. Even her Milton himself, the elaborately enthusiastic Klopstock, has, after his own antique fashion, deigned to woo Melpomene. The same giant intellect which, in later years, rioted in 'Faust,' devoted one of its earliest efforts also to the drama, producing 'Goëtz of Berlichingen;' a play of no little merit, though indifferently adapted for representation. And, Shakspeare out of the question, it might be no easy task to match some of the happier creations of SCHILLER's dramatic fancy: take, for example, the beautiful conception of Tekla's character in his 'Wallenstein.'

Yet, withal, it will hardly suffer denial, that the proportion of modern literary talent which has flowed in the dramatic channel, is small, compared to that which has taken other directions; and small indeed, compared to the importance of the art, and its neglected capabilities of affording instruction and delight. Now that the tale, the novel, the romance, have been elevated to a rank which, in former days, belonged to graver efforts only, and that distinction in that line is a hopeless reward, except for talents of the highest order, may we not hope for a corresponding improvement in a department nobler and worthier still? When that improvement comes, small need will there be to challenge, for the dramatic art, a rank which even Shakspeare's powers of enchantment have proved insufficient with many fully to secure for it; a rank as an art not fascinating only but useful; an art, that shall improve the affections as well as gratify the imagination; a Promethean art, that shall breathe life into the unimpassioned marble of history, and upon the cold beauty of the moral code; an art practically philosophical, that shall exhibit what it desires to explain; that shall place the past before our eyes, and cause us to know it; that shall embody virtue to our senses, and cause us to love it; an art, that, like a pure soul in a fair form, shall win while it teaches, and convince the understanding by first mastering the heart: an art, in fine, in accordance with the genius of the times — with that mild spirit of modern reform, which strives not, as our headstrong ancestors used, to dam up the passions and propensities of youth, until, like the arrested torrent of some Alpine valley,

the gathering stream outburst its ruptured barrier, carrying devastation in its path ; but rather seeks gently to guide the mountain torrent through field and meadow, so that it shall scatter verdure and freshness over the very scenes it once covered with desolating inundation.

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C O N S C I E N C E .

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'THOU turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,  
And there I see such black and grained spots  
As will not leave their tinct.'

SHAKESPEARE.

UNFITTING Avenger ! thy still voice  
Breaks through Fame's clarion, mars the bacchant song,  
And like a death-knell ! frights the ear of joy.  
By thy transmuting magic, the green earth,  
Tricked out in smiles, may seem a charnel-house,  
And Nature, on her sunniest holiday,  
A withered witch, dark, loathsome, and defiled.  
All things that live — yea, even the air-borne clouds —  
Taking wild shapes to fancy's startled eye,  
Becomes full oft thy torturing ministers.  
And then in visions, when the goaded soul  
Outwearied with the toil of agony,  
Hoped for oblivion, thou re-peoplest space  
With the fierce spectres of unpardoned crimes.

Oh, Conscience ! thou exacting creditor —  
Whom misery cannot pay, who dost record  
Each day some item added to the debt,  
Which, if uncanceled here, thou wilt demand,  
With cry unceasing, in eternity —  
What shall appease thee ? What sweet sacrifice  
Shall I, dread Mystery ! on thine altar lay,  
That will propitiate ? What mighty bribe  
Will buy thy silence ? What blessed antidote  
Will neutralize the poison of thy curse ?  
Even now methinks I hear thy chastening voice  
Thus answering me : 'Bold sinner ! dar'st thou then  
Arraign thy guide, thy monitor, thy shield ?  
Know I am thine accuser, not in wrath  
But in the tenderest mercy. Lo ! I smite  
But to arouse thee, ere the mighty judge,  
Whose servant and ambassador I am,  
Shall summon thee to stand before that bar  
Where as I witness thou art lost or saved.  
Thou callest me 'exacting creditor ;'  
Wouldst bribe me ? Lo ! I ask repentant tears !  
Wouldst make an offering ? Lay a contrite heart  
Upon God's altar, and the Merciful  
Will make thee heir of an eternity  
Illumined by the sunlight of his smile.  
Or askest thou an antidote, whose balm  
No poison can pollute, nor time destroy ?  
Take thou the Gospel — fortify thy soul  
With its pure precepts ; for thy friend and guide,  
Take HIM, the mirror of whose excellence,  
The record of whose priceless love, shines there ;  
So shall His arm uphold thee in that day,  
When from the wreck of a dismembered world  
The dust of all humanity shall rise.

## WILSON CONWORTH.

## CHAPTER IX.

'To me there seems a religion in love, and its very foundation is in faith.' — *MADAME.*

AFTER my return home, as mentioned in my last chapter, I remained at my father's house for a few days, when another tutor was provided for me, in the most delightful section of the country, and better than all, within walking distance of my dear cousin. I had not, during all this time, lost sight, in my mind's eye, of my Catholic relation. She was always in my dreams. If I stood by a lake or running water — if I stood beneath the shade of a tree — if I was upon a mountain, or in a deep valley, or in lonely places, which induce the mind to indulge in trains of poetic musing and pensive thought, at such times, I thought of my dear cousin. Her image was reflected from the clear water; her voice sounded in the breeze; the shade played out her form; and on the mountain, I was nearer to heaven and to her.

Who does not know that one's loves are stronger at some times than at others? To the most fervent heart, there are seasons of relapse and indifference. The eye looks upon a trafficking world, and forgets, in a momentary disgust, that there are any bright and sacred temples of feeling amid the degraded throng. In seasons of want and uncertainty, when weighed down with bitter poverty, or biting ills, we may turn our eyes in despair for some resting-place for the sick soul; but love comes not then in its appropriate garb. It is then the medicine; but in prosperity — in moderate yet calm periods of life, when we can feel that our livelihood is provided for — how placidly and luxuriously the heart gives itself up to the delights of domestic affection, and reposes in the confidence of friendship!

In my new abode, I was happy. I was surrounded by comparative refinement. There was nothing to disgust my taste, if I had not that which could elevate my character. The family I resided in, were well educated. They lived in handsome country style. We had music, and paintings, and books, and flower-gardens, and a neat tea-table, and agreeable chat.

But I did not study here. Day after day I resolved to begin. One week broken, I would resolve upon the next, and each day saw me dwindling away my time in fruitless efforts to do something. I knew all the while that I was wrong, and felt it keenly. I knew the right, but I had no habits of study. The fault might be traced to my early education, where I was taught words and not ideas. The foundation of my character was weak, and my whole being yielded to the slightest temptation.

Certainly the old poets were wiser than the moderns, for when will it not be true to say:

'All promise is poor dilatory man.'

He,

'In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves, and re-resolves — then dies the same.'

I read a great deal more here than at any time before ; but it was principally at night, and during hours which I should have devoted to sleep ; for in the day time, I was restless and nervous in consequence, and unfit for any thing but moping about. I read works of feverish interest, and used to get worked up into such an excited state of mind, that my cries alarmed the family. My tutor at times thought me partially deranged.

I was accustomed to spend whole nights upon the banks of the lake, which was distant from the house only a quarter of a mile. Frequently I obtained permission — for here I was under the appearance of authority — to visit my cousin, about two hours' walk from the house ; yet I did not go there often, but employed my leave of absence in wandering about the fields, in sight of the house where she lived. I shrunk from exposing the secret feelings of my heart by my conduct. When in her presence, I was always respectful and rational ; there was a subdued earnestness in my manner, which I am now conscious that she, with the nice tact of her sex, fathomed. She must have known that I loved her, and I believe she was, to say the least, rather interested in me. Who can be insensible to affection ?

I was called a wild, dissipated young man. Nobody ever expected I would make any thing worth having ; and so mothers did not court me for their daughters. But in the house of my cousin, I always received a kind welcome. The whole family treated me as if I was worthy of something good, but it was the hospitality of open-hearted people, who feel above suspecting or being suspected, and not the calculating kindness of the selfish and low-lived. Nevertheless, I rarely went there. I trembled when I did go. My heart beat loudly as I approached the house ; my knock was hesitating ; my manner flustered.

My cousin was so much older than I, that with the greatest coolness imaginable, she used to take it upon herself to amuse me, and show me the garden, and pluck a choice flower for me, and see that I had sugar enough in my tea. I was a little, short, fellow, but upon such occasions, I confess, I blushed more for my dignity than my love. We used to sit, during the warm summer afternoons, in an arbor situated in the midst of a highly cultivated garden, with a fountain playing up in the centre. I used to think of the garden of Eden, and I do indeed doubt whether Adam ever enjoyed more in his paradise than I did in the fountain-arbor.

I had some enthusiasm, and she loved to excite it. Deeply read herself, and elegantly educated, she could sport with my crude and irregular reading, and she had all the advantage of comparing her tastes with nature, in me. We had music, too, and of that I was passionately fond, by inheritance. I cannot at this day describe what we said, but I only know that it was bliss to me to be near her — to look in her dark, full eye, and the expressiveness of her whole person. Sometimes, we wandered about the grounds, among the hay-makers, and gave scope to the full glee of youth — free and open in all our feelings, and unconscious of our actions. How I was fascinated, as I gazed upon the grace, the beauty, heightened by exercise and excitement, the unstudied elegance of her movements !

But generally I was very reserved, unless taken by surprise, and hurried, by some such amusement, out of my diffidence. I remember that it used to wound my pride, to observe that my cousin could be so assured, and easy in her address to me. She would reach out her hand to me with a frankness that told me it did not contain her heart, but only her good wishes. Women do not give their hearts, their affections, those thoughts and emotions they have kept as a hidden treasure, since the commencement of their girlhood, without a trembling fear — an indefinite mistrust — that the receiver will not value the gift according to its estimate in their own minds.

After an afternoon spent with her, at early evening I used to set out for home. I always pretended to leave them in haste, for fear of being late; but many is the night I have stood concealed near the house, to catch glimpses of her figure — to hear, perhaps, the tones of her voice — her joyous laugh, or her affectionate caresses of her younger sisters. There was an excitement about this, that gratified me. I sought to create difficulties. It was necessary to my idea or scheme of love, that 'the course of true love never should run smooth.' I could not have felt any sympathy for the loves of another, which were prosperous; I could not have been interested in my own easy conquests.

Returning home at night from these visits, I lingered along the banks of the lake; I plunged into the deep groves. I wished to find solitude, lonely and untrodden places, where I could sigh unrestrained and unwitnessed, and give vent to the pent-up ecstasies of my soul. It was a boyish romance, but it was not silly. It was too serious to be trite; too influential upon my life, to be called ridiculous.

I have registered these feelings, to show into what a vein of thought and conduct a young man may be led, by cultivating exclusively the imaginative powers — by reading fiction alone. He is mad, to all intents and purposes. The great objects of existence, the good of society, his eternal interests, sink into insignificance before the one great idol his fancy rears. He is absorbed. All the channels of the soul are made to run in different directions, and to nourish various designs of duty; are turned by disease into one great river that sweeps through the moral nature, and bears down with it all hopes of usefulness. Such is passion.

My remaining term of suspension passed on in this manner. How I got reinstated in college, with my class, I am unable to say. I was received through some influence or other, with the proviso that I should pay some attention to certain studies during the approaching long vacation.

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#### CHAPTER X.

WHEN I returned, my class-mates hardly knew me, nor I them. We had all changed materially in our habits and feelings. New lights of genius had sprung into notice; old ones had gone out, or were eclipsed. We had all grown, both in mind and body.

It was now the junior year, and the character of the man, the permanent character, began to show itself. The effects of different

courses of study began to be apparent. The young men who had attended well to the lessons, but read much beside, shone out with unexpected brilliancy in philosophy, logic, and composition, while the students of Greek, and Latin, and Mathematics, alone, fell back in reputation with the class, if not in rank with the government. Young men who had studied for rank, had it; but they who had studied for knowledge, and taste, and for intellectual rank, had it, and evinced it.

A false criterion is created at college, during the first two years, by the studies of those terms. Latin, Greek, and the Mathematics, are the only pursuits, and the rank one takes depends more upon the school where he may have been fitted, than upon the general strength of his mind. A mere piece of machinery may be made a good Latin scholar; and by dint of digging and spending six hours upon a lesson, a very clownish mind may appear respectably in the recitation-room, in construing and parsing. I hardly know how this criterion may be avoided; but in the giving out of parts for exhibition, a very superior writer and general scholar sometimes finds himself playing second to his inferior in all things, except Greek verbs and geometrical theorems.

I had formed a character, too; but it was one not likely to be known by college boys. I was the slave of my feelings and my impulses. I could write a better love-letter than forensic theme. I did indeed possess a delicacy of sentiment, which shrunk from display. I was diffident and retiring, from the very knowledge I possessed, that I was placed by my class below my proper standard. But when my spirits were excited, they ran away with me. I then became the boldest of all. A load was removed from my heart. I no longer felt the degradation of being no scholar. My pride was asleep, and in the reaction of depressed feeling, I rushed headlong into any scheme that offered amusement or dissipation. Then came the reaction of over excitement — the ‘fullness of satiety’ — and I relapsed into an unhappy, good-for-nothing idler. I felt possessed of capacity, but I did not know where to begin to exert it. I had no adviser. Good students avoided me, as an unprofitable companion, and the professedly dissipated and vile did not like my half-way course — my balancing between good and ill; so that I was lonely, conscience-stricken, restless, and miserable.

At home, I enjoyed some happy hours, for there I had a sister for whom I felt the strongest affection, and by whom — if acts speak any truth — I was equally beloved. I told her all my difficulties, and she probably knew how inadvertent were my errors, for she never spoke to me in other than kind and endearing words. But she was a woman, and could only soothe. She could not advise.

My father, during all this time, supposed every thing was fair. He still had hopes. He saw me reinstated in my class, and promised himself much from my ripening years. He saw that I had faults; he must have seen it; but then he attributed them to the usual folly and thoughtlessness of youth. He saw others in the same way. He did not know how deeply the bonds of idleness, and frivolity, and irresolution, were fastened upon me. Fortunately for him, the future was wrapped in darkness.

How can I ever repay the affectionate solicitude of this sister! — her deprivations for my sake! I believe she would have sacrificed her life for me. She was near my own age — two years the eldest. She had been left a motherless child. We had known only a few years of the tenderness and care of a mother. Left to herself, she had, by the merest chance in the world, formed for herself a strong and noble character. She was worthy of being a pattern for American women.

While quite young, she was sent to the best boarding schools. There she got little save a smattering of French, and a taste for drawing, and a love of romping. In due time, she was brought out, as all young ladies are, more on account of their size, than their age or accomplishments. That is, she was invited into company, and behaved herself very modestly. She thought it pretty to hang her head, and blush, and lisp her words, and appear the mildest, tamest creature in the world; though I can aver that she was boydenish to a fault, and loved our sports quite as well as we did. She would chase us boys round the house, if we offended her, and fight her own battles — running up the front stairs, down the back stairs, through the parlor and library — and we could only escape her by running into the street. She soon, however, got rid of all this romping spirit, and settled down into a very naturally-conducted miss. She took to reading Miss Edgeworth, and Hannah More, and Mrs. Chapone's and Gregory's letters — and the effect was most salutary. She seemed to view her life in a new light; and without pretending to be very good, and very prudish, or vastly proper, she really was the most generous and high-minded girl I ever knew. Every body loved her. She never had an enemy, and she never will have; for she is now in heaven, with her mother, and one of her sisters.

She was an instance how much beauty depends upon expression. Her features were large, her figure rather *embonpoint*, her teeth indifferent, her hair light, but luxuriant. She was quite an ordinary-looking girl, when at home, in a state of quiescence, as ladies are apt to be in America — sewing, or reading, or drawing; but when in society she loved, or witnessing an interesting tragedy, meeting dear friends, after a long absence, she was positively the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Her eye would light up with vivid brightness; her figure assume the most graceful and speaking expression; her smile was enchanting, and her whole heart was in her voice, and action, and look. She was much admired, but mostly by those who knew her the best.

I have said a good deal about this sister, because I wish to pay a tribute to her excellence — for her affection was my greatest consolation, and it is now. I love to look back upon that enduring regard, that unalienable interest, we felt for each other. How often has her persuasion saved me from error! How much do I owe to her constructions of my conduct with the family, with my father! She was ever at hand to allay bitterness, to cherish kindness, and remove all obstacles to a reconciliation. When in pecuniary difficulty, she has often relieved me, from her own purse. I owe her much in all respects. She has tended me in sickness, soothed me in distress, sat with me whole nights of agony, when my nerves were excited

almost to madness ; and, best of all, she exerted all her powers to keep alive in my heart my early religious impressions.

She married — she left her home — her husband removed to one of the West India islands. She followed him, without repining, to a strange land, because his interest was concerned in the step. She left splendor, luxury, fashion, and the dearest circle of friends, who doated on her, and became a wife to a poor man. Among numerous offers, she chose him who she thought loved her the best. She prized affection more than wealth, and the devotion of her husband more than the devotion of the world. While she lived, she was amply repaid for her choice. She was a happy, trusting wife. Love was to her the end of existence. The same depth of affection which was bestowed upon a careless and useless brother, found a more worthy object in an honorable husband.

But God did not spare her long to her friends. She died — and her husband and child died with her, during the ravages of the yellow fever. But she died happy. In a letter which I received from her, mentioning the death of many of her acquaintance, she says of herself : ‘ I do not fear death for myself, but I fear lest my dear infant be taken from me ; if we could all die together, I should be willing to die to-day.’ A short time after this, she died, having first laid her husband and child in the tomb.

I only remained at college, after my return, for a few months. The extra studies I was required to make up during the vacation, were entirely neglected. I returned after the vacation, and being examined, was found wanting. It was deliberated whether to send me away, or to give me an opportunity to make up my deficiency in term time. The latter course was determined on. I was required to remain in town, and to recite every day at a fixed hour. We were accustomed to visit our parents, frequently, during term-time, but this privilege was denied me, under the penalty of dismission, should I leave the college-bounds, on any pretext.

The very day after the usual time for my visiting home, my father came out, and inquired the cause of my absence. I pleaded sickness, and still kept away. He came again, and I told him the truth — that I was restrained within the bounds as a punishment. He felt for me — consoled me, encouraged me — came out to see me twice as often as before. My mother and sisters sent me presents, and wrote by every opportunity — for they thought I suffered very much. Time wore away, and I felt happy enough, for I had done my duty ; I had, upon compulsion, been more than studious.

The period of my release was at hand. The very day before the last of my confinement, my father came out to see me, and promised himself much pleasure from having me at his table once more. I was yet the hope of the family. He gave me some money, and said he intended to invite some friends to meet me. He seemed overjoyed ; but by mistaken indulgence, my disgrace was accelerated.

The very evening after he had left me, and supplied me with money — the evening of my last recitation — I was solicited, more urgently than usual, to go upon a party of pleasure. Horses were all provided. It was to be a delightful jaunt through the country, to try the speed of some favorite horses. We were to rendezvous at



a tavern, where we were sure of good cheer, and have a band of music for a water-excursion by moonlight, in the evening; and it was stipulated to be at home for morning prayers. Everything conspired against me. My near release made me already feel the gush of liberty. The kindness of my father, the anticipations of meeting my brothers and sisters, once more round the paternal board, made me almost crazy with excitement. I was in no situation to act thoughtfully. I joined the party in their ride, and we did go out of town.

I drove a fleet horse that day; and I well remember the sensation of liberty — the reaction of a long, tedious, studious retirement from any thing like pleasure — that thrilled through me, as we wheeled along the smooth road. We seemed on wings.

During the ride, some accident happened to one of the horses. He got frightened and ran away, and ran over a child. It was well known that we were L — students. An investigation took place; we were reported to the government. My absence from recitation was suspicious. The whole matter was brought to light; and instead of going home, to gladden my family, I carried home a bill of expulsion.

My misfortune — my agony — made me calm. I walked into the house with a ghastly face and the cold shiver of despair. No one rose to meet me, for my appearance told that I was the bearer of disgrace. I handed the letter of the president to my father, and sinking into a chair, covered my face with my hands.

What words can describe the agony of a father's heart, when, after forgiving, alluring, encouraging, and bribing — after all human means have been tried for an imprudent son — I cannot call myself by a worse name — and just as he thinks he sees the object of his wishes accomplished, suddenly finds the very anchor of his hopes torn away, and sees, in all its nakedness, the utter worthlessness of his favorite child?

He knew not the aggravating circumstances. He did not think of them. He only saw the result. That was enough for him. He knew nothing of my disposition. He saw me affectionate, and kind, and respectful one day, and the next subjected to the severest censures, which proved me base, and unworthy of his confidence. He was staggered, lost, bewildered. He said not a word to me for a week — took no more notice of me than if I had been a block. I was suffered to remain under the paternal roof, and this was all that convinced me that I had not lost, irremediably, the affection of my father.

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#### CHAPTER XI.

I WAS now perfectly regular in my hours, and as studious in my habits as any one could wish. Very soon, my father began to speak to me — to be cheerful in my presence. Then he spoke to me of my intentions. I wished to study law, and my name was entered in the best office in the city.

The hopes of a father never weary, as long as youth remains. I was reinstated in his good opinion; indulgences flowed in upon me;

and I forgot that I had ever done wrong, and began to look upon myself as quite a good young man. My relations and friends all seemed agreed to forget this disgrace, and I found myself moving about in society quite a tolerated personage.

My father was rich. I was to be a lawyer. What mother wanted more? 'He must be invited,' said Mrs. C. I *was* invited — flirted with the young ladies — mounted whiskers — kept a horse and gig — played billiards — had a season ticket at the theatre — went to all public dinners, and spent the morning in walking the streets, to look for my female acquaintance, and to show my grace at a bow.

This was delightful. My conscience was at rest. I had been at college, and got out. Nobody inquired how. I was well received in good society. I had thrown off the boy, and his nice delicacy of feeling. It was unfashionable to have fine feelings. I tried to be a 'man about town,' with some success. I became philosophic — read Rousseau and Hume — all the new novels and many old ones; was a member of a literary club, and took the reviews, and skimmed the magazines; spoke of painting, and went to the picture gallery.

But why should I relate all the vapid employments of a young uneducated man to kill time; who, with more reputation than he could carry out, was obliged to resort to all kinds of subterfuges? I was now nineteen years of age.

I carried on this life for a year or more. I was too well satisfied with myself, to think much what my reputation was with others. A sufficient portion of time was spent at the office, to give me the name of a student at law. I did try to read Blackstone, and *did* get through the first volume; but I could not have told a principle contained in it. I did not know how to study. Here, too, my father seemed satisfied, for my conduct was apparently correct, at home, and he was too much engaged in his own concerns, to think much of mine. He took it for granted that now, at last, I must be doing well. My allowance was liberal for pocket money, travelling expenses, and dress. I wanted nothing to make me a 'man,' except the disposition in my own heart.

Common pleasures began to pall upon my taste. I craved excitement. My love for my cousin was not extinguished, but I had become old enough to see the folly of indulging it. True, I never thought of her, I never can think of her, but with the purest feeling. Though still unmarried, and at an age when the charms that deck the maiden's cheek begin to fade, she is still lovely to me; she is still a girl — and when I chance to meet her now, she is to me the sweet companion of my walks and roamings about her delightful home. She is still the object of that ideal perfection in the shape of woman, which every young man frames for himself — the point about which his thoughts fasten, of what he would love — of what he wishes — of what he sighs and prays to possess.

Yes! excitement I craved. How many a one sells his soul for mirth and wild joy! — sells his reputation — barter his honor — his paternal honor, and blots the fair escutcheon of his family, for excitement! It tends to honorable enterprises, and it assumes all the forms of worldly affairs, under various modifications, but it is base, too. It sends the poor to the dram-shop, and the heir to the gam-

bling house, who is the greatest fool of all ; for with enough, or more than he can spend in the greatest profusion, he puts it in the power of fortune to ruin him, to make him a beggar. Or if he gains, he but adds to superfluous wealth. What is gambling, in such cases, but love of excitement ? It is like the man who tries how far he can stretch himself over a precipice without falling.

Love of excitement ! it is the cause of vice in the young ; for how distasteful and disgusting is gross dissipation to the novice ! The example of others, a desire to be thought spirited, and off-hand, lead him into it, at first, and afterward he pursues as a good and an alleviation what he rejected as vile and unworthy. This life is nameless. Who can define it ? Who can explain it ? Who can trace the steps to it ? Once in, never out. The only pleasure is an unevenness of pain. We do not suffer so much to-day as yesterday, and we are happy, by comparison. But see the morning hours of your dissipated, worthless youth. The pure air, the bright sky, the bustling world, about him, seem but to mock his misery. He feels contemptible. He sits perhaps amidst a medicine-shop for his body, to frame some employment for the day ; some scheme of vulgarity, some contrivance of vice, and all this perhaps as only an alleviation from pain. Embarked in his course, he appears, to the world, as intent upon some object of worthy interest ; and he passes his acquaintance with the well-bred smile and bow of a happy heart. We envy him, so gay, so earnest is he — so much spirit, and life, and gayety — such openness and generosity.

Who, I say, can describe the actors in these scenes, but the actors themselves ? They who play the parts, know themselves wretched men. They have no hope. Life to them has no honorable ambitions. They know they will soon die, and they keep up the farce to cheat themselves of the dreadful consciousness of what they are.

‘ But what was the effect of this indulgence, this love of excitement, in you ? ’ the reader asks. It led me into mad scenes of dissipation. It exhausted my moral feelings, and made me fit for any scene of gross debauchery. And then I awoke, when weary nature failed, to a full and stinging sense of my degradation. Thoughts, scorpion-winged, crowded upon me, and an over-wrought fancy supplied the horrors that made my sick couch a hell.

I sometimes left my father’s house for weeks. I lived with a set. We supported and gave countenance to each other. We braved public opinion. A man cannot be dissipated in America, and hold his rank in society ; there is too nice a moral standard. Society is too pure. The habits of the American people are too common-sense, to allow any tinsel or gaudy veil to make-believe hide the deformities of vice, and to offer an apology for our acquaintance and friends for clinging to us. Splendid talents will not shield the man who is morally delinquent ; nor family connections ; nor even wealth, that mantle of oblivion for almost every sin, in other countries. The man or the woman, it matters not which, who offends the high principles of morality, is lost to society. Such are never received with confidence by respectable classes in society. They may have their

set; they may in some cases, by reformation, be tolerated; but they are stamped, and, Cain-like, they walk the earth. This strictness applies even to young and unmarried men, in that season of life when some liberty and some charity is usually bestowed upon the habitual thoughtlessness of youth. Rank, accidental rank, is the curse of society in Europe. A man is of no consequence in himself; it is his title which pleases. No matter what he is in '*propria persona*,' whether a gambler, a rake, or a swindler; if he have a title, his reception is never questioned. Men, on this account, are not put to the cultivation of their dispositions and habits for goodness. This is all a chance growth. He has nothing to gain, except in his own feelings; and he follows the bent of his accidental impulses, which may be bad or may be good, satisfied that he cannot lose.

In an ignorant age, when books were rare, we can see the effects of this more plainly. The nobles were the tyrants, and the most abandoned and vicious part of the population; while virtue was found in the shade, in the quiet hamlet and lonely cottage. Domestic love, conjugal fidelity, paternal care, and fraternal affection, gladdened the humble hearth-stone of the laboring poor; while the castle and palace were the scenes of dark intrigue and secret murder. Father and son were at war. Brother fought with brother. Incest, debauchery, and rapine, were the vices of rulers, while morality and religion clothed the oppressed subject.

Now, literature is so much a fashion, and good books are so common in England, and every where else, and a few great examples are so conspicuous, that the higher classes have become more morally refined by the improvements of the age meeting their leisure and superior opportunities. But still, what gross laxity of morals do we hear of in Europe! What should we think in our country of a man who, with a grown-up family of daughters, should keep a mistress, and be seen with her in open day? Where can domestic affection be, in such a case? What will probably be the principles of his children? How can he advise his sons? How can he protect his daughters? And yet, after all, this man is honored, and is the bosom-confidant, it may be, of the very king himself.

It is enough to say, that I fell under the disrepute of the world. I lost my place in society. Mothers no longer cast inquiring eyes upon me. Smiles were more polite, and less cordial. My opinions were not disputed, but suffered to die unargued, like the first worked-up-to-the-point remark of a large overgrown boy at a dinner table, among old and experienced diners-out. As much as to say, in the latter case: 'Young Sir, you are no judge of wine, or mutton,' and in my case: 'Sir, you are no match for my daughters, and you are fast sinking into nobody.'

To a man bad by system, this would have been nothing. He would, in his theory of conduct, have been prepared for slights and cuts; but to me it was galling in the extreme, and sometimes drove me to desperation. For I was not bad at heart — so all my friends said — and I believed and still believe them. I always wished to do right. My errors pained me more than any one else. 'Why not correct them, then?' says the reader. My dear friend — *habit*, НАВИТ did

my business — education, want of energy, consequent upon a life of impulse. Did you ever try to correct a foible? Answer me, and then your own question will be answered.

I loved the pure, the good, the honorable; I had aspirations after excellence; but the fault lay deeply imbedded in my character. I had been carried along in a current all my life, that tended I knew not whither — where I never thought, until I found myself without friends, and a marked man.

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A M O T H E R ' S J O Y .

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'Thou that hast been what words may never tell  
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days  
When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise  
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye,  
That still sought mine.'

Mrs. HEMANS.

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To CLASP the treasure to her breast,  
With low yet fervent prayer,  
Or hush it to its breathing rest,  
With some half-uttered air;  
To deck its young and fragile form,  
Give food that may not cloy,  
Or woo from it sweet kisses warm —  
This is a mother's joy.

To guide its steps with patient hand,  
And quell its childish fears,  
Or cheer it, with her soothings bland,  
When laughter yields to tears;  
And often through the sleepless night,  
To gaze upon her boy,  
And catch his smile with early light —  
This is a mother's joy.

To count, among the youthful train,  
Her own, the fairest flower;  
And though her efforts seem half vain,  
Ne'er yield instruction's hour;  
To blend with sad rebuke the tone  
Of love without alloy:  
Or hoard, as gold, mind's jewels strown —  
This is a mother's joy.

And when its tender frame doth prove  
By strange, quick pain distress'd;  
When its appealing look doth rove,  
O'er all her face perplex'd;  
To seek the weak, scarce-breath'd request,  
The bitter draught decoy,  
And feel each change is for the best —  
This is a mother's joy.

A mother's joy! yet, who can find  
The source of its pure spring;  
Deep, deep, within the heart enshrined,  
It lives, a deathless thing:  
A rich elixir, clear and free,  
'Tis drank, but never spent,  
And proves, what 't was designed to be,  
Her spirit's element.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part One. pp. 228. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE had barely leisure and space to announce the publication of this delightful volume in our number for May; and we propose now rather to indicate the great interest of the work by extracts from its pages, than by extended comments upon them. Aside from the autobiographical fragment, from the pen of the great novelist himself, for the absence of which nothing could have atoned, Mr. Lockhart, by the relation which he bore to the illustrious subject of his labors, has been enabled to bring together a mass of facts and incidents of the most interesting description, by which the reader is made thoroughly acquainted with the boy and the man, the poet and the novelist. Indeed, we think the writer 'shines unrivalled in the gay Memoir.' He has avoided the too common error of biographers, and made no excursions into ideal realms, to fortify his deductions in relation to the character or habits of the man whose life he is depicting; and with a style the farthest possibly removed from the manufactured, he unites attractiveness of theme with grace and ease of manner, to a remarkable degree.

We commence our extracts with some passages from the autobiography. The writer is now at the Edinburgh High School:

"In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, etc. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, beside that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty: 'No, sir,' an-

swered the old Borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Borderraid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it.

"I left the High School, therefore, with a great quantity of general information, ill arranged indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be well imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing, and some private book-shelves, were open to my random perusal, and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it."

Scott says elsewhere, in an account of certain literary societies in Edinburgh, of which he was a member:

"In the business of these societies—for I was a member of more than one successively—I cannot boast of having made any great figure. I never was a good speaker unless upon some subject which strongly animated my feelings; and, as I was totally unaccustomed to composition, as well as to the art of generalizing my ideas upon any subject, my literary essays were but very poor work. I never attempted them unless when compelled to do so by the regulations of the society, and then I was like the Lord of Castle Rackrent, who was obliged to cut down a tree to get a few faggots to boil the kettle; for the quantity of ponderous and miscellaneous knowledge which I really possessed on many subjects, was not easily condensed, or brought to bear upon the object I wished particularly to become master of. Yet there occurred opportunities when this odd lumber of my brain, especially that which was connected with the recondite parts of history, did me, as Hamlet says, 'yeoman's service.' My memory of events was like one of the large, old-fashioned stone-cannons of the Turks—very difficult to load well and discharge, but making a powerful effect when by good chance any object did come within range of its shot. Such fortunate opportunities of exploding with effect maintained my literary character among my companions, with whom I soon met with great indulgence and regard."

The following anecdotes are taken from Mr. Lockhart's addenda to Scott's account of his early school-days:

"He speaks of himself as occasionally 'glancing like a meteor from the bottom to the top of the form.' His school-fellow, Mr. Claud Russell, remembers that he once made a great leap in consequence of the stupidity of some laggard on what is called the *dull's* (dolt's) bench, who being asked on boggling at *cum*, 'what part of speech is *with*?' answered 'a substantive.' The rector, after a moment's pause, thought it worth while to ask his *dux*, 'Is *with* ever a substantive?' but all were silent until the query reached Scott, then near the bottom of the class, who instantly responded by quoting a verse of the book of Judges: 'And Sampson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man.' Another upward movement, accomplished in a less laudable manner, but still one strikingly illustrative of his ingenious resources, I am enabled to preserve through the kindness of a brother poet and esteemed friend, to whom Sir Walter himself communicated it in the melancholy twilight of his bright day.

"Mr. Rogers says: 'Sitting one day alone with him in your house, in the Regent's Park—(it was the day but one before he left it to embark at Portsmouth for Malta)—I led him, among other things, to tell me once again a story of him-

self, which he had formerly told me, and which I had often wished to recover. When I returned home, I wrote it down as nearly as I could, in his own words: and here they are. The subject is an achievement worthy of Ulysses himself, and such as many of his school-fellows could, no doubt, have related of him; but I fear I have done it no justice, though the story is so very characteristic that it should not be lost. The inimitable manner in which he told it—the glance of the eye, the turn of the head, and the light that played over his faded features as, one by one, the circumstances came back to him, accompanied by a thousand boyish feelings, that had slept perhaps for years—there is no language, not even his own, could convey to you; but you can supply them. Would that others could do so, who had not the good fortune to know him!—The memorandum (Friday, October 21, 1831) is as follows:

“There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would: till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking.”

Since we cannot find room for that portion of the autobiography which treats of Scott's apprenticeship, in the law office of his father, we give the following, from his biographer, with the hope that it will not be lost upon the humblest literary aspirant, who may feel his intellectual nature depressed by the force of circumstances:

“That he entered with ready zeal into such professional business as inferred Highland expeditions with comrades who had known Rob Roy, no one will think strange; but more than one of his biographers allege, that in the ordinary in-door fagging of the chamber in George's Square, he was always an unwilling, and rarely an efficient assistant. Their addition that he often played chess with one of his companions in the office, and had to conceal the board with precipitation when the old gentleman's footsteps were heard on the staircase, is, I do not doubt, true; and we may remember along with it his own insinuation that his father was sometimes poring in his secret nook over Spottiswoode or Wodrow when his apprentices supposed him to be deep in Dirleton's Doubts, or Stair's Decisions. But the Memoir of 1808, so candid—indeed, more than candid—as to many juvenile irregularities, contains no confession that supports the broad assertion to which I have alluded; nor can I easily believe, that with his affection for his father, and that sense of duty which seems to have been inherent in his character, and lastly, with the evidence of a most severe training in industry which the habits of his after-life presented, it is at all deserving of serious acceptance. His mere handwriting, indeed, continued, during the whole of his prime, to afford most striking and irresistible proof how completely he must have submitted himself for some very considerable period to the mechanical discipline of his father's office. It spoke to months after months of this humble toil, as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self-mastery from the hour that he left Harrow. There are some little technical tricks, such as no gentleman who has not been subjected to a similar regimen ever can fall into, which he practised invariably while composing his poetry, which appear not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropt instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years. I allude particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, I presume, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature. He was quite sensible that this ornament might as well be dispensed with; and his family often heard him mutter, after involuntarily performing it, ‘There goes the old shop again!’



"I dwell on this matter, because it was always his favourite tenet, in contradiction to what he called the cant of sonnetteers, that there is no necessary connection between genius and an aversion or contempt for any of the common duties of life; he thought, on the contrary, that to spend some fair portion of every day in any matter-of-fact occupation, is good for the higher faculties themselves in the upshot. In a word, from beginning to end, he piqued himself on being a *man of business*; and did — with one sad and memorable exception — whatever the ordinary course of things threw in his way, in exactly the business-like fashion which might have been expected from the son of a thoroughbred old Clerk to the Signet, who had never deserted his father's profession."

We pause for the present, but with the purpose of renewing a review of the volume before us, in connection with Part Two, which has already appeared in this country.

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THE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH GRAMMARS: With an Introduction Historical and Critical, an Appendix in Four Parts, and a Key to the Oral Exercises.

WE have been permitted to examine the manuscript sheets of a work entitled as above, now in course of preparation by GOULD BROWN, Esq., of this city; and we can affirm, with confidence, that a book more complete upon every essential point of its subject, has never been given to the American public. It is, indeed, 'fully ripe,' for the author came amply prepared to his task. It was not, as we gather from the preface, until after fifteen years devoted by the writer to grammatical studies and exercises, during most of which time he had been alternately instructing youth in four different languages, that he published 'The Institutes of English Grammar,' which has been gradually increasing in reputation and demand, until it has reached fifteen editions. In the volume under notice, the principles contained in the 'Institutes' are, with great additional labor, carried out into farther detail, and illustrated by a multiplicity of examples and exercises, accompanied by numerous criticisms and literary notices, which it must have required a long time and laborious research to amass, and patient assiduity to arrange. A book of grammar is too often justly regarded as a dull work on a dull subject: but the fault has generally been with the desultory and immethodical authors, or author-compilers, who have added dullness to the other faults of their originals, and who have dealt in the notional and conjectural, rather than with the correct *principles* of the science which they professed to teach. In this 'Grammar of English Grammars,' however, the writer's claim to method and distinctness will be acknowledged by every reader. Nothing is left unexplained. The study of the language is facilitated by an extension of its grammatical code, and an improvement of the phraseology of its doctrines—by new illustrations, and by so clear an arrangement of a vast number of particulars, that each item may be readily referred to. The pupil is shown how to parse that which is right, and to correct that which is wrong—and both are made equally easy. In short, we take it upon ourselves to predict—and to prevent misconception, we should add, that our remarks are not made with the knowledge of the writer—that when this volume shall, at some future, perhaps distant, day, be given to the public, it will be found to reflect the highest credit upon its industrious and erudite author, and to supply a most important desideratum to students in our higher institutions of learning, not less than to teachers, authors, and general readers.

We subjoin an extract from the critical portion of our author's 'Introduction,' wherein one 'who has as good a right to make a book as those who know how' is handled with some causticity. Being elevated, however, as he himself boasts, upon a high pedestal above all the grammarians of the nation, he must not complain, if the fearless independence of a gifted fellow-laborer should change that lofty position to a bad eminence. 'Having built the pillory with his own hands, he must abide the missive eggs.' The historian seems familiar with his vouchers:

"Among the professed copiers of Murray, there is not one who has attempted any thing more honourable to himself, or more beneficial to the public, than what their master had before achieved; nor is there any one, who, with the same disinterestedness, has guarded his design from the imputation of a pecuniary motive. It is comical to observe what they say in their prefaces. Between praise to sustain their choice of a model, and blame to make room for their pretended amendments, they are often placed in as awkward a dilemma, as that which was contrived when grammar was identified with compilation. I should have much to say, were I to show them all in their true light. Few of them have had such success as to be worthy of notice here; but the names of many will find frequent place in my code of false grammar. The one who seems to be now taking the lead in fame and revenue, filled with glad wonder at his own popularity, is SAMUEL KIRKHAM. Upon this gentleman's performance, I shall therefore bestow a few brief observations. Kirkham's treatise is entitled '*English Grammar in Familiar Lectures*, accompanied by a *Compendium*;' that is, by a folded sheet. Of this work, of which I have recently seen copies purporting to be of the 'sixty-seventh edition,' and others again of the 'hundred and fifth edition,' each published at Baltimore in 1836, I can give no earlier account, than what may be derived from the 'second edition, enlarged and much improved,' which was published at Harrisburg in 1825. The preface, which appears to have been written for his *first* edition, is dated 'Fredericktown, Md., August 22, 1823.' In it, there is no recognition of any obligation to Murray, or to any other grammarian in particular; but it is said: 'The author of this production has endeavored to condense all the most important subject-matter of the whole science, and present it in so small a compass, that the learner can become familiarly acquainted with it in a *short time*. He makes but small pretensions to originality in theoretical matter. Most of the principles laid down, have been selected from our *best modern philologists*. If his work is entitled to any degree of merit, it is not on account of a judicious selection of principles and rules, but for the easy mode adopted of communicating these to the mind of the learner.'

*Kirkham's Grammar*, 1825, p. 10.

"It will be found on examination, that what this author regarded as '*all the most important subject-matter of the whole science of grammar*,' included nothing more than the most common elements of the orthography, etymology, and syntax of the English tongue—beyond which his scholarship appears not to have extended. Whatsoever relates to derivation, to the sounds of the letters, to prosody, (as punctuation, utterance, figures, versification, and poetic diction,) found no place in his 'comprehensive system of grammar;' nor do his later editions treat any of these things amply or well. In short, he treats nothing well; for he is a bad writer. Take from his 'hundred and fifth edition' a few brief sentences, as a sample of his thoughts and style:

'They, however, who introduce usages which depart from the analogy and philosophy of the language, are conspicuous among the number of those who form that language, and have power to control it.'—p. 18.

'PRINCIPLE. A principle in grammar is a peculiar construction of the language, sanctioned by good usage.'—*Id.*

'DEFINITION. A definition in grammar is a principle of language expressed in a definite form.'—*Id.*

'RULE. A rule describes the peculiar construction or circumstantial relation of words, which custom has established for our observance.'—*Id.*

"Now, as 'a rule describes the peculiar construction,' and a 'principle is a peculiar construction,' and 'a definition is a principle,' it is certainly not easier for the learner to conceive of all these things *distinctly*, than it is to understand how a departure from philosophy may make a man deservedly 'conspicuous.' Once more:

'It is correct to say, *The man eats, he eats*; but we cannot say, *The man dog eats, he dog eats*. Why not? Because the man is here represented as the possessor, and dog, the property, or thing possessed; and the genius of our language requires, that when we add to the possessor the thing which he is represented as possessing, the possessor shall take a particular form to show its case, or relation to the property.'—p. 52.

"Is it not a pity that 'more than one hundred thousand children' should be daily poring over language and logic like this?

"Probably no other grammar was ever so industriously spread. Such was the author's perseverance in his measures to increase the demand for his book, that even the attainment of such accuracy as he was capable of, was less a subject of concern. For, in an article designed 'to ward off some of the arrows of criticism,' an advertisement which, from the eleventh to the 'one hundred and fifth edition,' has been promising 'to the publick another and a better edition'—he plainly offers this urgent engagement, as 'an apology for its defects.' He scruples not to say:

'Being able to devote to this subject *only a small portion of his time*, snatched from the active pursuits of a business life, he hopes that the candid will set down the *apology to his credit*. Not that he would beg a truce with the gentlemen critics and reviewers. Any compromise with them would betray a want of *self-confidence and moral courage*, which he would, by no means, be willing to avow.'—*Adv. Gram.*, p. 7.

"Now, it is well known, that his principal business was, to commend his own method of teaching grammar, and to turn this publication to profit. This honourable industry, aided as himself suggests, by 'not much less than one thousand written recommendations,' is said to have wrought for him, in a very few years, a degree of success and fame, at which both the eulogists of Murray and the friends of English grammar may hang their heads. As to a 'compromise' with any critic or reviewer whom he cannot bribe, it is enough to say of that, it is morally impossible. Nor was it necessary for such an author to throw the gauntlet, to prove himself not lacking in '*self-confidence*.' He can show his '*moral courage*,' only by daring to do right.

"In 1829, after his book had gone through ten editions, and the demand for it had become so great as 'to call forth twenty-two thousand copies during the year,' the prudent author, intending to veer his course according to the *trade-wind*, thought it expedient to retract his former acknowledgment to 'our best modern philologists,' and to profess himself a modifier of the Great Compiler's code. Where then holds the anchor of his praise? Let the reader say, after weighing and comparing his pretensions:

'Aware that there is, in the publick mind, a strong predilection for the doctrines contained in Mr. Murray's grammar, he has thought proper, not merely from motives of policy, but from choice, to select his principles chiefly from that work; and, moreover, to adopt, as far as consistent with his own views, the language of that eminent philologist. In no instance has he varied from him, unless he conceived that, in so doing, some practical advantage would be gained. He hopes, therefore, to escape the censures so frequently and so justly awarded to those *unfortunate innovators* who have not scrupled to alter, mutilate, and torture, the text of that able writer, merely to gratify an itching propensity to figure in the world as authors, and gain an ephemeral popularity by arrogating to themselves the credit due to another.'

*Kirkham's Grammar*, 1829, p. 10.

"Now these statements are either true or false; and I know not on which supposition they are most creditable to the writer. Had any Roman grammarist thus profited by the name of Varro or Quintilian, he would have been filled with constant dread of somewhere meeting the injured author's frowning shade! Murray simply intended to do good, and good which might descend to posterity. This intention goes far to excuse even his errors. But Kirkham says: 'My pretensions reach not so far. To the present generation only, I present my claims.' *Elocution*, p. 346. His whole design is, therefore, a paltry scheme of present income. Being no rival with him in this race, and having no personal quarrel with him on any account, I would for his sake fain rejoice at his success, and withhold my criticisms; because he is said to have been liberal with his gains, and because he has not, like some others, copied me in stead of Murray. But the vindication of a greatly injured and perverted science, constrains me to say, on this occasion, that pretensions less consistent with themselves, or less sustained by taste and scholarship, have seldom, if ever, been promulgated in the name of grammar. I have certainly no intention to say more than is due to the uninformed and the misguided; for I may be thought prejudiced, and even this freedom may be attributed to an ill motive. But facts may well be credited, in opposition to courteous flattery, when there are the author's own words and works to vouch for them in the face of day. Though a thousand of our great men may have helped a copier's weak copyist to take 'some practical advantage' of the world's credulity, it is safe to aver, in the face of dignity still greater, that testimonials more fallacious have seldom mocked the cause of learning. *They did not read his book*.

"Notwithstanding the author's change in his professions, the work is now essentially the same as it was at first; except that its errors and contradictions have been

greatly multiplied, by the addition of new matter inconsistent with the old. He evidently cares not what doctrines he teaches, or whose; but, as various theories are noised abroad, seizes upon different opinions, and mixes them together, that his books may contain something to suit all parties. 'A System of *Philosophical Grammar*,' though but an idle speculation, even in his own account, and doubly absurd in him, as being flatly contradictory to his main text, has been thought worthy of insertion. And what his title-page denominates 'A New System of *Punctuation*,' though mostly in the very words of Murray, was next invented to supply a deficiency which he at length discovered. To admit these, and some other additions, the 'comprehensive system of grammar' was gradually extended from 144 small duodecimo pages, to 228, of the ordinary size. And, in this compass, it was finally stereotyped in 1829; so that the ninety-four editions published since have nothing new for history.

"But the publication of an other work, 'An Essay on Elocution,' shows the progress of the author's mind. Nothing can be more radically opposite, than are some of the elementary doctrines which this gentleman is now teaching; nothing more strangely inconsistent, than are some of his declarations and professions. For instance: 'A consonant is a letter that cannot be perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel.' *Kirkham's Grammar*, p. 19. Again: 'A consonant is not only capable of being perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel, but, moreover, of forming, like a vowel, a separate syllable.' *Kirkham's Elocution*, p. 32. Once more. Upon his own rules, he comments thus, and comments truly, because he had written them badly: 'But some of these rules are foolish, trifling, and unimportant.' *Elocution*, p. 97. Again: 'Rules 10 and 11, rest on a sandy foundation. They appear not to be based on the principles of the language.' *Grammar*, p. 59. These are but specimens of his own frequent testimony against himself! But upon the credulity of ignorance, his high-sounding certificates and unbounded boasting can impose any thing. They overrule all in favour of one of the worst grammars extant—of which he says: 'It is now studied by more than one hundred thousand children and youth; and is more extensively used than all other English grammars published in the United States.' *Elocution*, p. 347. The booksellers say, he receives *ten cents a copy*, on this *modification of Murray's Grammar*, and that he reports the sale of *sixty thousand* in a year. Be it so—or double, if he and the public please. Murray had so little originality in his work, or so little selfishness in his design, that he would not take any thing; and his may ultimately prove the better bargain.

"A man may boast and bless himself as he pleases, his fortune surely can never be worthy of an other's envy, so long as he finds it inadequate to his own great merits, and unworthy of his own poor gratitude. As a grammarian, Kirkham claims to be second only to Lindley Murray; and says: 'Since the days of Lowth, no other work on grammar, Murray's only excepted, has been so favourably received by the public as his own. As a proof of this, he would mention, that within the last six years, it has passed through fifty editions.' *Preface to Elocution*, p. 12. And, at the same time, and in the same preface, he complains, that, 'Of all the labours done under the sun, the labours of the pen meet with the poorest reward.' *Ibid.* p. 5. This too clearly favours the report, that his books were not written by himself, but by others whom he hired. Possibly, the anonymous helper may here have penned, not his employer's feeling, but a line of his own experience. But I choose to ascribe the passage to the professed author, and to hold him answerable for the inconsistency. I am glad of his present success. It is the 'only thing' which makes him worthy of the notice here taken of him. But I cannot sympathize with his complaint, because he never sought any but 'the poorest reward;' and all he sought, he found. In his last 'Address to Teachers,' he says: 'He may doubtless be permitted emphatically to say with Prospero, '*Your breath has filled my sails.*'' *Elocution*, p. 18. If this boasting has any truth in it, he ought to be satisfied. But it is written, 'He that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance, with increase.' Let him remember this. He now announces three or four other works as forthcoming shortly. What these will achieve, the world will see. But I must confine myself to the Grammar.

"In this volume, scarcely any thing is found where it might be expected. 'The author,' as he tells us in his preface, 'has not followed the common 'artificial and unnatural arrangement adopted by most of his predecessors;' yet he has endeavoured to pursue a more judicious one, namely, '*the order of the understanding.*'' *Grammar*, p. 12. But if this is the order of his understanding, he is greatly to be pitied. A book more confused in its plan, more wanting in method, more imperfect in distinctness of parts, more deficient in symmetry, or more difficult of

reference, shall not easily be found in stereotype. Let the reader try to follow us here. Bating twelve pages at the beginning, occupied by the title, recommendations, advertisement, contents, preface, hints to teachers, and advice to lecturers; and fifty-four at the end, embracing syntax, orthography, orthoëpy, provincialisms, prosody, punctuation, versification, rhetoric, figures of speech, and a Key, all in the sequence here given; the work consists of fourteen chapters of grammar, absurdly called 'Familiar Lectures.' The first treats of sundries, under the name of orthography; and the last is three pages and a half on derivation. In the remaining twelve, the etymology and syntax of the ten parts of speech are commingled; and an attempt is made to teach simultaneously all that the author judged important in either. Hence he gives us, in a strange congeries, rules, remarks, illustrations, false syntax, systematic parsing, exercises in parsing, two different orders of notes, three different orders of questions, and a variety of other titles merely occasional. All these things, being additional to his main text, are to be connected, in the mind of the learner, with the parts of speech successively, in some new and inexplicable catenation found only in the arrangement of the lectures. The author himself could not see through the chaos. He accordingly made his table of contents a meagre alphabetical index. Having once attempted in vain to explain the order of his instructions, he actually gave the matter up in despair!

"In length, these pretended lectures vary, from three or four pages, to eight-and-thirty. Their subjects run thus: 1. Language, Grammar, Orthography; 2. Nouns and Verbs; 3. Articles; 4. Adjectives; 5. Participles; 6. Adverbs; 7. Prepositions; 8. Pronouns; 9. Conjunctions; 10. Interjections and Nouns; 11. Moods and Tenses; 12. Irregular Verbs; 13. Auxiliary, Passive, and Defective Verbs; 14. Derivation. Which, now, is 'more judicious,' such confusion as this, or the arrangement which has been common from time immemorial? Has grammar really been made easy by this confounding of its parts? Or are we lured by the name '*Familiar Lectures*'—a term manifestly adopted as a mere decoy, and, with respect to the work itself, totally inappropriate? If these chapters have ever been actually delivered as a series of lectures, the reader must have been employed on some occasions eight or ten times as long as on others. 'People,' says Dr. Johnson, 'have now-a-days got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as a private reading of the books from which the lectures are taken. I know of nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chymistry by lectures—you might teach the making of shoes by lectures.'

*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

"With singular ignorance and untruth, this gentleman claims to have invented a better method of analysis than had ever been practised before. Of other grammarians, his preface avers: 'They have *all overlooked* what the author considers a very important object; namely, a *systematic order of parsing*.'—*Grammar*, p. 9. And, in his 'Hints to Teachers,' presenting himself as a model, and his book as a paragon, he says: 'By pursuing this system, he can, with less labour, advance a pupil *farther* in the practical knowledge of this *abstruse science*, in *two months*, than he could in *one year*, when he taught in the *old way*.' *Grammar*, p. 12. What his '*old way*' was, does not appear. Doubtless, something sufficiently bad. But to this gasconade the simple-minded have given credit—because the author showed certificates that testified to his great success, and called him '*amiable and modest*.' But who can look into the book, or into the writer's pretensions in regard to his predecessors, and conceive of the merit which has made him—'preëminent by so much odds?' Was Murray less praiseworthy, less amiable, or less modest? In illustration of my topic, and for the sake of literary justice, I have selected that honoured compiler to show the abuses of praise; let the history of this his vaunting modifier cap the climax of vanity. In general, his amendments of 'that eminent philologist,' are not more skilful than the following touch upon an eminent dramatist; and here, it is plain, he has mistaken two nouns for adjectives, and converted into bad English a beautiful passage, the sentiment of which is worthy of an *author's* recollection:

'The evil deed or deeds that men do, lives after them,  
The good deed or deeds is oft interred with their bones.'

*Kirkham's Grammar*, p. 75."

After the lucid construction given to the above couplet, we shall look to see 'Cats eats mice' defended as an elegant sentence, and the early piscatory announcement, 'Shads is come!' cited as an example of grammatical correctness.

ERATO, NUMBER THREE. By WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. pp. 60. Cincinnati: ALEXANDER FLASH.

MR. GALLAGHER goes on from strength to strength. We can call to mind no young American poet, whose improvement has been more marked, or one who has profited so largely by the suggestions of honest but friendly criticism. It is impossible to avoid noticing a great and distinctive merit in all our author's productions. He *feels* what he writes. He throws his whole soul into his verse; and hence the animated tone of his musings, and the vivid distinctness of his descriptions. He affects no faint emotions; his impressions are hearty and homespun; his characters marked with force, and evidently drawn from nature. If he portrays a domestic scene, instead of a 'babbling, jingling simplicity,' assumed for the occasion, he brings together an assemblage of honest common-life traits and incidents, which the reader cannot fail to recognize and acknowledge, at once; and when, as in the volume before us, he depicts the murderous events connected with the early border history of the West, he has an artist-like faculty of grouping, and the power to make his readers see what they can scarcely doubt he has seen himself.

But we cannot applaud the subject which Mr. GALLAGHER has chosen for the principal poem in the little work under notice, however little we may find to condemn in the manner of its handling. It is a 'Tale of the Dark and Bloody Ground,' and, as may readily be inferred, is sanguinary in no small degree. We are beginning to be a-weary of novels and poems which turn upon Indian massacres, and wild scenes of blood and carnage. We repeat, we fear the Indian soil, so industriously cultivated by native laborers in the field of fictitious literature, is in great danger of being exhausted from over-cropping: and were it otherwise, considerations of policy should deter us from relying too exclusively upon a single mine of romantic wealth, how rich soever it may be.

We have marked several passages in 'Cadwallen,' the main poem of the collection; and regret that we are obliged to limit ourselves to the few which follow. The subjoined is from a fine apostrophe to the West, with which the poem opens:

"LAND of the West!—Green Forest-Land!  
Thine early day for deeds is famed  
Which in historic page shall stand  
Till bravery is no longer named.  
Thine early day!—it nursed a band  
Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:  
The iron-nerved, the bravely good,  
Who neither spared nor lavished blood—  
Aye ready, morn, or night, or noon;  
Fleet in the race, firm in the field,  
Their sinewy arms their only shield—  
Courage to Death alone to yield;  
The men of Daniel Boone!  
Their dwelling-place—the 'good green wood';  
Their favorite haunts—the lone arcade,  
The murmuring and majestic flood,  
The deep and solemn shade:  
Where to them came the Word of God,  
When Storm and Darkness were abroad,  
Breathed in the thunder's voice aloud,  
And writ in lightning on the cloud.  
And thus they lived: the dead leaves off,  
Heaped by the playful winds, their bed;  
Nor wished they couch more warm or soft—  
Nor pillow for the head  
Other than fitting root, or stone,  
With the scant wood-moss overgrown.  
Heroic band!—But they have passed,  
As pass the stars at rise of sun,—  
Melting into the ocean vast  
Of Time, and sinking, one by one;

Yet lingering here and there a few,  
As if to take a last, long view  
Of the domain they won, in strife  
With foes who battled to the knife.  
Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!  
All honor to the few that yet do linger with us!"

The attack of the 'Station' on the Elkhorn, which is described with much graphic power, is followed by vengeful preparations on the part of the survivors:

"~~There~~ was a speedy gathering then,  
Of fiery youths and fearless men,  
And mettled steeds.  
Ne'er had fair Elkhorn's bloody shore  
Beheld such gallant host before,  
So fit for daring deeds.  
Here was th' appointed rendezvous —  
And one by one, and two by two,  
Brave spirits, they came rushing in:  
And when they saw what strife had been,  
And stood where white men's precious blood  
Had flowed, and stained that gentle flood,  
Each took that oath of vengeance dread  
Late uttered on the Indian's head."

After a spirited debate in council, they set forth — Cadwallen, whose betrothed has been taken prisoner, leading the band:

"Now breaks the young and dewy day;  
And still the fires are far away.  
But while they speed, as quick as thought  
Rodd's careless rein is drawn full taut;  
And a halt is ordered instantly.  
..... What in the distance seeth he?  
Straight and still as a post doth it stand —  
It moves not foot, and it stirs not hand;  
Yet it looks like a human being, drawn  
On the deep blue sky and the velvet lawn.  
Brun's gun is levelled. Still, man! 'tis not  
Within the reach of thy carbine shot.  
Thy priming is damp — and the figure is gone!  
Two others rise up from the ground, and stay  
A moment, the horsemen's force to survey,  
And then, like the first one, they hurry away."

"The ground they first appeared on, lies  
Away some seventy rods, not more:  
A beautiful and gentle rise,  
Though on a gloomy shore:  
Half circling it, but then unseen,  
A rocky, and dark, and deep ravine.  
'Have at them, friends!' loud shouted Rodd;  
'Strike home, my braves! and trust in God.'  
'An ambush!' several whispered now,  
With quivering lip, and pallid brow.  
'On! on!' said he. How short their breath!  
'Nay — that were rushing to our death.  
'Tis a decoy! 'Twere madness great!  
Better a larger force await,  
Than thus to seal our own, perhaps each Station's fate."

"Rodd praised, cursed, entreated; but still they stood,  
Wistfully eyeing the tangled wood  
That lined the darkly rolling flood.  
To his temples mounted his fiery blood;  
And he slackened his rein, and musing sat,  
His troubled brow concealed by his hat;  
But his face was turned where the wily foe  
In ambush lay — and he burned to go.

"Cadwallen looked hastily round him then,  
Reading the hearts of those hardy men:  
A few cheeks were pale, and a few lips quivered —  
And one, who had boasted loudest, shivered.  
'Tongue valor lasts but from night till morn!  
Ralph muttered, and curled his lip in scorn."

Here tarry all the chicken-hearted;  
 'Tis pity their scalps from their heads should be parted.  
 He turned away.... Old Brun stood alone,  
 Whistling, and whetting his knife on a stone!  
 'Tis fit for the head  
 Of their bravest,' he said,  
 And passed his hard thumb back and fore on the blade.  
 'This skinning of crowns is a horrible trade!  
 But 'tis time 'twere begun,  
 Ere the heat of the sun;  
 Come! who goes abreast now with Old Billy Brun?  
 He looked round for answer, but answer came none.

"Cadwallen, man! what ails thee now?  
 The cold sweat stands upon thy brow!  
 What means that wild and straining eye?  
 See you a spectre gliding by?  
 Ralph met the old man's eager glance,  
 And started from his bitter trance  
 So rapt was he, he had not heard  
 His brave companion's challenge-word."

They are caught in ambush by the savages:

"Soon sprang their savage foe to view,  
 And loudly rang the scalp-tattoo.  
 Cadwallen! now thy bravest do;  
 Thou, gallant Rodd! thy best.  
 They move together: right and left  
 They strike, and many a skull is cleft.  
 The pressing foe before them sinks;  
 And the earth, long thirsting, greedily drinks  
 The blood of dying and of dead:  
 Around them many such are spread,  
 With a naked spot on the crown of the head.  
 This finishing stroke of vengeance done  
 By the well-tried blade of the woodman Brun.  
 .... Ha! Rodd's horse gives a terrible bound,  
 And he and his rider roll on the ground.  
 Rodd lives — but his noble steed is dying!  
 He springs to his feet, but his friends are flying!  
 He staggers! speed, speed to the rescue, Cadwallen!  
 Though rash, he's the bravest of all that have fallen.  
 Nay — bloody is his vest!  
 Three arrows have pierced it, and stick in his breast.  
 .... Thou'rt now alone, Cadwallen! see!  
 Thy courser bears thee gallantly.  
 But sudden a strong arm grasps thy rein:  
 Well aimed! that arm is cleft in twain.  
 Now fly! or thou must fare like Rodd.  
 Too late! thy gelding bites the sod.  
 Who rescues thee, must rescue soon.  
 Ho! who comes yonder? Daniel Boon!  
 Employed alone not far away,  
 As often was the patriarch's mood,  
 He heard the sounds of deadly fray,  
 And quickly 'mong the bravest stood,  
 And battled with an arm that ne'er  
 Had heard of deed it would not dare:  
 But soon he saw, that longer strife  
 Were only hopeless waste of life.  
 Speed, Ralph! he comes in time to save,  
 Not from that flesh-wound, but the grave.  
 Who struggles there with a mighty one?  
 Who, but the brave old woodman, Brun!  
 The Indian reels, and the struggle is done.  
 .... A riderless horse came bounding by;  
 Boon seized it: 'Cadwallen! here — mount and fly!  
 Fly, Brun! — every instant is lavish of death.'  
 Brun drew his red knife from its gory sheath:  
 'I must first trim the head  
 Of this devil!' he said;  
 But before he could do it, he lay with the dead —  
 A shaft in his heart, and a ball in his head."

We have purposely avoided any thing like connection in our extracts, in order that the reader may seek to possess himself, in the original poem, of the interesting love-story which forms its under-plot. The numerous perils encountered — the



hopes, fears, and deadly struggles—the doubts, the alarms, and the final meeting—are they not written in the book?

'Cadwallen' occasionally reminds us of DAMA's 'Buccaniers,' especially in the sententiousness of many short sentences, which often embody a complete picture, or portrait. There is still, however, a little *maladresse* in the matter of diction, with Mr. Gallagher; and we have pencilled some lines of *prose* amid the best poetry of his volume. There are certain involutions, also, which we must regard as infelicitous; such as

'And Annette—reviving is she.'

'Who cannot bear of blood the smell.'

'Through banks that fair and glassy be.'

and lines of similar construction. '*Enticed* by the ruby,' and '*flow-ers*,' as if pronounced in two syllables, are likewise objectionable. These are small blemishes, however, considered in connection with the abounding merits of the entire poem.

A few miscellaneous pieces, familiar to many of our readers, close the volume. The first of these, 'The Last Appeal,' is remarkable for its vivid description, and deep pathos. 'The Autumn Lay,' also included, has added much to the poetical reputation of the author. We again commend 'Erato, Number Three,' to the reader's affections; not without the hope, that, in the fullness of time, we may be called upon to perform a similar grateful office for 'Number Four.'

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CRICHTON. By W. H. AINSWORTH, Author of 'Rookwood.' In two volumes 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE shall deal briefly with these volumes, for two reasons. First, much of the history of 'the admirable Crichton' has doubtless been made familiar to many of our readers, in the fragmentary passages of his life which have appeared, at different times, for an indefinite period of the past; and secondly, we have neither space nor leisure to notice the work in detail; moreover, we lack the inclination. While we readily admit that great interest pervades portions of the novel, we are compelled to add, that is produced by incidents which savor too strongly of the marvellous; by descriptions of scenes, and individual portraitures, the influence of which can neither be salutary nor harmless. The reader will find enough of excitement, the great end of too many of our modern school novelists; but in our judgment it is an excitement which 'will not and cannot come to good.' With all this, we doubt not the work will be widely popular. Such, unfortunately, is the taste of the day.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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### EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

It is now twelve years, since the artists of New-York, with a generous and well-considered spirit of emulation for the advancement of their noble profession, determined upon the establishment of an academy, modelled in general upon that of England, and including, as one of its principal and most important features, an annual exhibition, which should at once afford the means of defraying the necessary expenses of the institution, bring their names and works before the public, secure the possible advantages of criticism, and last, though not least, exert a salutary influence upon themselves, by the opportunity thus periodically afforded for comparison and competition. At that time, they were few in number, and their art, although not disregarded, was certainly not duly estimated by the public; and the experiment was therefore deemed somewhat hazardous, inasmuch as it was doubted whether a gallery of sufficient attraction could be provided, every year, to ensure the receipt of moneys equal to the unavoidable disbursements for rent, attendance, lights, and other indispensable concomitants. The result has proved these apprehensions to have been without foundation. The artists have increased rapidly, in numbers, skill, and estimation; the public attention has been strongly attracted to their doings and themselves; the exhibitions have been highly creditable to the city and the country; and the receipts have been sufficient not only for the mere expenses of exhibiting, but for the creation of a fund which is liberally and judiciously employed by the Academy in the acquisition of models and other requisites, the distribution of prizes among the students, and generally in advancing the character and usefulness of the institution. In a word, the experiment has proved eminently successful; and in common with all true friends to the art and artists, we sincerely greet the Academy with the aspiration, *Esse perpetuâ!*

In nothing is the beneficial influence of such an institution more apparent, than in the constantly increasing numbers of exhibitors and of works exhibited. The former amount this year to no less than one hundred and fifteen, and the latter to three hundred and four; exceeding those of any former year, we believe, by almost a hundred.

These three hundred and four pictures, by the way, present a rather formidable front to the critic who should undertake to descant on their merits; and as we cannot draw so largely upon the pages devoted to the critical department of our Magazine, as would be necessary in the attempt to notice all, we must again adopt our usual plan of confining our remarks to those most conspicuously deserving either of praise or blame; endeavoring, withal, to give a share of attention to the greatest practical number of exhibitors.

We commence, as directed in the catalogue, at the left, on entering the large saloon.

No. 1. is a portrait in water colors, by S. H. GIMBER. Correct in drawing, and freely though not carelessly handled. The tone is somewhat washy. No. 12, a companion portrait, has the same merits and defect.

• 3. A small portrait in oil, by G. LINEN. Very clever. Coloring firm and clear, although somewhat too smooth. Nos. 14, 170, and 194, portraits of the same size, by the same artist, equally laudable. Mr. Linen is a young artist, we presume, and bids fair to become a very good portrait painter. He wants softness of outline and shadow.

4. A view of Little Falls, by W. J. BENNETT. Although working at disadvantage among the straight lines and angles of a collection of houses, Mr. Bennett has made of this a very pleasing picture. The sky is good, the perspective is good, and the trees and foliage are beautifully worked up. The fore-ground and distance are excellent, and atone for the formality and unavoidable common-place of the houses which occupy the centre of the picture, and which could not be made picturesque, without ceasing to be likenesses.

5. The Cottage Door, by Miss ROSANNA PURCELL. No. 10, the Literary Retreat, by the same. Very fair attempts: we presume by a beginner.

6. Ruins of a Monastery, by J. B. KIDD. A pencil drawing, and a good one, although not by the hand of a master. Correct and careful, but not free.

16. Bogle Abbey, by J. B. KIDD. Too much uniformity of tone.

7. The Charm, and No. 8, Instruction, by E. PURCELL. Vide No. 5.

18. Boy Fishing, by W. EFFIE, has the same fault, and the outlines are hard and rigid.

19. Portrait, by J. WHITEHORNE. This would be a good portrait, if the coloring were not faulty. The lady's complexion wants clearness, and the drapery gives the idea of linen that stands much in need of washing.

20. Morning, a View near Pittsburgh. G. HARVEY. All good, except the fore-ground. The perspective is correct, and the distant lights and shades are well managed. Mr. Harvey has several landscapes in the exhibition, most of which are better than this, and some of them very good. No. 58, for instance, which is really a very clever picture, although we have puzzled ourselves in vain to account for the patches or dabs of white on the water in the fore-ground.

21. View of Indian Falls, by J. B. BEAUMONT. Too many straight lines. The trees look like bean-poles.

22. Scene on the Sea Coast, by J. SHAW. Very good. The sky natural, the perspective excellent, and the lights and shades clear and well defined. The finest thing about it, is the bold relief in which the ruin stands out from the distance beyond it.

23. Group of Children. H. INMAN. A lovely picture. The free unconscious grace of the attitudes, the life and spirit of the expression, and the admirable clearness of the coloring, especially in the flesh tints, make this one of the gems of the exhibition. Mr. Inman has four other portraits, one of Dr. Mott, another of President Duer, another of a very pretty young lady, and the fourth a gentleman whom we do not know. The likeness of Dr. Mott is more than speaking; one might almost say that it is amputating. The coloring of the face is unsurpassably fine—so clear, and firm, and flesh-like.

24. Portrait of a Gentleman, by A. B. DURAND. Mr. Durand's portraits are not so happy this year, as we have seen from his pencil. There is a lack of warmth and force in the coloring, and the handling is timid. No. 43, a full length of a lady, is the best in point of color, but the picture is very stiff and formal. The hands in this full length, however, are beautifully drawn and colored.

25. Portrait, by F. R. SPENCER. This gentleman's portraits are coldly correct, and seem to be finished with care, but they all have the fault of tameness, and the coloring is not clear and fresh. Except those of Messrs. Morse, Inman, Ingham, and Linen, these are the faults of all the portraits in the exhibition. The flesh does not look like flesh, but like stained ivory; the tints want transparency, and have a dull, unlife-like appearance.

26. Scene on the Mohawk. W. G. WALL. The water in this landscape is beautiful, as it always is in Mr. Wall's pictures, but we do not think the picture equal to his ability. There is a want of distinctness in the shadows, and the foliage is too much in masses; it wants working up. The picture seems to need varnish. No. 109 is infinitely better—indeed perfectly lovely. There is no man that we know of who paints water like Mr. Wall. In his pictures, it is water—transparent, cool and flowing; in all others, it reminds the beholder of paint, but in his, never. Mr. Wall has two other landscapes, both of a high order.

28. View near Hartford. G. L. BROWN. A landscape of considerable merit, although censurable for an affectation of roughness—freedom of handling carried to excess.

29. A Park Scene. D. ROBERTS. One staring mass of green.

30. Bohemian Girl. MRS. UNKART. A very pretty piece of coloring. The outlines rather sharp and hard. The sky is patchy. On the whole, however, a very creditable painting, especially if the lady is but a tyro.

32. Portrait of an Officer. J. G. COLE. Coloring muddy.

38. Wreck of the Bristol. G. A. LUDLOW. A very good sea piece—well drawn and colored. The artist has succeeded—which is rarely the case in sea pieces—in representing the tremendous power of the waves.

39. View of Florence. T. COLE. A picture of wonderful excellence, that bears long and close examination, and in which new beauties constantly appear. Its peculiar points of merit are, the richness and harmony of the tints, the perfect beauty of the sky, the pleasing disposition of the light, and the aerial perspective, which last cannot be exceeded. As has been truly remarked, in one of the daily papers, it is evidently an atmosphere—the peculiar atmosphere of a city—through which you look over the towers and domes of Florence to the lovely hills beyond. We are strongly of opinion that Mr. Cole has made a good and liberal use of ultramarine in his sky—a color the excellencies of which are not sufficiently appreciated by our artists. Mr. Cole has two other paintings, Nos. 44 and 119, which are not less admirable.

42. Braddock's Defeat. E. B. PURCELL. An ambitious but not successful attempt by a very young artist, who deserves the praise of zeal, rather than of discretion. It is a strange assemblage of incongruous tints and extravagant attitudes. Mr. Purcell will do much better, perhaps, when he is ten years older, provided he will learn in the meantime something of the rudiments of the art.

47. Portrait of a Lady. W. PAGE. This gentleman has in the exhibition three portraits, a Landscape and a Holy Family. The latter is the best. The portraits are smooth and well colored, but lack freedom in the handling. The Landscape, No. 69, is bad; the tints are too exclusively blue and green, and the effect is icy coldness.

48. Scene in Prussia. G. GRUNEWALD. This artist, whose name is new to us, exhibits a number of very clever landscapes, in oil and water colors. They are of very equal merit. There is a raw look about them all, which detracts much from the effect.

51. Portrait of a Young Girl, with Grapes. G. MARMOLIA. Brilliant coloring, but a very distressing picture. We cannot but compassionate the poor girl, who has evidently been starved to death—judging from her figure. As was remarked by a medical gentleman, she is safe from dyspepsia, being entirely without that portion of the body in which the disease is seated.

52. The First Ship. J. G. CHAPMAN. A picture full of faults, yet likely to please many eyes. The desperate uniformity of tints, which has so often been noticed as the peculiarity of Mr. Chapman, is here remarkably conspicuous; the Indian, the cliff on which he stands, the skin depending from his waist, and the tree behind him, are all precisely of one hue—and that not copper color, but a sort of medium mulatto yellow. The figure is utterly without relief, and looks like an Indian cut out of pasteboard. The face is not in the least Indian, nor is he looking at, but quite away from, the ship which is supposed to excite his wonder. There is so total a want of strength and character in the attitude and expression, that in one of the reviews which we have seen the red, or rather yellow, man is spoken of as an Indian maiden! Mr. Chapman has no less than ten other pictures in the exhibition, the principal of which are, 64, Christ walking on the Sea; 79, The Fisher Boy; 83, Christ Healing Bartimeus; and 266, Flight of Sergeant Champ. This last is decidedly the best. It has vigor of design and execution, which all the others want sadly. The action of the horse, and the wild, eager, and excited expression of the rider, are excellent.

56. Landscape, near Dublin. J. BRENNAN. We have never seen a more outré assemblage of colors. The eye is dazzled with the brightest scarlet, orange, green, yellow, and blue—which may pertain to the landscapes in Ireland, but the like of which we have never seen in any country. Otherwise, there is merit in the picture, especially in the drawing. Mr. Brennan has another landscape and a portrait which are favorable specimens of his skill.

63. Hazy Morning, Head of the Androscroggin. G. L. BROWN. A very good landscape, albeit there is rather too much green. The haze in the distance is well managed, and so are the deep shadows in the foreground.

71. Full length Portrait. S. F. B. MORSE. An exceedingly fine picture, and one upon which the eye rests long and often, with increasing pleasure. The graceful ease of the attitude, the general harmony of the coloring, and the clearness and firmness of the flesh tints, are not exceeded by any portrait in the gallery. The sky is objectionable, both in the coloring, which is strangely coppery, and in the disposition of the clouds, which are moulded up into queer globular patches, such as we have never seen in nature. Mr. Morse may have seen such, however. Even with this draw-back, it is an uncommonly fine picture. Mr. Morse has three other portraits—all very good, especially in the coloring.

75. View on the Rondout. D. HUNTINGTON. Not so good as its neighbor, No. 76, a Lake on the Shawangunk Mountain, by the same artist. In the first, the water looks like paint, and the perspective is faulty. The other is much better.

80. Portrait of a Boy, blowing Soap-Bubbles. J. H. SHEGOGUE. A pleasing composition, but hung too high for our myopic eyes.

84. A View in Switzerland. GIBSON, of Geneva. An elaborate composition, wrought up with much care, but like most of the modern continental pictures, hard, stiff, and liney.

85. The Detected Love-letter. T. T. FOWLER. A spirited composition, full of glaring faults and striking merits. Among the latter, are freedom of design and boldness of touch, good coloring and strong expression; among the former, inaccu-

rate proportion and coarseness of finish. The lady, if she was standing up, would be at least a head taller than her father. Mr. Fowler has several other pictures, all free and spirited, and all betraying want of care. No. 97, for instance, the Toilet of the Olden Time, might be made a beautiful thing, with study and careful finish. Now, it can pass only for a rough though clever sketch.

92. Portrait of George Jones. J. FROTHINGHAM. A staring, vacant face, well colored, but rather wanting relief. It is, we are told, a good likeness.

95. Wreck of the Bristol. J. PRINGLE. Vigorous and well colored. There is rather too much rectilinear formality in the waves; every one is like its brother, even to the shooting of the spray from its crest.

96. Historical Landscape—The Feeding of the Five Thousand. H. PRATT. An ambitious attempt, by a youthful tyro, as we presume. The trees are very like brooms, and the tone of color is disagreeable. There is promise in it, however.

104. Genevra. F. S. AGATE. The accessories more worthy of notice than the principal figure. As a picture of a fine old Gothic apartment, ample in dimensions and rich in architectural decoration, it is beautiful. The lady wants expression, in face and attitude, and seems petite and insignificant in contrast with the scene and the accessories. The fatal chest should be open: as it is, the picture does not tell the story. Coloring good.

108. Newtown, L. I., from the Heights. J. EVERS. A good landscape, although rather too green. The perspective is not very well defined, but the general effect is pleasing. We think we can trace in it, however, the difficulty experienced by an artist accustomed to work on the large scale, and out of his element among minute effects.

120. General Marion's Swamp Encampment. J. B. WHITE. A clever composition. The attitude and expression of the 'Swamp Fox' and the dragoon are quite good; and the rough partizans of the former are well grouped around him.

123. Child and Lap Dog. S. A. MOUNT. An intolerable fright of dusky red and black. The child has all the appearance of being two-thirds roasted before a huge fire.

129. View on the Mohawk. Very good. The drawing correct, and the colors freely though carefully laid on.

The numbers henceforward, up to 166, inclusive, are chiefly miniatures, engravings, drawings in water color, etc. We do not find among them any thing particularly worthy of notice. The miniatures by Mr. CUMMINGS are, as usual, by far the best.

Our review has already extended to so great a length, that we must now confine our remarks to the *chefs-d'œuvre* among the remaining hundred and fifty pictures. These are:

268. Farmers resting at Noon. W. S. MOUNT. A gem of the first water. The composition is exceedingly clever and intelligible; the figures are carefully drawn, the accessories well finished, and the whole effect uncommonly pleasing. The figure of the sleeping black is excellently fore-shortened.

273. Santa Claus. R. W. WERN. A droll idea, drolly carried out. The coloring is excellent, but it strikes us that the stockings are preternaturally huge. They have been made so, we presume, to diminish the figure of the jolly Dutch saint, but the effect is, that he appears of a reasonable size, while the stockings and the fireplace seem gigantic.

278. Healing the Possessed. A. B. DURAND. A clever composition. The distraught amazement of the 'Possessed' is exceedingly well depicted.

282. Landscape. C. C. INGHAM. One of the most wonderful specimens of finish we ever beheld. The grass is finer than Genoa velvet, the cattle are elaborated as minutely as a miniature, and the very leaves of the trees and cracks in the bark are individually perceptible. The water is clear and good, although rather blue.

28. Landscape. W. M. ODDIE. A perfect contrast to the preceding. That is all minuteness and delicacy, this all freedom and general effect. There is a world of industry and professional knowledge in the first, yet we confess that to our taste there is more of the artist in the second. Mr. Ingham's landscape is *astonishingly* beautiful; but to our mind Mr. Oddie's is the most pleasing, because most like nature.

284. Boston Harbor. G. L. BROWN. A clever sea-piece. The distances well defined, and the sky natural.

285. The Raffle. W. S. MOUNT. Another admirable picture of rural life and manners. The attitudes and expressions good, although the faces have too much family resemblance.

298. The Devil's Deacon. F. S. AGATE. This is described in the catalogue as a sketch, and it certainly wants a deal of finish. We cannot say that we like it much. The figures are too numerous, and confusedly grouped, and the demons are rather ridiculous than fearful, as they should be, to justify their introduction. The deacon is well imagined. Altogether, the picture wants clearness and expression. Being but a sketch, we will not condemn the execution, as regards drawing and color.

Beside these, there are in the 'small saloon' some ten or twelve cabinet pictures by C. MAYE, which are more creditable to his industry than to his skill, although two or three of them show considerable improvement within the year. The excessive muscular development in the faces, which we have before noticed, continues to be his fault; and in almost every instance, his heads are too large for his bodies. His pictures are all sadly objectionable in perspective. Mr. F. WILLIAMS has a good specimen in No. 239, The Skinner, and his Dominic Sampson reading the commission to the Laird of Ellangowan, has very considerable merit. The attitude of the Laird is especially deserving of praise.

267. A Sunset Parade at West Point, by Lieut. EASTMAN, is very clever for an amateur. There are many pictures, by professional artists, in the exhibition, far from being as well drawn or colored as this.

296. Young Thieves, by F. FINK, is also a deserving picture.

But we must close, although we have actually a good deal more to say.

'LETTERS FROM PALMYRA.'—We find the following hearty tribute to this admirable series, in the recently published work of Miss MARTINEAU, 'Society in America.' Our readers will bear testimony, that the several numbers which have appeared, since our authoress left America, so far from deteriorating, have even increased in beauty and interest:

"Last spring, a set of papers began to appear in the *Knickerbocker*, a New-York Monthly Magazine, called 'Letters from Palmyra,' six numbers of which had been issued when I left the country. I have been hitherto unable to obtain the rest; but if they answer to the early portions, there can be no doubt of their being shortly in

every body's hands, in both countries. These letters remain in my mind, after repeated readings, as a fragment of lofty and tender beauty. Zenobia, Longinus, and a long perspective of characters, live and move in natural majesty; and the beauties of description and sentiment appear to me as remarkable as the strong conception of character, and of the age. If this anonymous fragment be not the work of a true artist—if the work, when entire, do not prove to be of a far higher order than any thing which has yet issued from the American press—its early admirers will feel yet more surprise than regret."

#### THE DRAMA.

WE are left, by our three correspondents below, small room to speak of the performances at the several theatres, during the month. We reserve them, therefore, for future consideration. Will 'M.' let us hear from him again? He has an effective lash for fashionable or tolerated follies.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

**THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIÈRE.**—During the May engagement of Miss TREE, this performance of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER was produced at the Park Theatre, and was played three times. Its success upon the stage was such as to bear us out in the opinion we had formed on perusing it in the closet. Mr. Bulwer is a fine novelist, a fair writer on political economy, but a very mediocre poet and dramatist.

In the first place, we quarrel with him as to his selection of a subject. What points of character possessed the heroine of the piece, to form the basis of a drama, to be acted before the eyes of men, and to be judged of, as men judge, by their own sympathies and feelings, their own experience and moral sense? A simple country maiden, of pure character, goes to the licentious court of Louis XIV., as a maid of honor to his queen. There she 'falls in love,' as romancers express it, with the king, who soon discovers the fact, and returns the compliment. So soon as she perceives this, she has sense enough to see the false position in which the difference of character, subsisting between their several attachments, places herself. Urged by a friend, who seeks her at the court, hearing of the danger in which she stands, she consents to fly to a convent, to prevent the consummation of a connexion which she now perceives can only be a crime. But the convent proves no sanctuary, and she is carried thence by the impassioned king himself, after a scene of eloquent persuasion, by which she is prevailed on to consent to leave the convent, and then swoons in the arms of her ravisher. The steps in the path of vice are rapidly trodden, and the heroine, now made a duchess, that the mistress of a king may at least be a splendid victim, passes through the different grades of full success, enjoyment of courtly splendor, hopes and fears, and finally desertion. Her mother dies broken-hearted, and her only other friend, (and he her early, honorable lover,) assumes the monk's cowl. By the aid of the latter, she again seeks the convent, and takes the veil, as a Carmelite nun, which ceremony is enacted on the stage, with all its minute and solemn details, in the last act. And this is the story of the Duchess de La Vallière.

As originally written, there was represented the silly Marquis of Montespan, whom the author intended as a stalking-horse for much of the wit and humor of the Duke de Lauzun, and Count Grammont. As actually performed, all that fine fabric was cut out of the loom, and a patch of after-work, rather linsey-woolsey, was substituted. Madame de Montespan, too, who occupies a goodly space in the



written play, was only allowed to come in, in the last act, or a moment, and read a letter, and find that she was banished from Versailles; but for what, though the letter might tell her, she does not inform the audience.

The play was presented as written by the author, at Drury Lane, and was summarily damned on its first night, though MACREADY played the part (Bragelone) written for him. The author then made the alterations noticed above; and as there was then less of it, it was endured a night or two more, and then shelved. Now, here, it came out, with all its manifold imperfections on its head, under far different auspices. Our audiences are not so rigidly critical as are London audiences, and the heroine was performed by Ellen Tree. Yet, the fate of the Duchess de La Vallière in New-York has been about the same as the catastrophe at Drury Lane.

The cause of this was, the character of the play itself, which would have secured its condemnation, had the incidents and the *dramatis persona* been of a class better calculated to insure the sympathy and approbation of the audience. The latter consideration had great weight, but still it was the former which was far more potent in producing this result.

Miss Tree personated the fair and frail heroine. She made the most of every incident, gave effect to every position, and developed, to the best of her very great abilities, all the character and genius which were to be discovered in the piece. Her dresses were new, various, rich, and splendid; and all she could, she did do, to save the play. But in vain. There were no other redeeming traits in the cast. MASON, as the king, walked through a part which he must have felt to be vapid and pointless, from beginning to end; NEXSEN played (?) '*the witty Grammont*! Think of that! CHIPPENDALE failed completely in the Duc de Lauzun, Mrs. DURIE performed the Duchess Montespán, and Mrs. WHEATLEY, as the mother of La Vallière, had a half dozen common-places to repeat in the first act. Macready's part, the early lover of the heroine, which was intended by the author to be the leading character, was assigned to FREDERICKS, who performed it—not quite so well as Macready, probably, but yet as well as such a stick of a part deserved to be performed. Is it then surprising, that with such coadjuments as these, Miss Tree should have failed successfully to carry through such a piece as we have shown the Duchess de La Vallière to be, by dint of her own individual powers, great though they be? Let us see what she had to deal with, in the language of the poet. In reply to the suggestion that she loves the king, she is made to say:

"Who spoke of love?  
The sunflower, gazing on the Lord of heaven,  
Asks but its sun to shine! Who spoke of love?  
And who would wish the bright and lofty Louis  
To stoop from glory? Love should not confound  
So great a spirit with the herd of men!  
Who spoke of love?"

Act I, Sc. 5.

And this soliloquy: she is musing on the king:

"He loves me then! He loves me! Love! wild word!  
Did I say love? Dishonor, shame, and crime  
Dwell on the thought! And yet—and yet—he loves me!" Act II, Sc. 2.

And in the same scene, this passage, in reply to Bragelone, remonstrating with her against her love for the king—a passage which really seemed, as acted by Miss Tree, to be the only one, in the whole scene, affording the least opportunity to express aught like deep feeling or pathos:

"Be still! thou 'rt man!  
Thou canst not feel as woman feels! her weakness  
Thou canst not sound," etc.,

which seems, on perusal, to be very like nonsense; as does the following, in the same scene. Addressing Bragelone, La Vallière says:

"Ah! when last we parted,  
I told thee of thy love I was not worthy;  
Another shall replace me."

By which the author means the lady to say, that another should take her place in Bragelone's affection. The following, too, how vapid, how inflated, how labored! What actress could be expected to clothe such language with any thing like real pathos of action or enunciation?

"He loves me then no longer! All the words  
Earth knows, shape but one thought, 'He loves no longer!'  
Where shall I turn? My mother, my poor mother,  
Sleeps the long sleep! 'Tis better so! Her life  
Ran to its lees. I will not mourn for her.  
But it is hard to be alone on earth!  
This love, for which I gave so much, is dead,  
Save in my heart: and love, surviving love,  
Changes its nature, and becomes despair!" Act IV., Sc. 2.

One more extract, to show the burthen so valiantly assumed and so creditably sustained by Miss Tree, and we have done. The following is from the scene in the church, where the heroine takes the veil. She is addressing Louis, and has to say:

"I am weak,  
But in the knowledge of my weakness strong.  
I could not breathe the air that 's sweet with thee,  
Nor cease to love; in flight my only safety!  
And were that flight not made by solemn vows  
Eternal, it were bootless! For the wings  
Of my wild soul know but two bournes to speed to—  
Louis and Heaven!" Act V., Sc. 6.

The best scene in the play, is that where Bragelone reads to the king a presage of the destiny of the French throne. But it was mangled, mutilated, and misunderstood; and Fredericks, instead of giving it in a calm, solemn, impressive manner, roared it into the ears of Louis, as if it were an anathema. All things considered, it was a decision very creditable to the New-Yorkers, which, after three fair hearings, they have decreed to the Duchess de La Vallière—*damnation.*

O.

#### DRAMATIC STARS—MAGNITUDE NUMBER SIX.

'JOHNSON.—'Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature. He seems strongly affected by the *cacoëthes scribendi*—wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is. Your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover to what species of bird I allude.' Here the Doctor shook his head, and laughed.'

P. S. TO 'BOZZY AND PICKEL'

THERE is a certain powerful influence acting upon every branch of society at the present day, and in its effects paralyzing all honest and honorable efforts, to which the expressive, if not classical, cognomen, '*humbug*,' has been given. Guileless, however, of the intention of writing a history of the world, we are not prepared to give an account of its rise and progress. There is orthodoxy in the belief, that our respectable grandmother Eve should be considered the '*First of the Humbugged*;' and the oily rascal who beguiled her into a fondness for apples, whether he took upon him the shape of the genus '*Amphisbœna*,' which glorieth in two heads, or the '*Hydrus*,' which, belonging to the temperance cause, delighteth in water, or the '*Cerastes*,' which affecteth horns, or the '*Dipeas*,' which, like a companionable sot, is not only thirsty itself, but the cause of thirst in others—

whether the gay deceiver took upon himself either one or other of these seductive shapes, he hath claim to the honor of being regarded as the '*pater empiricæ*.' His children and disciples are as the leaves of the forest — without number, numberless. They flourish on every stalk, and every trade, business, and profession nourisheth them. 'How many valiant generals are there,' reasoneth the philosophic Jacques, 'who dare not attack a bulrush, unless the wind be in their favor; sage politicians, who cannot comprehend the mystery of a mouse-trap; profound lawyers, whose heads would make excellent wig-blocks; and sage physicians, whose knowledge extendeth no farther than writing death warrants in Latin!' How easy to continue the catalogue! — as thus: Pillars of sanctity, who have not so much grace as would serve as a prelude to a piece of bread and butter; princely merchants, whose wealth is snugly deposited in the mountains of the moon; great painters, whose works are so original, that there is nothing like them, on the earth, in the heavens above, or the waters under the earth; divine poets, whose divinity cannot keep them from stealing; astute critics, whom nature hath saved from being blockheads, by cramming their empty pates with knavery; honorable young gentlemen, in remarkably fine heads of hair, whose gentility is borrowed of their tailors, and whose youthful honors repose where resteth the wisdom of Hyppolite de Frisac, viz., in their wigs; and finally, 'celebrated actors,' whose greatness is the result of a puff, as is that of a distended soap-bubble, and who thereupon swell out, as continueth the oracular Jacques, 'like a shirt bleaching in a high wind,' and are shining examples, that a man need never want *gold* in his pocket, who hath plenty of *brass* in his face.

Theatres, indeed, are the chief courts of humbug. There she has erected her throne, there bend nightly her worshippers, and there convene daily her disciples. Among the conspicuous members of her court, are many of those who call themselves 'stars,' but who would be more properly distinguished under the title of 'meteors,' 'Will-o'-the-Wisps,' and 'Jack-with-the-Lanterns,' inasmuch as, like those luminous bodies, they generally take their rise in some unknown swamp, or bog, gleam gloriously for a moment, vanish, and are forgotten, leaving behind them a somewhat mysterious smell of sulphur, which has led naturalists into curious speculations as to their origin. We have in our mind's eye, at this present, a brilliant specimen of these emanations, which has within a short time flashed across our theatrical horizon. *Ecce homo!* The genius which hover'd o'er the classic fane that rears its noble stuccoed countenance in the Bowery, in the days of the big eagle of golden memory, smiled its sweetest smile upon the nightly aspirations of a promising juvenile, to fame and fortune *then* unknown. He was an ambitious youth, and even in the tender days of his paphood, did his soul yearn for greatness, even as the bowels of an unhatched gosling may be supposed to yearn for the bosom of a duck-pond. He panted for glory, from his birth — not the soldier's glory, which is gallantry — nor the statesman's, which is emulation — nor the poet's, which is enthusiasm — nor the patriot's, which is sand for the eyes of the dear people — but an actor's glory — which combines all other glories in one bright constellation of glories. The golden eagle of 'the Bowery' looked benignant upon his early efforts, and the genius of the place, in very ecstasy,

'beheld his early flight  
Shook o'er him dew-drops from her wings of light,'

and crowed!

Presuming to walk boldly forward, where lesser spirits only dared to creep, in good time he reached the glorious elevation of third-rate comedian! He took

the world, that is, the pit of the Bowery, by surprise. The orchestra were in amazement at his success; the serpent twined with envy; the big fiddle was mute! Yet he was only a comedian, and in the world's esteem not a *first* comedian. He had a soul above *socks*, and determined speedily to become a tragedian; and, under the spread of the eagle's wings, an *American* tragedian. The genius heard his prayer; it was whispered in the orchestra; it was murmured in the pit; the manager smiled, and to confirm the justice of that supreme award, the consolidated wisdom of a select audience of the 'unwashed' declared, amid the enthusiastic cracking of unnumbered half-pints of roasted pea-nuts, that our hero *was* a tragedian—an American tragedian; that he was born so, and could n't help it! He 'awoke the next morning, and found himself famous.' All at once, the continent of America dwindled to one tenth of its natural size. It was too small for the 'American tragedian.' The great, the stupendous projects of his philanthropic mind could not be effected here. However impoverishing the loss to his country, she must submit to the sacrifice. His resolution and his portrait were taken, his biography written, and a ship of the *largest* size conveyed him to England. Here we might say something pathetic. We might discourse of those disinterested patriots who have been known

'To leave their country for their country's good;'

but we dare not; or, as our hero himself would say, in that simple style of oratory which men of his modest demeanor affect, 'we will refrain from drawing from the tender breast of sympathy, through the clear bright eye of innocence, a single tear to moisten the immaculate cambric of our countrymen!'

His was no common object. England was blessed with his presence for no common purpose. What cared he, that the great bell of St. Paul's rang a merry peal to welcome him! What mattered it to his abstracted mind, that Parliament convened on the same day! Yet he could not be so insensible to the urgent requests which assailed him from the managers of every distinguished theatre in the United British Kingdom. Their attention was at least civil, and the great American tragedian condescended to enlighten the British nation on matters and things appertaining to the histrionic art, as practised in America. Thunders of applause! volcanoes of approbation! were matters of course; gold and silver universal as moonshine; the court of the great, cakes and gingerbread, common, common, Sir; cards of invitation to my Lord Tom, Count Dick, and the Duke Harry, plenty, plenty, Sir—plenty as blackberries.\* These things were nothing to the American tragedian—it was a high, a sacred impulse, which brought him to England. While it was unaccomplished, his bosom's lord sat restless on its throne. One thought filled his mind—one thought beset him, sleeping or waking:

'One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave—  
Still urging him to go and see  
The dead man in his grave.'

\* It is not true, that LADY BLESSINGTON requested the great American tragedian to give her a lock of his hair!

[Perhaps not; but we can assure 'C.' that it *is* true, as we have had accidental occasion to know, since this article was in type, that, among others abroad, LORD DUDLEY STUART is his friend and correspondent. — EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.]

He went. He pilgrimized the tomb of Shakspeare. Stratford was no longer 'Stratford-upon-Avon,' but Stratford-upon-Stilts—stilts of ecstasy! The 'American tragedian' was among them!—and for what? To visit the tomb of their illustrious townsman? Yes!—but not alone for that common, well-worn object, was he among them. The name of Shakspeare wanted re-gilding! Its early brightness age had dimmed; its lustre was departing. It wanted the revivifying touch, the magic brightening, of the eloquence of an American tragedian—a *lusus nature* of the wild woods—who imbibed the poetic spirit of Shakspeare with his first spoonful of pap, and had quaffed it in huge libations ever since. It wanted the mystic medicine of his eulogium, even as a lily wants a scrubbing-brush.

And it had it. The American tragedian did not hesitate to stake his immortality upon the truth of the assertion, that the man Shakspeare was no mean poet, while at the same time he wished his audience to remember, that he, his eulogist, was the great American tragedian. The good people of Stratford-upon-Avon, dismounting from their stilts, paid for his dinner, and the name of Shakspeare, purified and disrobed of its mantle of dust, will owe its future vitality to the revivifying breath of the American Roscius.

Having immortalized Shakspeare, the great American tragedian has returned, with a clear conscience, and the glorious satisfaction of a philanthropist, to the open arms of his countrymen. America rejoices in his return. He left her 'the Niobe of nations,' all tears, at his parting. His return is like the warm sun-light, drying up our dew of grief. *'Salve, salve dominus, Histrionis!'* c.

#### THEATRICAL BORES.

CAN I be spared a half page or so of the KNICKERBOCKER, to comment upon a great and growing evil among many fashionable theatre-goers? If the privilege be granted, I think I can demonstrate to your readers, that of all bores under the cope of heaven, your theatrical bore is bore the most tremendous. One goes to the play-house, in some sense, as he goes to church—to *hear*, and to be instructed or edified. At church, however, no one sits at your elbow, to punch you in the ribs, when a good thing is said, or a fine sentiment well expressed. No one bothers you with 'moral and sentimental potter,' in illustration of what the preacher may be saying. It is not so at the theatre. You shall there see the grossest violations of common decorum perpetrated, without a blush, or even a consciousness of impropriety. Well-dressed persons, who might otherwise pass for well-bred and right-thinking gentlemen, sitting near you, will edify you with a narration of what is going to happen upon the stage, and the sudden changes of scene and incident with which you are to be suprised.

'Where ignorance is bliss,  
'T is folly to be wise;'

and of all places and things, this is true of the play-house. Who then wants a herald at his side, to usher in the characters—now a king, or a distressed lady, or some popular favorite—with 'Now comes in So-and-So,' or 'Here comes Such-an-One'—'This is a great scene, wherein——' going on to narrate the whole plot, for the especial benefit of two or three-boxes of impatient listeners?

There is your amateur singer, too! Heaven preserve us from his hummings,

when a favorite opera or song is being performed! Surely, there are mistaken notions of propriety in this matter. I remember me of a musical bore of this description, whom I used frequently to encounter last winter, at the Park. His externals were those of a man in the best society; his garments were of unexceptionable texture, and evidently from the hands of a tasteful maker; his linen was white

——— 'as the fanned snow,  
That 's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er;'

his hair was in the keeping of PALMEIRI, and exhaled the delightful *pomade de rose* of that well-known artist; in short, to use the language of the servant in 'The Man of Nerve,' 'He looked like a gen'lman, an' why didn't he act as sich?' His practice was, the moment a popular air was touched by the orchestra, to commence his amateur performance, in a disagreeable undertone; and in this way he would accompany all our distinguished vocalists, with an air of perfect indifference, as if he were not really exemplifying the height to which ill manners could be carried, by an *apparently* well-bred man. Not to trespass too much upon your pages, let me come to my moral. Tell no one at the theatre what he is to see next. You have no right to destroy, in this way, the interest either of a stranger or a friend. Keep your musical accompaniments to yourself, when eminent performers are regaling the audience with 'airs from heaven.' You are not *paid* for singing, and it is altogether too generous of you to throw away your efforts. Hear, yourself, and suffer others to do the same.

M.

SALT WATER BATHING.—We are desirous of performing a good office for those of our readers whose pursuits, literary or professional, necessarily infer sedentary habits, in bestowing a few deserved encomiums upon the luxury of salt water bathing. Those who have traversed the sea-beach at Rockaway or Long Branch, when 'all the billows have gone over them,' can tell what a thrilling sense of enjoyment the surf imparts to the body as well as the spirits. But Rockaway and Long Branch, though not now difficult of access, are not open at all hours to the literary or professional citizen, or man of business, as are the *New-York Salt Water Floating Baths*, at anchor near the Battery. It is curious to watch the effect of bathing here, upon such as enter newly upon the practice. You shall see a man, with the serpent of care apparently gnawing at his heart—the walking impersonation of 'HARD TIMES'—call for his towels, and vanish into one of the aisles, where the little dressing-offices look out upon the watery inclosure. Tarry a brief space, and mark that man when his bath is accomplished. How altered his aspect, as he ascends to the reading-room to adjust his hair, and look at the papers! A glow is on his cheek; the unpleasant figments of his brain are dissipated; and upon his countenance 'the dove of peace is visibly brooding.' His late exercise has awakened within him a new sense, and imparted a delightful stimulus to his mental faculties. With frequent sea-bathing, and due attention to potables and edibles, one may command good health, amid the fiercest fervors of the summer solstice. Doubtless, since 'the pressure' has been operative, many a prudent citizen has *suspended* being sick, from being unable to afford the charges of the physician or apothecary. Let him follow our counsels, and he may snap his fingers altogether at both these functionaries, as gentleman, in so far as he is concerned, whose occupation 's gone.

**A NEW DRAMA.** — We have cursorily examined the manuscript sheets of 'Pocahontas, an Historical Drama, in Five Acts.' Pressing avocations have prevented an adequate consideration and notice of the play, in the present number: we shall refer to it again, however, in the number for July. In the mean time, as affording a fair specimen of the general execution of this dramatic effort, we extract the following from a scene between Powhatan, (Pocahontas's father,) Paspaho, and Namontac, an Indian who, as Smith's history informs us, accompanied Captain NEWPORT on his return, after the first settlement, to England. The impression made upon a savage, by that 'wilderness of brick and mortar,' London, is well imagined:

*Nam.* I dwelt among them in their mighty village,  
The Yengeese name it London. In the midst  
Is an enormous lodge, so huge, so wide,  
That it would cover up an Indian village,  
Trees, wigwams, fields, and all. There Yengeese chiefs,  
All robed in black, conduct their sacrifices.  
My father Newport led me up — and up —  
Till we had reached its utmost top, so high,  
The clouds were close above us. Then I looked  
Over that settlement, far, far away,  
To where the earth rose up to meet the sky,  
All round and round me. Mighty Sachem! there,  
In all that wide extent that spread below me,  
Like to a vast savannah, with red rocks  
Springing up over it, I nothing saw,  
Save only painted lodges and black smoke.  
No tree, no shrub; not even one single patch  
Of fresh, green earth.

*Pas.* And men live there?

*Nam.* They swarm  
Like locusts.

*Pas.* Have they squaws, and white papooses?

*Nam.* They have.

*Pas.* And pass their lives in that huge village?

*Nam.* From earliest infancy to white-haired age.

*Pas.* Well, that 's the greatest marvel yet, of all.  
Without or forest shade or green savannah,  
They live — they love?

*Nam.* Even so.

*Pas.* What! woo a maiden  
Within the square walls of a painted lodge?  
No shady path, no moon to look upon them;  
Not even a bush or shrub to veil their meeting  
From common eyes! The Yengeese cannot love!

**FLUSHING** (the most beautiful of names) should be better known than it is to many of our city denizens. Whether by land or water, the distance is short, and the way pleasant exceedingly. By the former, you are rewarded by a succession of the most charming landscapes, with vistas opening into the verdant country, and backward views of the city and harbor, under an atmosphere softened and subdued by distance; by the latter, the varied scenery of the opening Sound is on either hand, and the cool airs from the water and flowery shores have a smack of Elysium. When the visitor arrives, he finds at the new 'Pavilion House,' every culinary luxury, served in the best style, with superior wines, and the most courteous attentions; while over against him, diffusing an aroma all around, and glowing with the hues of the rainbow, are the renowned gardens of the Messrs. PRINCE. Verily, 'the pressure' should be harmless in the eyes of those who 'have had losses,' when the care-forgetting scenes of Flushing may be so easily commanded. Go there.

MRS. SOPHIE M. PHILLIPS.—In the recent demise of this young and accomplished lady, society has been deprived of a bright ornament, and our poetical literature of one of its most gifted votaries. The readers of this Magazine, who have perused many of her touching and beautiful effusions, will deeply lament the 'dimming of a shining star;' while to those who knew her as we did—the amiable qualities of her affectionate heart; the brilliancy of her intellect; the fullness of her joyous and innocent humor—as the affectionate daughter, and the fond, confiding wife—her loss must be regarded as indeed irreparable. Green be the turf above thee, daughter of genius—child of song! Tears will fall, and hearts will be melted, whenever Memory reverts to thy youth and loveliness, withered in their prime!

The following lines are taken from a poem written by Mrs. PHILLIPS for the KNICKERBOCKER, a year or two since. Little did we think so soon to apply them to her own departure:

Be thy name whispered where the silver dew  
Stealth the leaves of clustering roses through,  
With bright and freshening power  
And where the waters follow to the play  
Of earliest sunshine, o'er the sands away,  
At morning's hour.

Be thy name whispered where the bough hath stirred  
To the last nestlings of the weary bird,  
Its silent mate beside;  
And where the voice of mirth hath ceased to call,  
And far o'er fading paths the shadows fall  
At eventide.

For thou whose beauty to the dust hath gone,  
Wert soft or joyous, like the eve or morn;  
And therefore these should be  
In hearts filled up with visions to the last,  
Of thy young smiles and loving accents past,  
Memories of thee!

Be thy thoughts counted where the stars are bright,  
Within the chambers of the dreamy night—  
Thy kindling thoughts and deep!  
And where through summer clouds the lightning flings  
Quick, tremulous sparkles from its flashing wings,  
To banish sleep!

#### LITERARY RECORD.

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.—The numbers of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, from January last, have been laid on our table; and we are surprised, on a cursory examination, to find in their pages so great a variety of information in practical mechanics, and so valuable a fund of useful knowledge, for the mere general reader. Numerous wood engravings, making clear what cannot otherwise be described satisfactorily, are scattered through the numbers; and what would else be dry to most readers, is rendered attractive by a pleasing tact at illustration and example, on the part of the Editor. The Magazine is one of great value; and we are pleased to learn that it has a wide and increasing circulation. It is published by Messrs. D. K. MINOR and GEORGE C. SCHARFFER, No. 30 Wall-street.

The same publishers are re-printing, in numbers, the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great-Britain,' a work of great celebrity and value, costing in England from eight to ten dollars, but afforded here at three dollars for one copy, or five for two copies. It may be obtained through the mail.



**VALUABLE WORK FOR SCHOOLS.**—Two neatly-executed volumes, from the press of Messrs. COLLINS, KEENE AND COMPANY, entitled 'A History of New-York, for Schools,' by WILLIAM DUNLAP, Esq., have been sent us by the publishers. After a thorough perusal, we are disposed to place them in the very first class of kindred books for the young. The facts of our history are given in a style alike simple and interesting; while the accuracy observed, and the moral spirit inculcated, throughout the volumes, are deserving the highest praise. The work is likewise rendered attractive in a pictorial sense, being illustrated by numerous fine engravings on wood. As a book for schools, we predict for this History a success the most ample.

**THE 'COVENANT PEOPLE.'**—We profess ourselves converts to the arguments set forth in a pamphlet recently issued from the press of Mr. VAN NORDEN, entitled 'A Discourse on the Evidences of the American Indians being the Descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel: Delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, by M. M. NOAH, Esq.' We recommend those who have thought but little upon, or have doubts in relation to, this subject, to examine the fortified testimony here presented, that our aborigines are the descendants of the dispersed tribes. Their social and martial divisions, religious observances, and all ceremonies of war and peace, are proved to be strikingly similar; and there are no discrepancies, or conflicting facts, to invalidate the great mass of evidence produced by the author.

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#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to unavoidable causes, our May number was issued at a late period of the month: hence the number for June is also thrown back, much 'behind time.' The July number is partly through the press, and the succeeding issues will be PROMPT. We have great pleasure in the belief, that we shall not a little surprise our warmest admirers and supporters, in the coming volumes, by the rich and various matter already in store for them. In addition to several continuous series—*Journals of Travels, Cruises, Letters, Ollapodiana, Odds and Ends of the Penny-a-Liner, Wilson Conworth*, etc.,—we have on file several highly interesting papers, which will be early presented, among which are, 'American Antiquities,' with drawings; 'Religious Chariatany,' 'Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities,' etc., with various articles of poetry, of a high order of excellence, and many articles of light reading, in prose, not inferior in spirit and humor to the best heretofore found in our pages. In the course of the volume, also, there will be given, from the pen of an eminent German writer, (Prof. O. L. B. WOLFF, of the University of Jena,) Sketches of Life in Weimar, at the time of GÖTTE, SCHILLER, WILAND, and HERDER, written down from the oral communications of their contemporaries; Characteristics of living or lately-deceased German Poets, with numerous authentic and piquant Personal Anecdotes, and brief Criticisms of their literary styles; Travelling Sketches of Germany, its Manners and Customs, with brief Reports of German Literary Intelligence, etc.

For farther particulars, the reader is referred to the notice 'To Subscribers,' on the third page of the cover of the present number.

MANY correspondents, whose favors have not yet been published nor alluded to, are requested to grant us a little indulgence. We have a number of communications, both in prose and verse, which, upon a necessarily cursory perusal, have impressed us favorably. These we shall take an early opportunity to examine more minutely, and if deemed worthy of publication, to publish them.

















